In September

We Present

Miss Ida M. Tarbell's Discussion of the Gary Code

And its effect upon the Steel Industry.

In this chapter of her *Life of Judge Gary,* Miss Tarbell tells how some of the directors of the U. S. Steel Corporation protested when Judge Gary insisted *"We must be good if we are to survive."*

These were Judge Gary's points:

1. Full publicity about the condition of the company was given out in quarterly reports.
2. Directors and "insiders" of the corporation who wished to use their position for personal profit in speculation were checkmated.
3. Judge Gary endeavored to work with and not against the government.
4. He backed a definite labor policy, which would convince stockholders and employees that they had points of mutual interest.
5. He insisted on avoiding extremes in price, discouraged unfair advance on booms, unfair drops in depression. Stability was his aim.

Then

When Barnum Was Mayor

P. T. Barnum was once mayor of Bridgeport. The circus magnate, in an honest effort to enforce the Sunday closing liquor law, found himself the object of abusive attacks.

"Before there can be any reform in Bridgeport, there will have to be a few first class funerals," he confided to a friend.

And

Junior Movies

The radio has its children's hour; libraries a juvenile department; talking machine companies sell records for youngsters. But, with certain interesting exceptions, there have been no children's movies.

This article describes a significant current effort to separate, once and for all, the youngster and adult into distinct audiences.

Five Short Stories of Real Distinction

In McClure's Magazine for September

Contents For August, 1925

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The Educational Department

UNDERSTANDING THE MISUNDERSTOOD

The Other Day

The other day the military school was misunderstood. Some thought it trained the body but let the mind alone. Others said it bred the lust for blood, not the love for peace. Many called it the last refuge of the boy no other school desired or permanently kept.

Misunderstanding Giving Way

Now we are learning better. Misunderstanding is giving way to understanding. Academic worth is recognized without capitulation of the truth:

"Nor soul help flesh, now,
More than flesh helps soul."

Schools must be adequate to train for leadership as well as for mass usefulness, to meet emergencies with expert promptness as well as tread with reverence the daily round. Such words as "reformatory" and "militarism" are now rarely heard save in the whispering gallery of the belated.

Variety American

America has at times been tempted to standardize even education. But the temptation has at last decisively been put aside. Everywhere variety is recognized. All types of schools are needed. The private school supplements, not supplants the public school. No single type is adequate to meet all the requirements of a democracy as mobile and yet as aggressively efficient as those bacilli friends of ours within ever making war on our inner enemies. The good military school has it own place, no longer questioned by the understanding, in the training for intelligent democracy.

The Efficient Association

Few educational organizations have ever in a few brief years contributed so generously to correct misunderstanding and upbuild as The Association of Military Colleges and Schools. To the Association we largely owe the rapidly widening conviction that the good military school does good academic work and also serves:

"To develop initiative, self-control, self-reliance;
To secure punctuality, orderliness, efficiency;
To give erect carriage and manly bearing;
To develop the ability to think clearly and act promptly;
To promote a high personal standard of honor."

"Education Plus"

Perhaps that is why Secretary Weeks has called attention to the beneficial effect of the good military school on "our normal life in purely peace-time pursuits and activities." Perhaps that is why it is believed by others to contribute to young men "qualities that are permanent assets" and furnishes "what can truly be called 'Education Plus'."

LYMAN P. POWELL

Naturally, the McClure's method of serving schools is already attracting attention. After all, advertising the specific school is merely the beginning of school service. No magazine, however large its circulation, however keen its interest, can help readers as well as schools to the utmost by display alone. Out of many schools the magazine can give space to the advertisements only of some schools.

McClure's proposes to do this, and more,— to interpret schools as much as space conditions allow so that readers will have the key to understanding of the schools they consider for their children or friends' children.

The opening page this month corrects any misunderstanding that may linger of good military schools, and yet shows their proper place in the general scheme of education. Then there follow schools meeting many needs, which in this wonderful America have developed precisely because here is found the spice of life, the more abundant life, as varied as it is rich and wholesome.

MANLIUS

Saint John's School

A College Preparatory School with a military system developing manliness, obedience, honor. Business course. Separate school for younger boys. Extensive campus in the hills. Well-planned recreation and athletics. Swimming pool, athletic fields. Catalogue.

GENERAL WILLIAM VERBECK, Pres.
Box 158, Manlius, New York

WILLISTON

A PREPARATORY SCHOOL FOR BOYS

A MODERN SCHOOL ON AN OLD FOUNDATION
Sturdy New England Ideals of Scholarship and Character With a Record of Sound Achievement. Separate Junior School.
Rates from $560 to $950 a year.
Catalog, Illustrated Booklet on request
ARCHIBALD V. GALBRAITH, Principal
Box M Easthampton, Mass.

SCHOOL INFORMATION FREE

Catalog of all Boarding or Prep Schools (or camps) in U. S. FREE advice from personal inspection. Want for Girls' or Boys'? No fees. Free Public Bureau maintained by AMERICAN SCHOOLS' ASSOCIATION. Write 1101-M Times Bldg., N. Y., or 1204-M Stevens Bldg., Chicago.

KINGSLEY SCHOOL

Box K, Essex Fells, New Jersey

A boys' school which cultivates a democratic spirit while teaching initiative, self-reliance and self-control. Character building and sound scholarship are the chief aims of the school. Prepares for leading colleges, also full academic courses with diploma. Public speaking. Small classes guarantee to each pupil the maximum of the teacher's attention. Supervised study. In beautiful hill country, remote from city and town distractions, yet easily accessible. Upper and lower schools. All athletics. Competent coaches and close supervision.

For catalog address
James R. Campbell, A.M., Headmaster

OLD DOMINION ACADEMY

A school for real boys at famous health resort in West Virginia 100 miles on B. & O. R. R. west from Washington, D. C. Part military. Admits boys from seven years up. State your wishes when you write for catalogue and reasonable rate.
R. E. Allen, Superintendent, Berkeley Springs, W. Va.

RIVERSIDE

A military academy of the highest standards, located 50 miles north of Atlanta, in the foothills of the Blue Ridge, 1400 feet above sea level, with 350 cadets from 25 states.

Thorough preparation for Universities, Government Academies or Business. Strong faculty of experienced educators. Small classes; close personal supervision; parental discipline; corrective gymnastics.

Junior unit R. O. T. C. directed by active officers of the regular army. Campus in the midst of 2000 acres of forest park; large athletic fields; lake 300 feet wide and two miles long; boating; swimming; fishing; hunting; mountain-climbing; beautiful golf course; largest gymnasium in the South. Flat rate of $894.00 covers every possible expense including board, tuition, uniforms, laundry, books and a weekly spending allowance.

For catalogue, address
Colonel Sandy Beaver, President, Box M, Gainesville, Ga.
(Member of the Association of Military Colleges and Schools of the U. S.)

MISS BEARD'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

COLLEGE PREPARATORY - GENERAL COURSES - OUTDOOR SPORTS
A COUNTRY SCHOOL NEAR NEW YORK, ORANGE, N. J.

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The former home of Mrs. Stephen B. Elkins. Wonderfully attractive site for girls and young women. Tennis, swimming pool, golf. Preparatory, Collegiate, Music and Expression Courses, $500.00. James E. Allen, LL.D., President. Davis & Elkins College, Elkins, West Virginia.

The University of Michigan Hospital School For Nurses

Ann Arbor Michigan

offers two complete courses in nursing to graduates of accredited high schools. Regular course of three years' duration. Five year course leads to degree of B.S. with diploma in nursing. Eight hour duty. Student government. New 700 bed hospital overlooking Huron River Valley to be opened this year. New Nurses home to be opened soon. Classes enter in September and February.

Letters of inquiry may be addressed to the

Director of Nursing, University Hospital,
Ann Arbor, Michigan.

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A modern day school for boys and girls
150 W. 94th Street - 147, 149 W. 93rd Street
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Fall Term Opens September 1st, 1925. Write now for full details. State age, education, course interested in.
SCHOOL of ENGINEERING of Milwaukee MC-825, 415 Marshall St. Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

ONE who knows education from the public school to the university and has helped thousands to place their young people in hundreds of educational institutions, finds that many need more assistance than the printed page can furnish in reaching a decision. For this reason I am glad to help you by correspondence but in writing me be sure to indicate the age, sex, previous training, study habits, health, and other factors in the situation. Explain also about how much you expect to pay, in what region you wish a school, and your religious preferences. Then you can more easily find schools closest to your needs, and without favoritism on any side.

IF within reach of New York, it is wisest to come to see me by appointment. Telephone Vanderbilt 3090. No amount of letter writing can ever take the place of personal discussion. This is the more significant because in the McClure's combination several are educational experts and in consequence judgment may sometimes be cooperative. "Everybody does know more than anybody."

Lyman P. Powell,
McCLURE'S MAGAZINE,
250 Park Avenue, New York.

James Abbott McNeill Whistler, from the Cartoon by Spy in Vanity Fair, London.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

New Series, VOL. I, No. 4 | AUGUST, 1925 | Founded 1893 | Whole Number 374

Connie Gilchrist

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JAMES ABBOTT McNEILL WHISTLER
WIT, WASP AND BUTTERFLY

By DON SEITZ

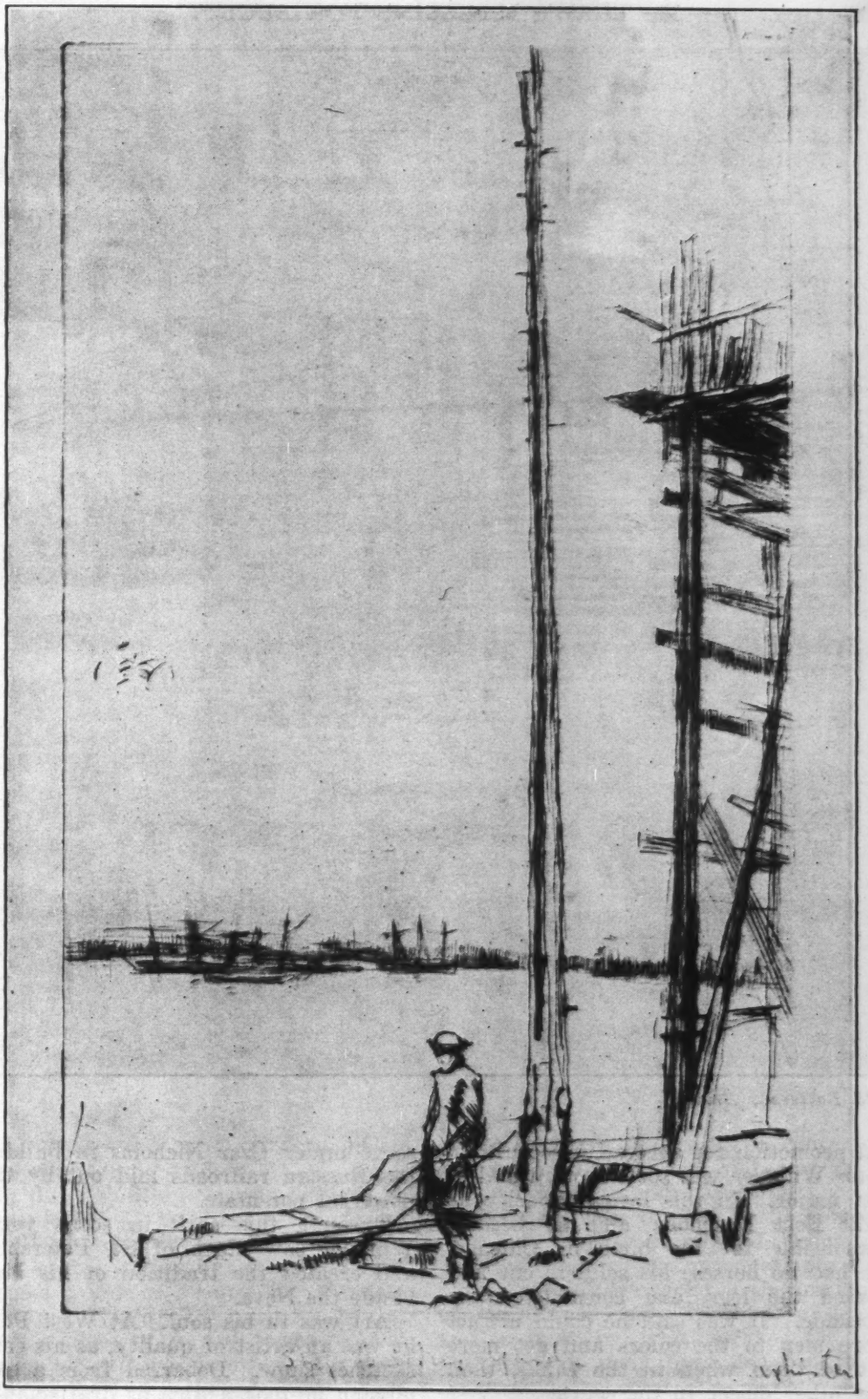
THOUGH electing to spend and end his life abroad, James Abbott McNeill Whistler was essentially an American. While he permitted the impression to prevail that he had been born in Russia, he really saw the light in Lowell, Massachusetts, July 10, 1834. He came of a military line and might

Courtesy of the New York Public Library

The Scotch Widow

have remained in it, had he not expedited his departure from West Point by failing to remember that silicon was a substance, not a gas. His grandfather, John Whistler, was a soldier in General John Burgoyne's army and was made a prisoner at the Battle of Saratoga. Paroled, he returned to England, but having a scent of the New World in his nostrils he came back to America and enlisted in our small regular army, serving as orderly to General Arthur St. Clair at his defeat by the Northwestern Confederacy of Indian tribes in the Maumee Country, November 4, 1796.

Under a rule of the day that permit-



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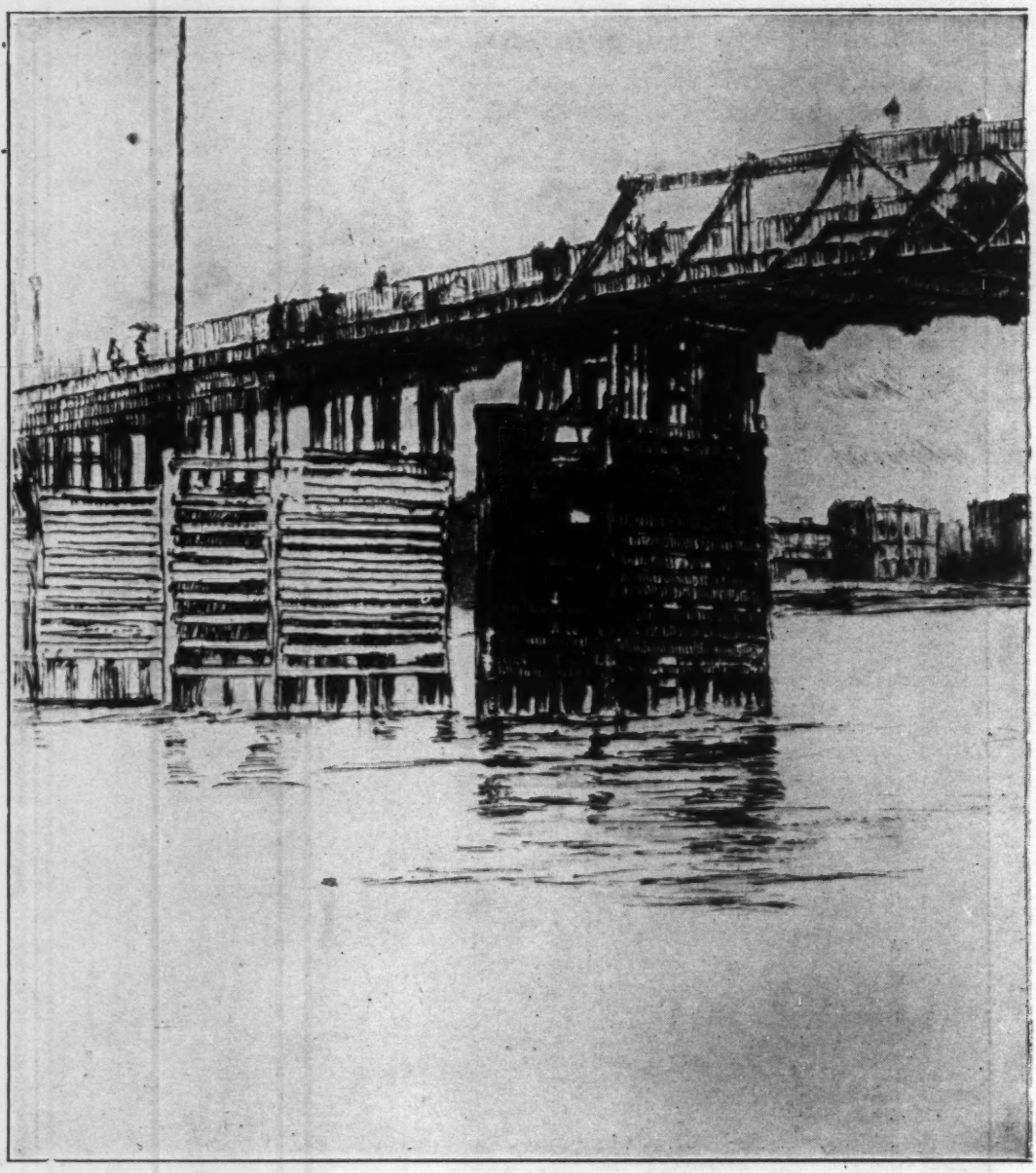
Ship Builder's Yard



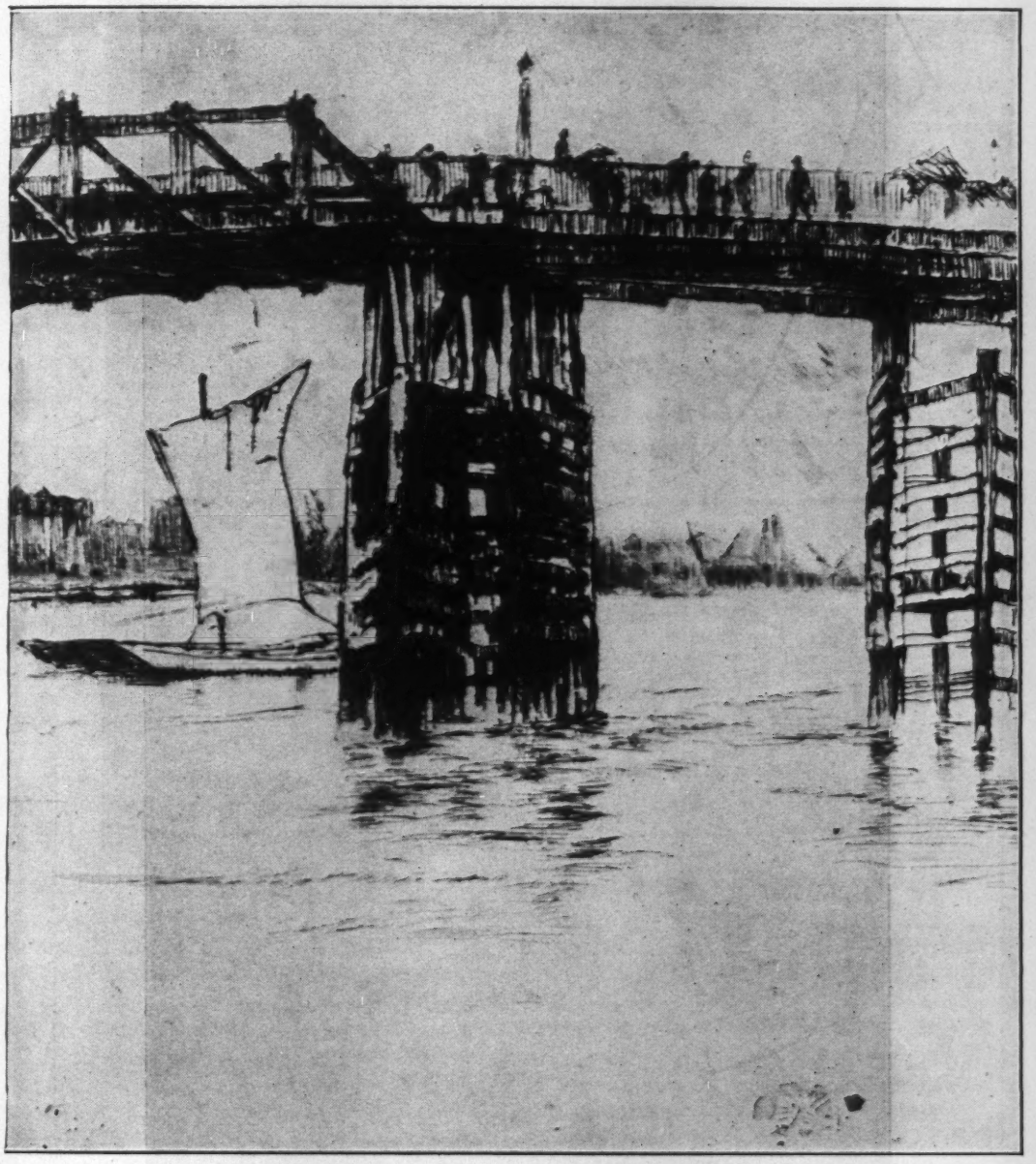
Old Battersea Bridge

ted promotion for successful recruiting, John Whistler was soon captain and at last major. In this latter capacity he built Fort Dearborn and so became responsible for the birth of Chicago. He had no horses; his soldiers cut and hauled the logs, and constructed the stockade. It was said he could attract more men to the colors and get more out of them when in the ranks, than any other officer in the service.

His son, George W. Whistler, James's father, also became a major in the Engineer Corps, being lured therefrom to serve under Czar Nicholas in building the Russian railroads laid out by that powerful potentate.

Through this shift in scene young Whistler saw much of St. Petersburg and created the tradition of his birth beside the Neva.

Art was in his soul. At West Point he was an artist of quality, as his early sketches show. Debarred from a commission he took a turn as draftsman in the Coast Survey and his earliest etching is a map of Anacapa Island, the plate of which, still preserved in the depart-



Courtesy of the New York Public Library

ment, bears some neat remarks bitten in its edge.

He did not fit into a department so mechanical and in due season found himself an art student in Paris, breaking in on his studies but once, and then to make a voyage around the Horn to Valparaiso, Chile. He lived the life of an art student to the full measure, continuing his etching, begun on the map plates in the Hydrographic office. Here he was to win immortality. He studied in Paris, etched in Venice and finally installed himself in London, there to become a figure of note and a center of controversy for the rest of his years.

The delivery of Mr. Whistler's exordium on art, *Ten O'clock,* in London at that hour on the evening of February 20, 1885, marked his entrance into the higher realm. He spoke at the instance of Mrs. R. D'Oyley Carte to a select and invited few, who, perhaps for the first time in their lives, listened to a true and lofty note. *Ten O'clock* is a threnody, a great chant that might be sung by a chorus of male voices in a Greek stadium. It is worthy of

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Portrait of Sir Henry Irving as Philip of Spain

the atmosphere of the Acropolis.

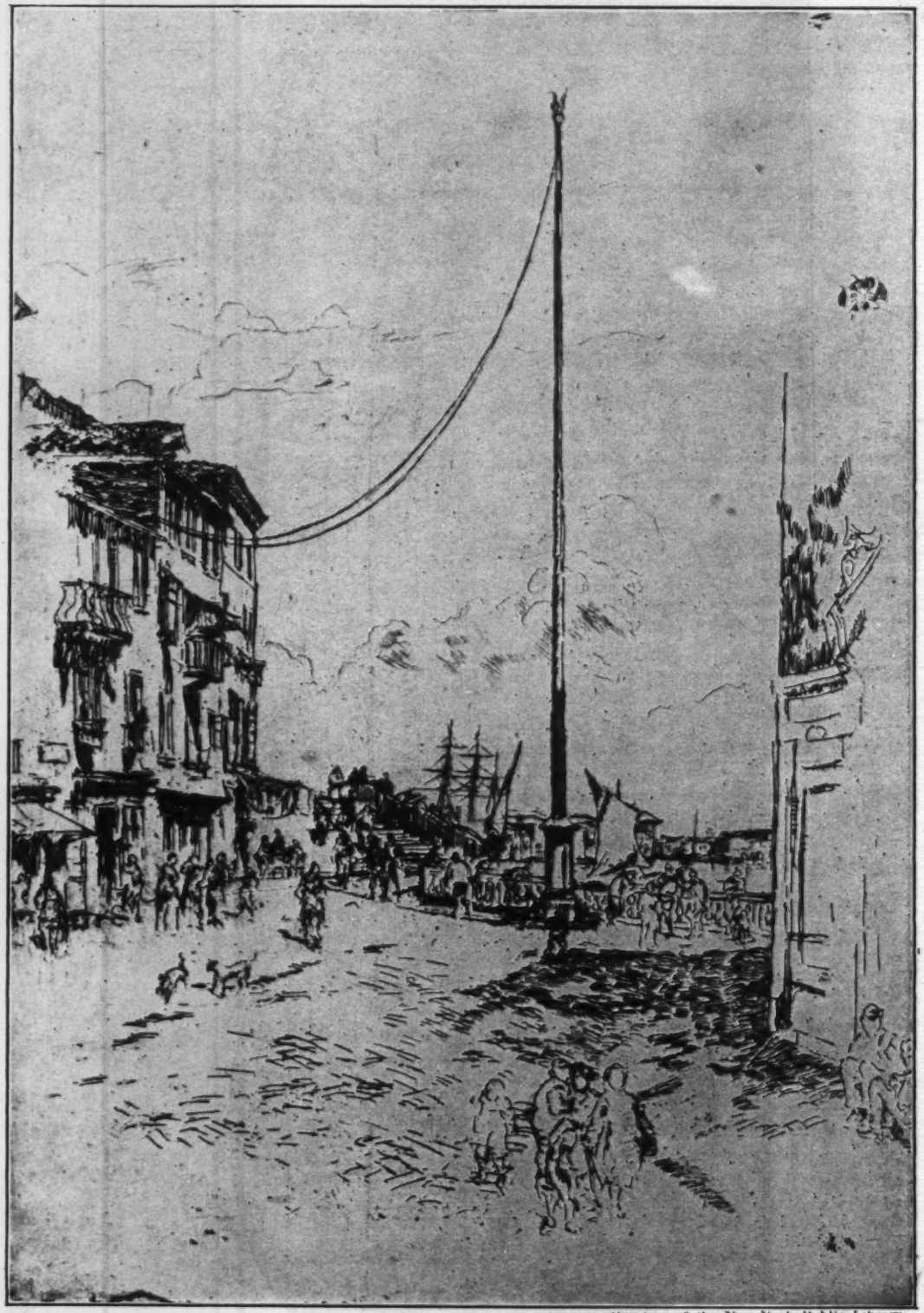
The success of *Ten O'clock* led to the idea that Whistler might visit his native land and repeat the lecture. He half prepared to go and encouraged the gossip with the remark: "This is no

Courtesy Freer Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.

A Violet Note

The Little Lady Sophie of Soho

Courtesy Freer Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.



Courtesy of the New York Public Library

The Little Mast

time for hesitation—one can not continually disappoint a continent." But in the end he failed to come, and never returned to the land of his birth.

Besides being a master of the brush, pencil, and etching needle, and pretty

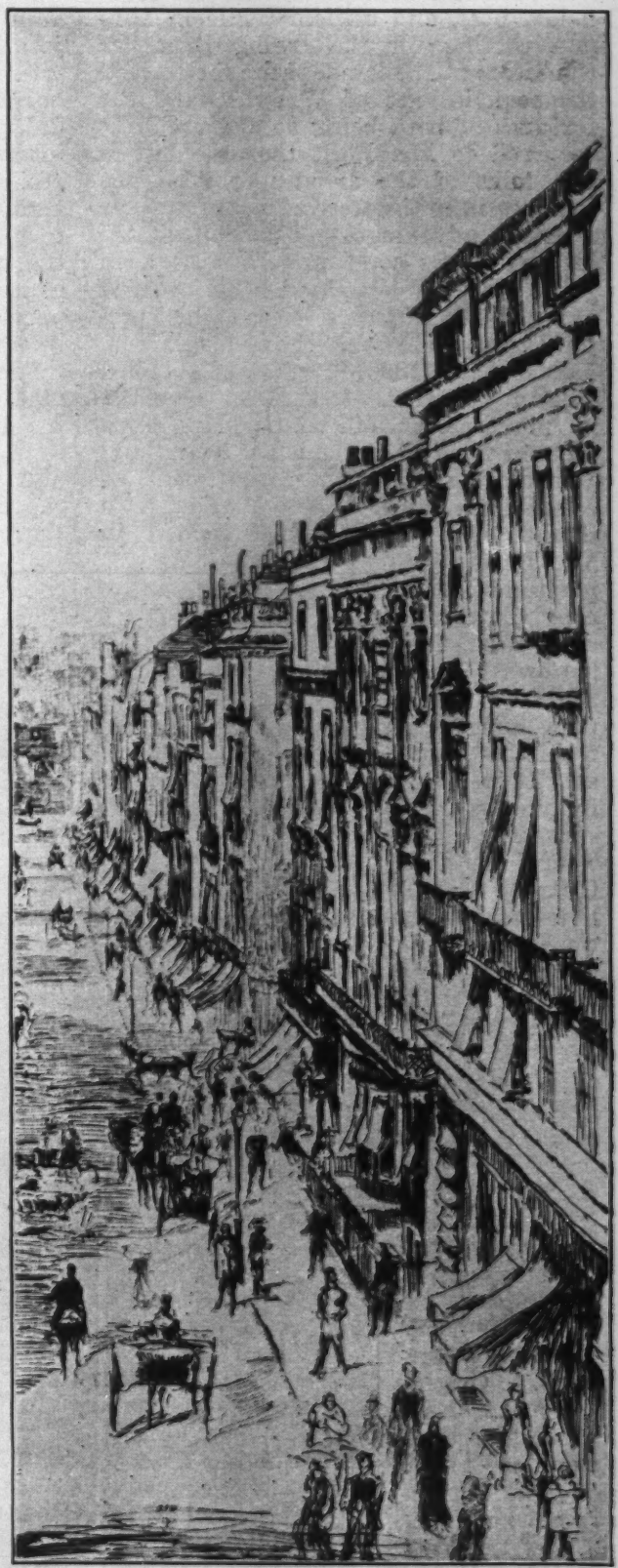
handy with his pen, Mr. Whistler was a master of the great art of attracting attention which is given to a carefully selected few of the earth's millions, by some well-planned scheme that accurately gages the amount the universe can stand. This art he cultivated and practised ardently. From the West Point day, when he neglected to recall that silicon was not a gas, to his last hour he made himself the center of interest in whatever circle he cared to affect, until the world was his stage.

Theatrical, eccentric, and quarrelsome according to the common view, he had, on the other hand, a nice idea of the requirements of advertising, and quite upset the ethics of his profession by his assiduity in keeping himself before the public until his merits as an artist were so clearly recognized as no longer to need what might be called the "playing up" of his personality.

Whatever hardships may have attended his long career, they were the results of temperament rather than obscurity. His was no attic genius shivering in the shade. He lived as he pleased, liked and hated as he pleased, through the many-hued years of the last two-thirds of the nineteenth century, and stood long enough on the threshold of the twentieth to be remembered as one of the great figures clustered about its dawn.

The numerous conflicts carried on in the London press, the art societies, and the courts were summed up for all time in *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*, issued in 1890. Neither the idea nor the title was Whistler's, but the material was, and the book is the true starting point in Whistler literature.

This combination of pertness and pasquinade, with clear sense in art, had its origin in the ingenious mind of Mr. Sheridan Ford, a talented American jour-



Courtesy of the New York Public Library

Detail of St. James's Street

nalist, poet, and critic. While in London writing for the Irving Bacheller Syndicate in the late eighties, he formed the acquaintance of Whistler, and the fortunes of both being at a low ebb, it occurred to Mr. Ford that the letters and talks of the artist might be put together in an interesting book, to their mutual advantage. The inevitable break did not come until Whistler, in going over the completed book, ordered a letter from Oscar Wilde, which replied to the artist's charge of plagiarism, January 9, 1890, page 118, (Ford Edition) omitted. It accused the artist in plain terms of lying. Mr. Ford thought it unfair to omit the letter, and Whistler's sharp refusal to permit its retention led to a violent quarrel, with threatened fisticuffs, which ended in Mr. Ford's departing with the copy, determined to issue it on his own responsibility, though then and there forbidden to do so. It was put in type by Messrs. Field & Tuer, of the Leadenhall Press, and plates were made, but no impressions had been taken, when, learning of Whistler's objections, they declined to proceed with its publication. As it was not legally feasible to publish it in London, Mr. Ford took the book in hasty flight to Antwerp. Originally it had borne the commonplace title of *The Correspondence of James McNeill Whistler*. The printer, with a keen eye to the merit of the work, objected to so poor a name and was invited by the compiler to pick a better one if he could. This he very promptly did. Pointing to a paragraph in the introduction, written by Mr. Ford, reading: "This collection of letters and miscellany covers something over a quarter of a century, from 1862 to the present year. It illustrates the gentle art of making enemies, and is in part the record of some unpleasantness between the Brush and Pen"—he said: "There's your title. Don't use this other thing." And "there" it was.

Put into type once more, two thousand copies were printed, when the irate and pursuing artist, with the help of the Procureur du Roi and Sir George Lewis, caused their confiscation.

Courtesy of the New York Public Library

The Muff

Determined not to be thwarted, and burning to defeat his adversary, Mr. Ford retreated to Ghent, where he found another English printer who agreed to compose and print the book in three days. The one thousand francs capital brought from London to Antwerp had been exhausted, but Mr. Ford's watch and jewelry remained, and a friendly *mont-de-piété* furnished five hundred francs, funds enough to insure the printer, so that the book came out on time and eluded "Jimmy." It bore this on its title page: "The Gentle Art of Making Ene-

Courtesy Freer Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.

The Music Room — A Harmony in Green and Rose

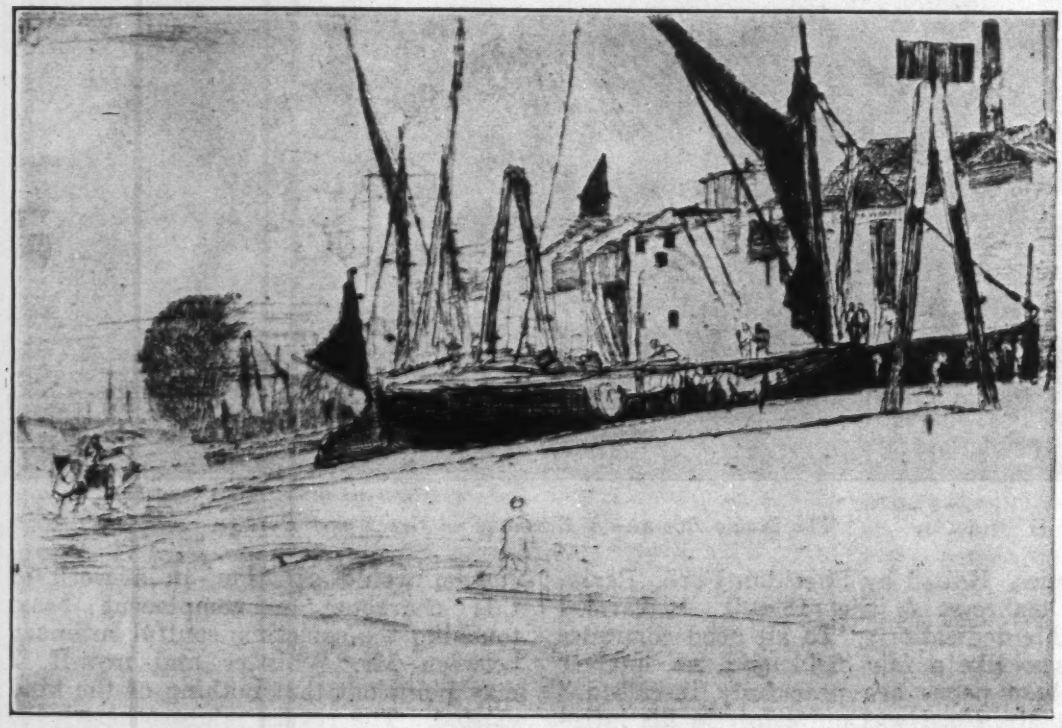
mies. Edited by Sheridan Ford. Paris: Delabrosse & Cie, 1890." It carried this dedication: "To all good comrades who like a fair field and no quarter these pages are peacefully inscribed."

Mr. Ford was quite fair in his introductory note, saying amiably: "As custom would sanction, in a work of this character, a complacent boast touching the sometime soulful intimacy between Mr. Whistler and myself, I may point out that nothing of the kind existed. The reader might otherwise be pardoned a casual inference that we

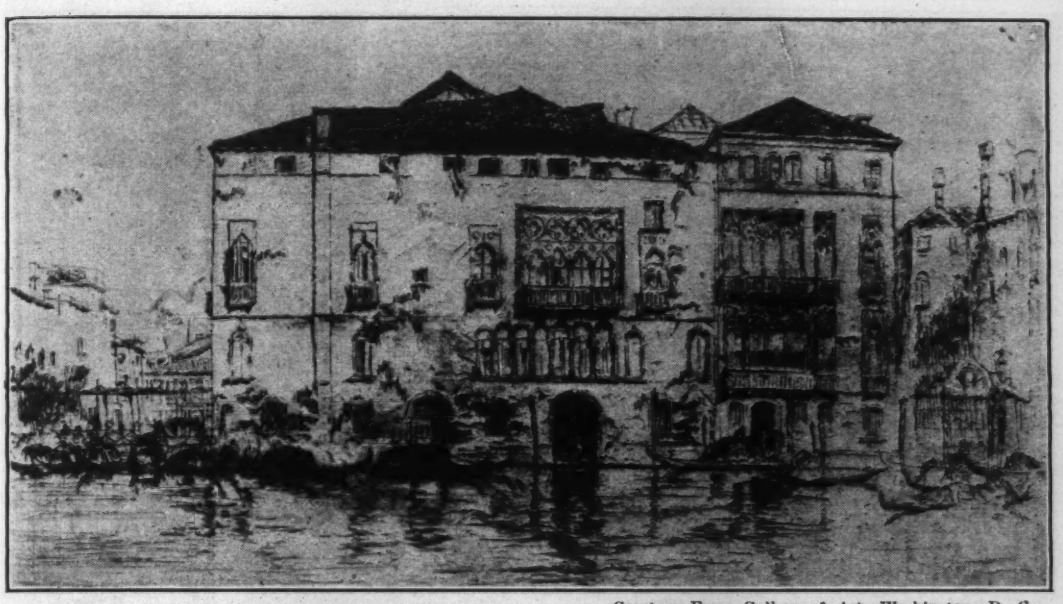
were on terms of commonplace amity and acquiescence. I commend the book to Mr. Whistler's enemies, with the soothing assurance that should each of them purchase a copy the edition will be exhausted in a week."

The little 12mo of two hundred and fifty text pages included also a two-page advertisement of "Art: A Commodity. By Sheridan Ford." It was bound in gray-green paper, with the title but not the imprint on the front cover. Butterflies in silhouette mark the Whistler notes. I have seen but one copy—my own—and have noted but two in the sales. Although four thousand copies were printed, few reached the book stalls. A supply of sheets bearing the New York imprint of "Frederick Stokes & Brothers" was shipped to the United States. The binding was similar to that of the Delabrosse edition, but the cover title was imprinted in red. When a few copies had been sold, the rest of the edition was destroyed by a fire in the Messrs. Stokes' establishment. It is a true rarity.

Whistler's life, if not always pleasant, was never dull. Elevated to the head of the British Society of Artists the controversies engendered finally led to his departure from that body, or, as he put it neatly: "The artists retired; the British remained." Rich sitters were rudely treated and he wore out their patience. Painting a portrait of Lady Leyland, he was not satisfied with the setting provided by the room where it was to hang. Taking possession he decorated it to suit his fancy. Thus it was transferred from a quadrangle of drab leather into the gorgeous "Peacock Room" that now adorns the Freer collection owned by the Government at Washington. He fell out with Leyland —with almost every one except Richard A. Canfield, the eminent American gambler, whose portrait he painted and with gentle irony dubbed *His Reverence.* Canfield was anything but that, save in sleekness and sauvity. The gambler greatly enjoyed his experience. "In spite of all that has been said of him," he observed afterward, "I know that James McNeill Whistler was one of the intensest Americans who ever lived. He was not what you would call an enthusiastic man, but when he reverted to the old days at the military academy, his enthusiasm was infectious. I think he was really prouder of the



Chelsea Wharf



Courtesy Freer Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.

The Palaces

years he spent there—three I think they were—than any other years of his life, and he often said to me that the American army officer trained at West Point was the finest specimen of manhood and honor in the world."

Only one person ever really got the best of him. That was Mark Twain.

Courtesy of the New York Public Library

Visiting the studio he put on an air of almost total stupidity and approaching a nearly finished painting observed:

"Not at all bad, Mr. Whistler; not at all bad. Only here in this corner," he added reflectively, with a motion as if to rub the paint, "I'd do away with that cloud."

"Gad, sir," cried the painter. "Do be careful there! Don't you see the paint is not yet dry?"

"Oh, don't mind that," said Mark. "I'm wearing gloves, you see."

They got on after that.

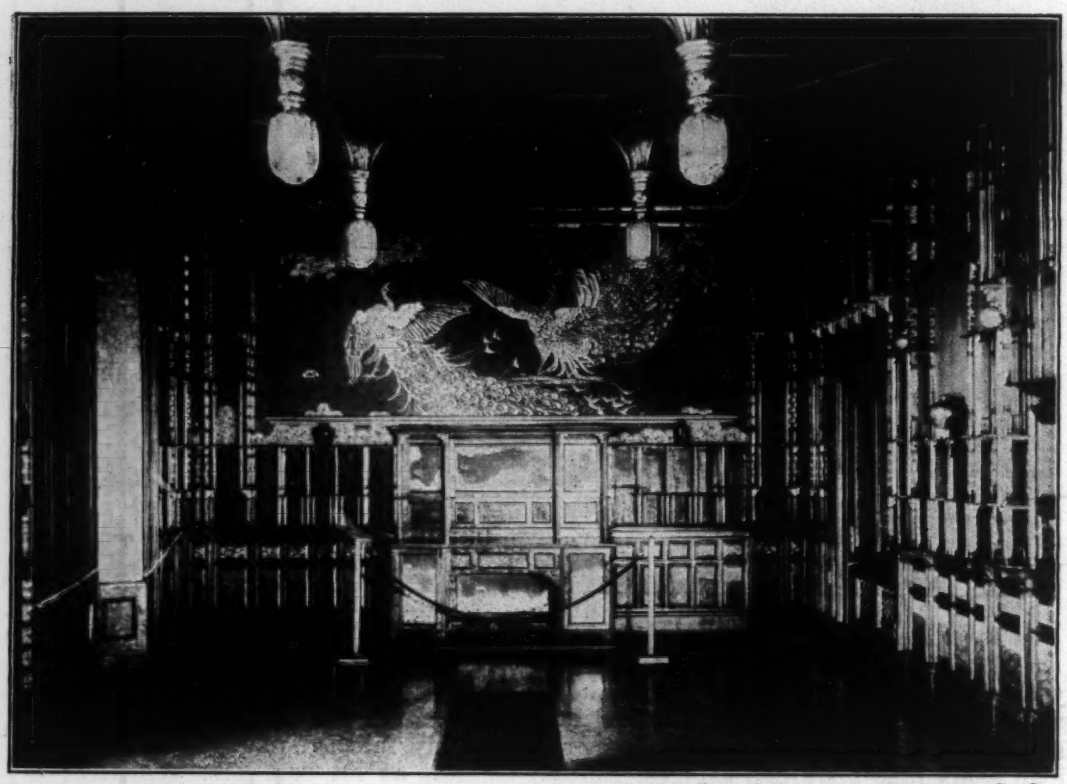
He made his own points usually with such consummate skill as to be unassailable. A certain sitter posed with a cat in her arms. The animal was nervous and yowled continuously. "Madam," he queried, "will you have the cat in the foreground or in the back yard?"

His quips survive in legions. One of the best was his reply to a languishing lady who greeted him with: "I only know two painters in the world—yourself and Velasquez."

"Why," answered Whistler in dulcet tones, "why drag in Velasquez?"

William M. Chase once asked him if he said this seriously. "Of course not," he replied. "You don't suppose I couple myself with Velasquez? I only wanted to take her down."

The incident which lingers most prominently in the artist's career was



Courtesy Freer Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.

South End of the Peacock Room

his clash with Ruskin that ended in a very celebrated libel suit. The critic had written in *Fors Clavigera,* reviewing the opening of the Grosvenor Gallery in 1877: "The ill-educated conceit of the artist nearly approached the aspect of wilful imposture. I have seen and heard much of cockney impudence before now, but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face."

For this Whistler brought Ruskin to trial in November, 1878. After an amusing contest the jury gave the aggrieved artist a farthing in damages. Whistler made much of the resulting advertising and wore the farthing afterward as an ornament to his watch-chain.

He could be cruelly caustic. Dante Gabriel Rossetti had painted a picture which Whistler had commended in an early state, and inquiring later how it was progressing, Rossetti replied, "All right. I've ordered a stunning frame for it." When he next saw the painting it was beautifully framed.

"You've done nothing to it since I saw it, have you?" he asked.

"No-o," responded Rossetti, "but I've written a sonnet on the subject, if you'd like to hear it."

He read the lines. They were beautiful and tender.

"Take out the picture," said Whistler, "and frame the sonnet."

He could write with infinite grace and point. The considerable interchange with Oscar Wilde affords some of the best examples, while the latter's replies were classic. Both were accomplished poseurs, but both possessed talent to the nth degree. That Wilde became degenerate and an outcast is one of the great tragedies in the high realm of merit. They bickered with each other privately and in public, to the huge entertainment of both. When Whistler began to lecture on Art, Oscar set a danger signal: "There were two painters, called Benjamin West and Paul Delaroche, who lectured upon Art. As of their works nothing at all remains, I conclude that they explained themselves away. Be warned in time, James; and remain as I do, incompre-

hensible. To be great is to be misunderstood."

Whistler said something especially bright. "I wish I had said that," ejaculated Wilde.

"You will, Oscar, you will," was the acid reply.

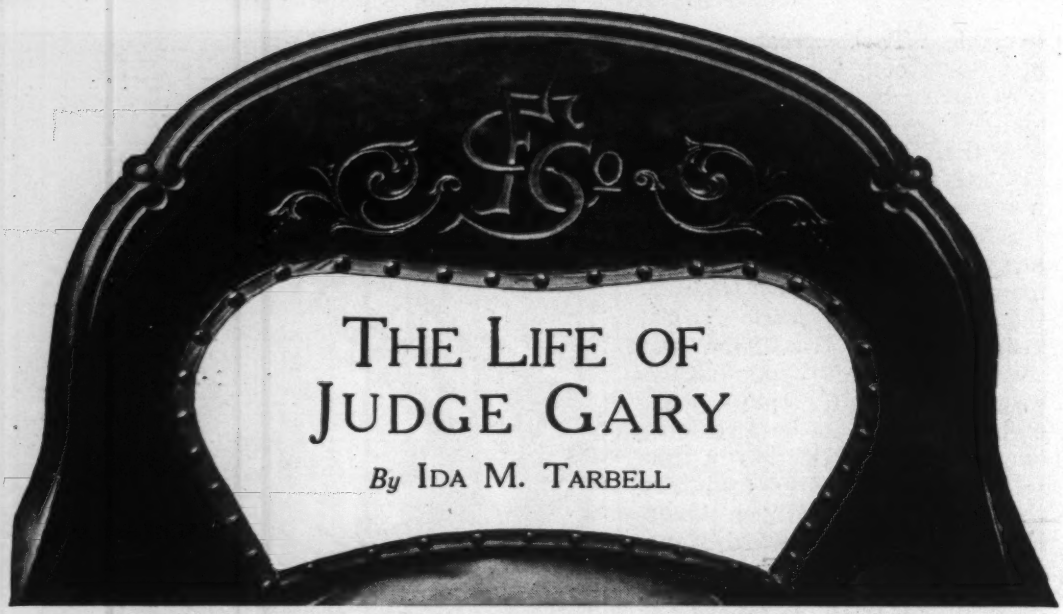
After a long and very Bohemian bachelorhood Whistler married the widow of Godwin, the architect, who made his last years happy. His fame was secure and his commissions brought in high returns. His etchings grew to be precious; one New York collection in time sold for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Strong American friends like Howard Mansfield and Charles L. Freer came to his support. But as threescore and ten came nigh his strength left him; invalidism prevented much exertion and nipped the point of his pen. Now and then a flash of the old spirit showed as in a letter to the London *Morning Post*, August 6, 1902. The paper had made an error in alluding to the "rejection" of the *Little White Girl* by the Paris Salon, but coupled the mistake with some kind words. Whistler, after correcting the slip, added: "I ask you again to contradict it, and appeal to your own sense of kind sympathy, when I tell you that I have lurking in London still a friend, though for the life of me I can not remember his name."

Whistler's accomplishments in art remain supreme; his dictums unshaken. Combining the methods of Velasquez with those of the Japanese, he produced paintings supreme in color and delightful in composition. Call them "nocturnes" or what you will, they remain unique as achievements, while as an etcher he continues unsurpassed.

He died at No. 74 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, July 17, 1903. They buried him in Chiswick Churchyard, with Hogarth and Joe Miller, the jester, as comrades in his sleep.

Courtesy Freer Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.

Panel from the Peacock Room



THE LIFE OF JUDGE GARY

By IDA M. TARBELL

One of Judge Gary's office chairs. The initials are those of the Federal Steel Company.

STEEL is the world's master building material. Revolution has followed revolution in construction, since the discovery, fifty years ago, that it could be made in commercial quantities. It has replaced iron on the tracks of the railroads; wood and iron in ships, in cars, in buildings, in bridges.

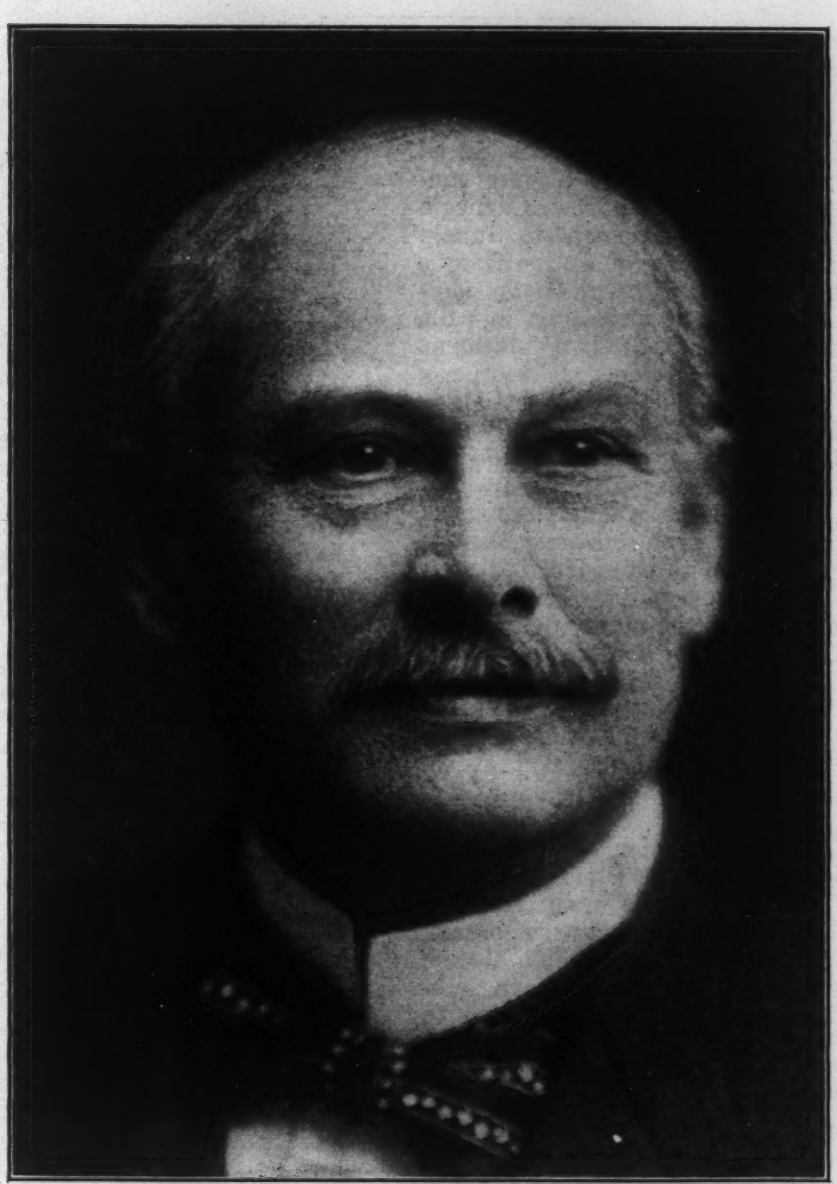
The realization of the possibilities of steel set the country calling for enormous quantities. Men rushed to meet the demand. Industrial chaos followed. Combination was the method adopted to turn this disorder into order. The end of the nineteenth century saw the units in every field of steel merging. Then came a great consolidation of these combinations — the United States Steel Corporation, with greater potentialities for evil than any combination ever formed in this country.

The leader chosen for this corporation by J. Pierpont Morgan, who had dared to finance it, was Elbert H. Gary.

Miss Tarbell is telling here the story of this man's rise and achievement. In the chapters already published, she has pictured his background and education; his rise in the law until he was the leading corporation lawyer in Chicago; the spread of his legal work to New York, where he so impressed Mr. Morgan by the way he put together the Federal Steel Company—the first big steel combination the banker financed—that he insisted the Judge become its head.

Judge Gary, accordingly, left the law and became the president of what, at that time (1898), was the highest capitalized combination which Mr. Morgan or anybody else had undertaken in this country.

This chapter traces the steps from the Federal Steel to the "Billion Dollar Corporation."—*Editor's Note.*



Photograph by Aimé Dupont

Judge Gary in 1900, when he was making ready for the formation of the Billion Dollar Corporation.

CHAPTER V

The Billion Dollar Corporation

IT WAS in October of 1898 that Judge Gary, having put Chicago and the law behind him, appeared in New York City as the President of the Federal Steel Company—the most highly capitalized concern the country had ever seen. The first question the leaders in the iron and steel trade naturally asked was, What did this Western lawyer know about business? It behooved them to find out. Even Andrew Carnegie wanted to know what he had to expect in the way of competition or coöperation from the husky-looking young rival. It was he who took the first step towards friendly acquaintance by inviting Judge Gary with Henry Frick and H. H. Porter to lunch at his

New York home. If Judge Gary is in a reminiscent mood when he tells you of this, his first meeting with Mr. Carnegie, he will probably drop in the remark that they had canvas-back duck!

However, it was not to discuss canvas-back duck that Andrew Carnegie had invited the gentlemen to lunch. He began his probing of Judge Gary's business ability and attitude by suggesting a pooling arrangement in rails with the Federal; the two concerns should not be cutting each other's throats, he said.

"I am willing, Mr. Carnegie," said Judge Gary, "*if we can do it on an equal basis.*" Carnegie threw up his hands. He had been so long the master in the steel and iron business that it was hard for him to consider that anybody could be on a par.

"You have had the major part in the business up to date," the Judge told him, "but I don't think you have it now. We have $100,000,000 in stock and we have $100,000,000 that we can turn into cash; any contract that we make with you will have to be on a fifty-fifty basis."

The discussion which followed apparently convinced the great iron master that he had an equal in the trade at last, for he, along with his guests, signed then and there a paper which Judge Gary drew up. It provided, in substance, that they would recommend to the Federal and Carnegie steel companies that they divide the total standard rail tonnage which they were able to secure on a fifty per cent basis. The recommendation was adopted and the two companions lived up to it until events so changed the relationship that they no longer needed a pool.

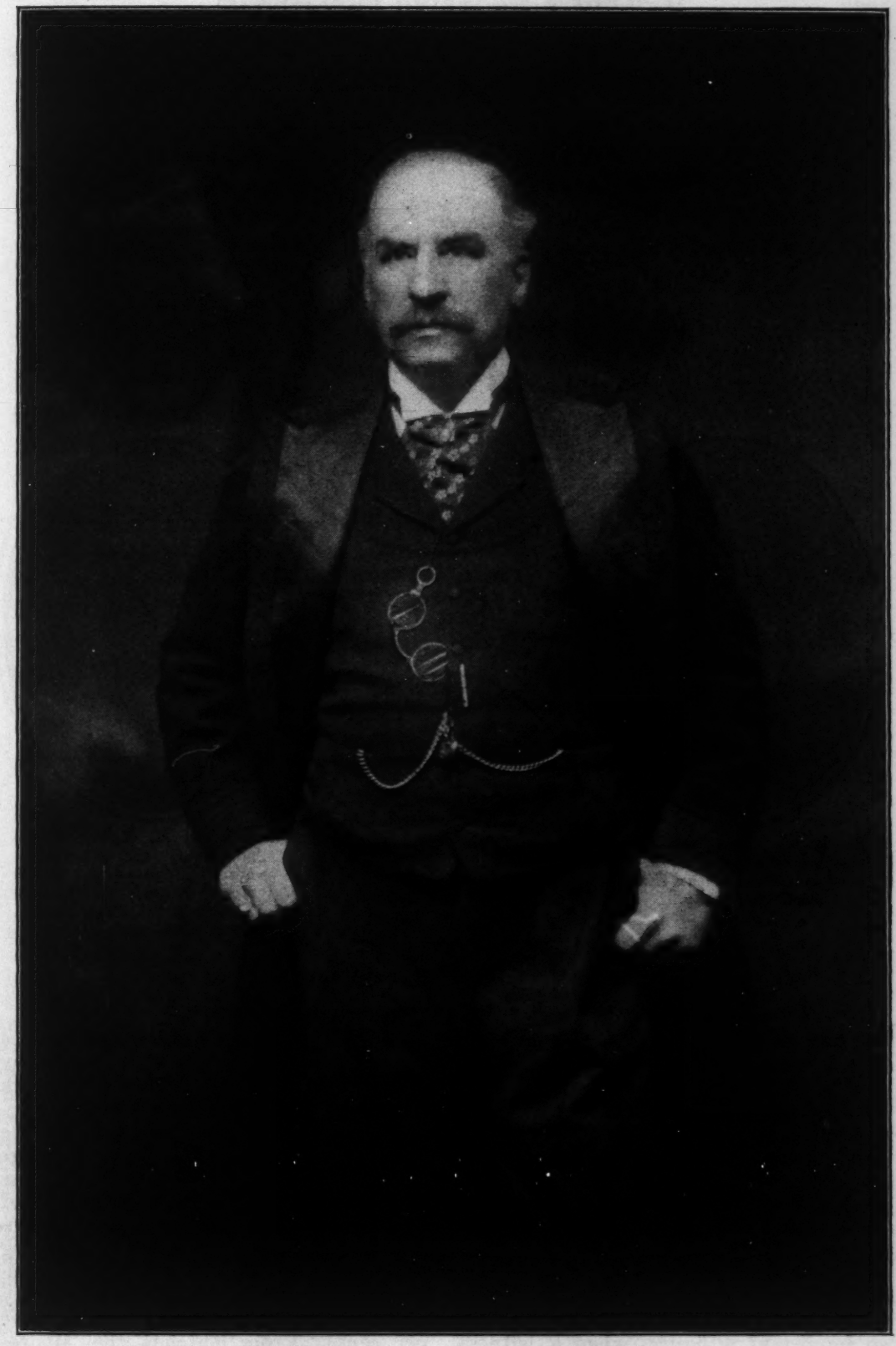
One may fairly ask, Was this not an illegal arrangement? It was not so considered at the moment. The courts at this time had not pronounced on the legality of pools, and Judge Gary was basing his contention that they were necessary to life under existing competitive conditions on a written interpretation of the Sherman Act which had been given in 1891 by its author, Senator George F. Hoar, to an inquiry as to their status under that law.

The following quotations from that opinion, now nearly thirty-five years old, has a singularly contemporary ring.

> "It seems to me," wrote Senator Hoar, "that a contract, although in partial restraint of trade, which is reasonable and reasonably limited in point of time, which has for its object merely the saving the parties from a destructive competition with each other, is not prohibited by the statute above referred to. . . . .
>
> "No manufacture can be established in this country without the prospect of reasonable permanence. To engage in the manufacture contemplated by these parties requires an expensive plant, large outlay for machinery, material, and supplies, and the gathering together of a sufficient number of artisans skilled in this particular manufacture. It is for the interest of the public that such enterprises shall be undertaken. They will not be undertaken without a prospect of reasonable permanence in prices, and they will not be undertaken by new and small establishments in competition with old and powerful ones, if they are to be exposed to what is commonly called the cut-throat or 'cutting under' process.
>
> "The opinion of courts, like the opinion of the rest of the community, may vary in different generations as to what is reasonable. But the question of reasonableness will be a question of law for the courts, to be determined upon all the facts and in the light of experience, the business habits, and the public opinion of the present time. . . .
>
> "I cannot see the distinction in principle between a contract of workingmen not to work for less than a stipulated sum as wages, and a contract of employers not to sell their product for less than a stipulated sum. Both these, being intended for their legitimate protection, and not accompanied with any stipulation for unlawful, oppressive or fraudulent methods, seem to me to be lawful within the policy of the law as it now exists, and not to be in restraint of trade, but in advancement thereof."

Andrew Carnegie had sounded out his

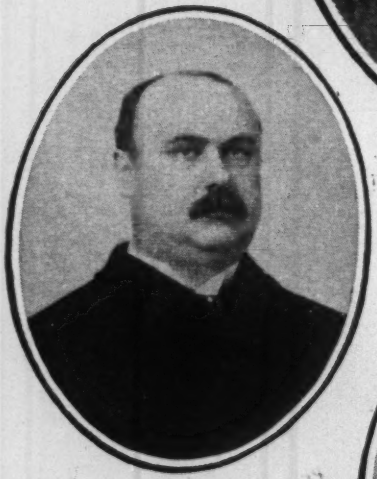
CASE LIBRARY.



J. Pierpont Morgan

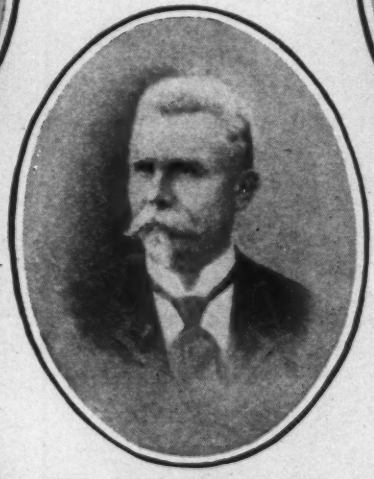
The Officers and Executive Committee

Charles M. Schwab
President



Daniel G. Reid, one of the organizers and President of the American Tin Plate Company.

William H. Moore, Promoter of the Diamond Match Company, National Biscuit Company, American Tin Plate Company, and many others.

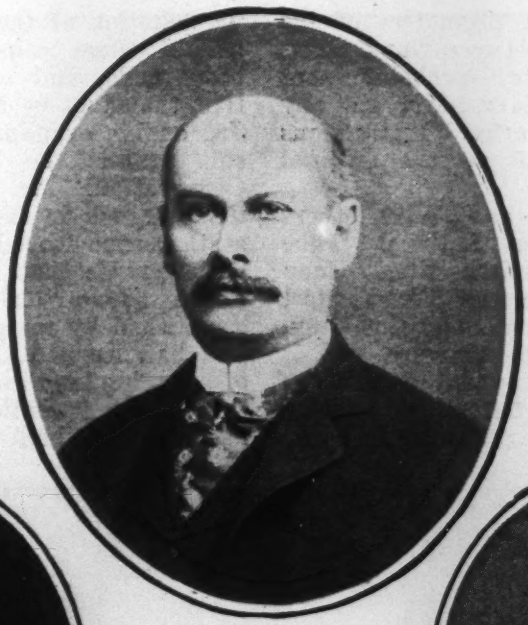


William Edenborn, president St. Louis Wire Mill Company, Consolidated Steel and Wire Company, and others.

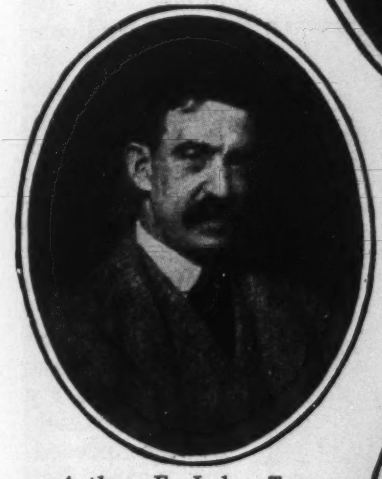
big new rival and had been able to make a coöperative arrangement with him, but that arrangement did not end his competitive problems. Indeed, his, as well as Judge Gary's, were enormously increased in the winter of 1898 and 1899 and the months following by a veritable avalanche of steel combinations. It might be said of the coming of all of these as Dan Reid said of the Tin Plate Trust in which he was so important a figure, when a witness in 1912 in the government's suit against the United States Steel: "It came like that!" (snapping his fingers).

The sudden appearance of the Tin Plate Company was due to the adroit work of the chief trust promoters of the period—the Moore Brothers. Judge Moore, the elder of these two men, was known as the founder of the Diamond Match Company, a concern launched in 1889—not alarming for its capitalization but very alarming from the proportion of the industry which it controlled—fully eighty-five per cent! From matches the Moores had gone into biscuits, forming the National Biscuit Company, and from there to iron and steel. It was not

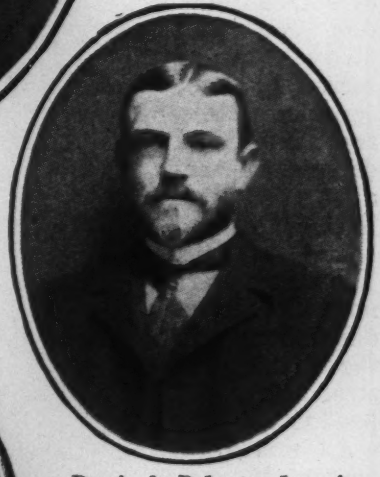
United States Steel Corporation



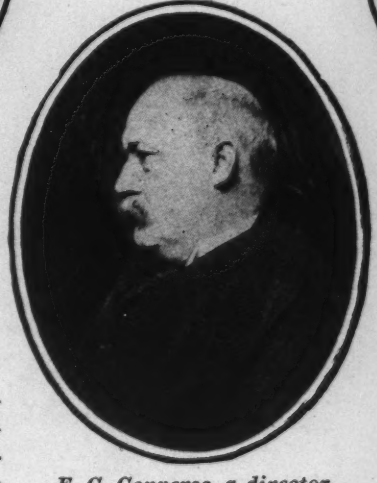
Elbert H. Gary
Chairman



Arthur F. Luke, Treasurer of the U. S. Steel Corporation. Before that he was Treasurer of the National Tube Company.



Percival Roberts Jr. of the Pencoyd Iron Works, near Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.



E. C. Converse, a director of the National Tube Works Company.

strange that, with their experience and the conditions in the tin plate industry, they should have been able quickly to emerge with practically all the mills in the country (265) in their combination.

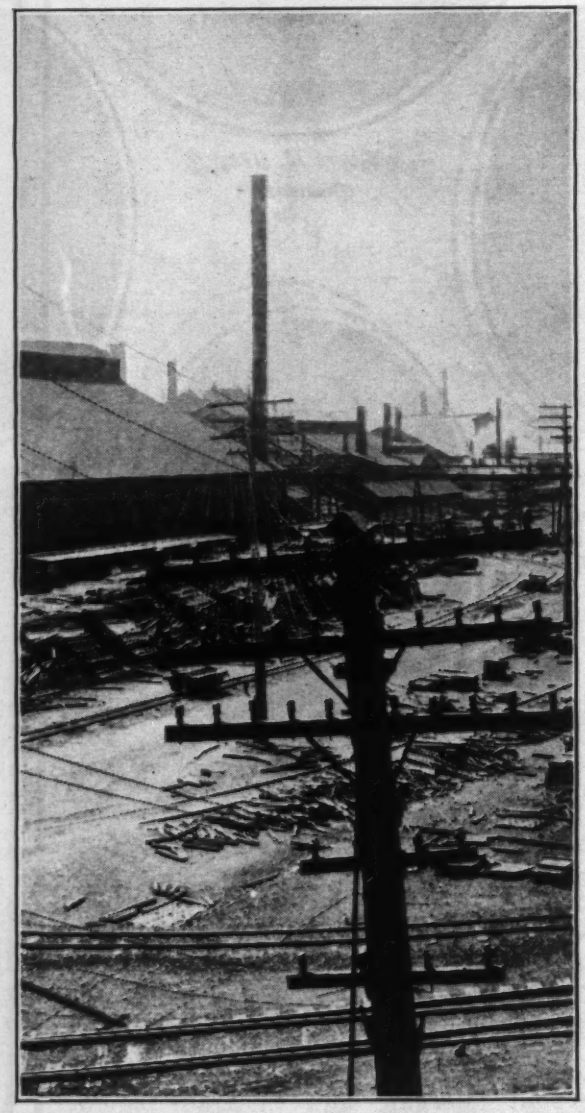
But it was not Judge Moore's Tin Plate Company that worried the iron and steel trade as much as the one that followed immediately on its heels—the American Steel & Wire Company. It looks a little as if John W. Gates, being refused by J. Pierpont Morgan an official place in the Federal Steel Company, saw his chance to let them know he was still in their world, for in January he suddenly launched the American Steel & Wire Company.

It was not a difficult thing to do. He had in his hands the bargains and the plans of organization which Judge Gary had prepared in the fall and winter of 1897-98 for the combine which Mr. Morgan was looking on with favor but which blew up with the Maine. With this material, Gates quickly brought the trade together. All the $15,000,000 worth of common stock which, according to the original contract, was to be

divided between the promoters of the undertaking—i. e., between Gary, Gates and certain associates—probably went to Gates; that is, Gary never got any return for the months of strenuous labor he had put in on the original wire concern.

On top of Steel and Wire others came tumbling—the National Tube Company, the American Steel Hoop Company, the American Sheet Steel Company, the National Steel Company, the American Bridge Company.

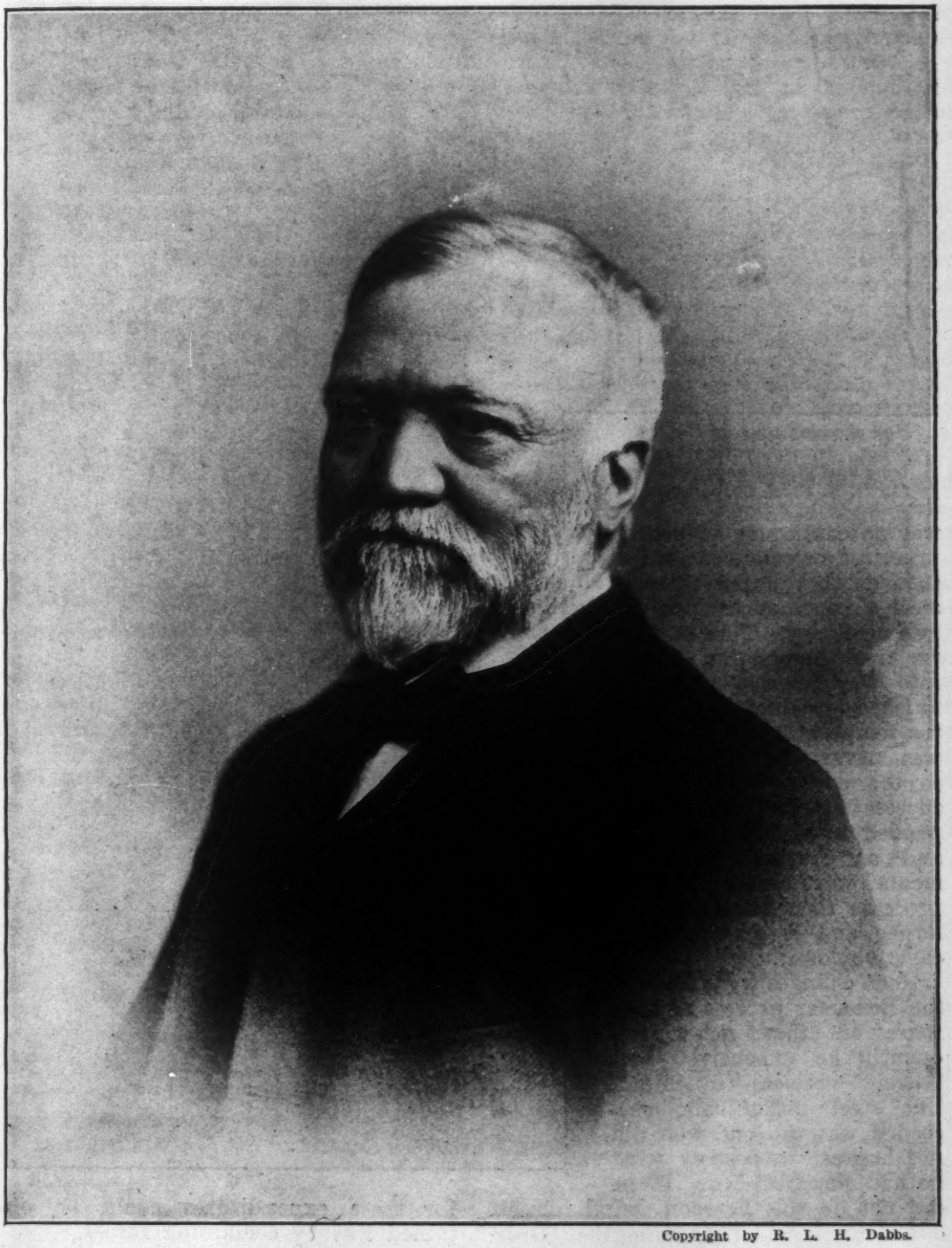
It is not to be supposed that these consolidations which followed so rapidly were simply sudden runnings to cover of scared interests, or that they were forced by some superior sinister individual determined that a particular business should belong to him. For many years now, the almost daily changes in the making of steel and its products, the enormous amount of fresh capital incessantly in demand, the lawless methods of competition, the indifference to contracts, as well as a growing feeling that demand could only be met with economy and regularity by larger units had grown almost unconsciously on men in the trade. They were yielding to forces greater than any man or group of men could cope with.



"Manufacturing requires an expensive plant"—Senator Hoar. Joliet Works, Illinois Steel Company.

No better presentation of the reasons which were behind these consolidations has ever been made, and none more authoritative, than that by Mr. Percival Roberts, Jr., on his examination in 1912 in the suit against the United States Steel Corporation. Mr. Roberts was one of the few men in the United States who at that time looked on steel making as an art. He had been trained in the Pencoyd Iron Works near Philadelphia, established by his grandfather in 1852, and had learned there the importance of adapting iron and steel operations to every new invention—every changing process. He had risen to the presidency of the original company and by 1900 had become convinced that it was no longer possible for it to live as an independent unit.

Mr. Roberts based this judgment on the rapid and revolutionary changes which, in the preceding years, had been going on in the metallurgical art. When his grandfather had established his iron works in the 50's a small plant could operate successfully, so simple was the process, and the country was dotted with them; but when men learned to make steel in commercial quantities, the little old wrought iron plant became at once useless. It either had to make itself over

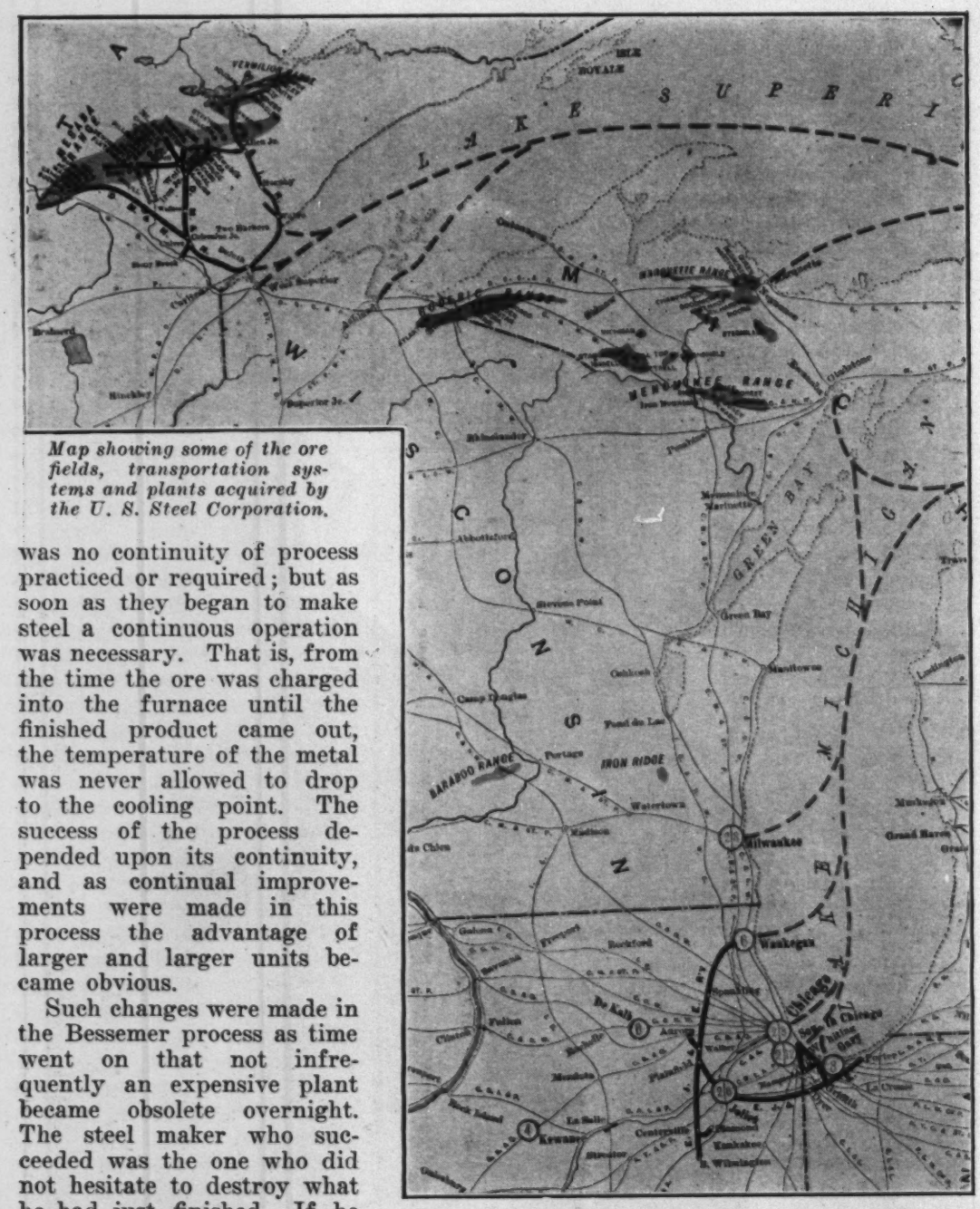


Copyright by R. L. H. Dabbs.

Andrew Carnegie, the "Steel Master," about 1896.

or to go out of business. Making itself over was so elaborate and expensive a matter that obviously very few of the original furnaces and forges could be expected to develop into steel-making plants. Frequently, however, a group of these units combined their resources and equipped themselves for making steel; individually they were not large enough to operate, but combined they could do so.

Moreover, as Mr. Roberts explained, in the days of wrought iron one man had the ore, another the blast furnace and another produced puddled iron. There



Map showing some of the ore fields, transportation systems and plants acquired by the U. S. Steel Corporation.

was no continuity of process practiced or required; but as soon as they began to make steel a continuous operation was necessary. That is, from the time the ore was charged into the furnace until the finished product came out, the temperature of the metal was never allowed to drop to the cooling point. The success of the process depended upon its continuity, and as continual improvements were made in this process the advantage of larger and larger units became obvious.

Such changes were made in the Bessemer process as time went on that not infrequently an expensive plant became obsolete overnight. The steel maker who succeeded was the one who did not hesitate to destroy what he had just finished. If he did not do this he soon found himself out of the race. Then came the "Open Hearth" process, revolutionizing still further the industry. When electricity was adopted as a motive power in the steel plants, works had to be practically rebuilt, and this again meant more money.

It was a succession of changes and improvements, all calling for vast expenditure, and the only way the money for these expenditures could be obtained was by combining forces.

Another disadvantage under which independent units like the Pencoyd Iron Works labored was inability to control their supplies. A combination like the Federal owned its ore, its transportation—the smaller concern did not; and, because supplies were not always dependable, the individual unit frequently found itself unable to satisfy the most

important factor in practically ninety per cent of all its contracts—the time of delivery. Failing to deliver on time, you stood little chance of a second contract from the party you had disappointed.

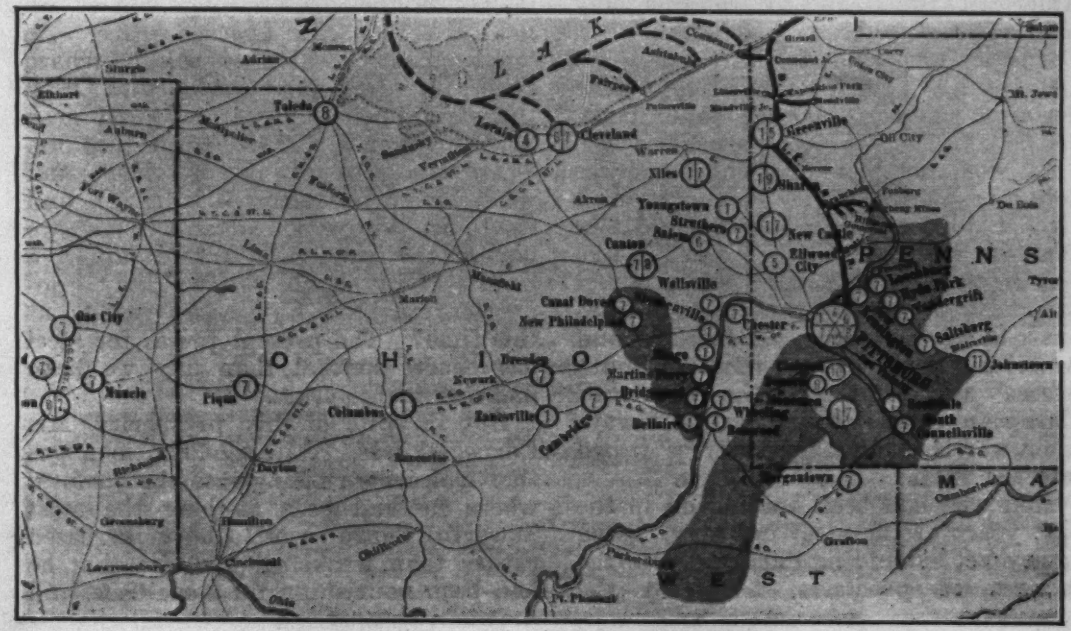
Still another handicap which embarrassed and sometimes ruined the independent concern was inability to secure sufficient working capital to finance the contracts which in these days were growing rapidly in size. One has but to trace the story of the use of iron and steel beams, girders, etc., in walls, bridges, structures of all kinds, to understand the seriousness of the position in which a small concern bidding for a contract frequently found itself. In 1890 only a few tons of iron and steel went into what was then a big building, a big bridge, but with every year the quantity increased. By 1900 it had grown to thousands of tons and by 1910 to tens of thousands. An independent steel plant usually depended on the plant which made its steel billets for financing, its paper being renewed every four months. The cost of all this financing was excessive, for sometimes the final settlement was not made until two or three years after the order was placed.

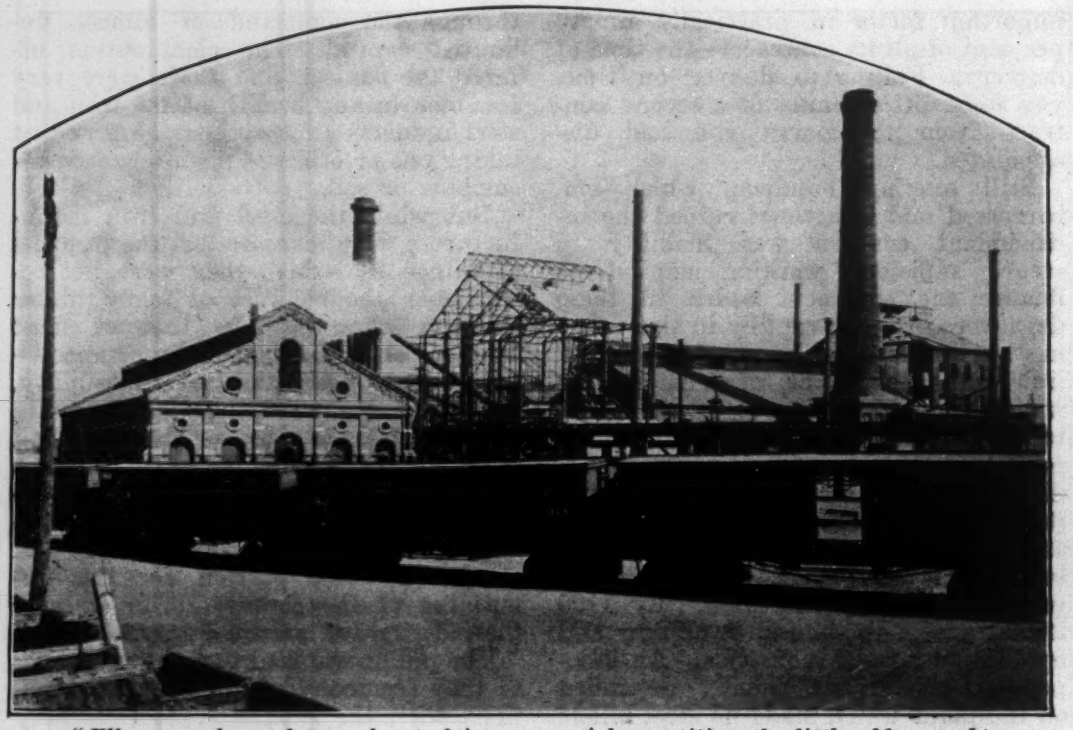
These difficulties increased. There was no way of escaping them except through the command of almost unlimited capital. The combination offered the capital, and there were very few men in any branch of the iron and steel industry in 1900 that hesitated at taking one or other of the alternatives—combine or sell.

But while the steel and iron manufacturers were more or less the puppets of things for which they were not responsible, the conduct of many under this pressure was like that of most human beings in such circumstances—fear, greed, speculation, irresponsibility, hope of a big advantage which would save them from future struggle and effort—all of these human propensities worked at their highest capacity, although with them worked also farsightedness and knowledge, courage and steadiness and a passion for the upbuilding of the country, often greater than desire for personal profit.

The public watched these hurried and, as they seemed then, gigantic combinations with the suspicion and anxiety that ignorance of causes naturally produces. Their feelings were not shared by the combiners. With them all was confidence. Not for years had there been such profits in the industry. At the close of the Federal's first year of business, Judge Gary had been able to pay dividends on both preferred and

Plants in and around Pittsburgh.





"When men learned to make steel in commercial quantities, the little old wrought iron plants became useless." Rail Mill, South Works, Illinois Steel Company

common and to show a three million dollar surplus. In making his report his outlook for the future was most optimistic. Their books were overloaded with orders, he said. They had "nothing to sell."

This prosperity extended through all the trade. In February of 1900, the American Steel and Wire Company paid a seven per cent dividend, and Mr. Carnegie was said to have made in 1899 at least $20,000,000 and to have declared that in 1900 he would make $40,000,000.

It was not combination that was doing this. Prosperity had returned after seven lean years. War—the Boer War—had turned English workmen to making cannon instead of plows or had drawn them out of the factories and put them in the battlefield, and America got her orders, those of South Africa and those of the disturbed European countries fearing, as always when war is on, that they may be drawn into the fracas.

Men who had been holding on in the past years of the steel industry, losing money yet expanding daringly with the changes of processes, felt that the doubling of prices which had come, the trebling of orders, was only what was due to them. One of the ablest and most experienced men in the business, Abram Hewitt, said at this time, when there was criticism of Mr. Carnegie's profits:

"From 1893 to 1899 there was no money in the steel business. Now we are back to a fair average price. At our works in Trenton we had a furnace lying idle for five years, with fifty thousand tons of pig iron stored near by. Our money was tied up in that ore. Then came the prosperous times, and we started the disused furnace and used up the ore. That's what we bought the ore for—to use it up at a profit. Why should there be any wonderment at Mr. Carnegie's profits at this time? The present prices for steel are nearer normal than any we have had for many years."

But in spite of his prosperity Mr. Carnegie was restless. The changes that had come rushing into the business where he had been so long the most powerful figure seem to have increased rather than weakened a desire that he had been nourishing for some time, and

that was to get out from under. He was a very rich man. When he died he wanted to leave behind him a reputation not of being the greatest iron master in America but the greatest philanthropist. Three years before this, in 1897, he had tried to sell to Standard Oil interests, and failed. After the Federal Steel Company was organized he seemed to feel that here was a possible purchaser.

The first important overture was

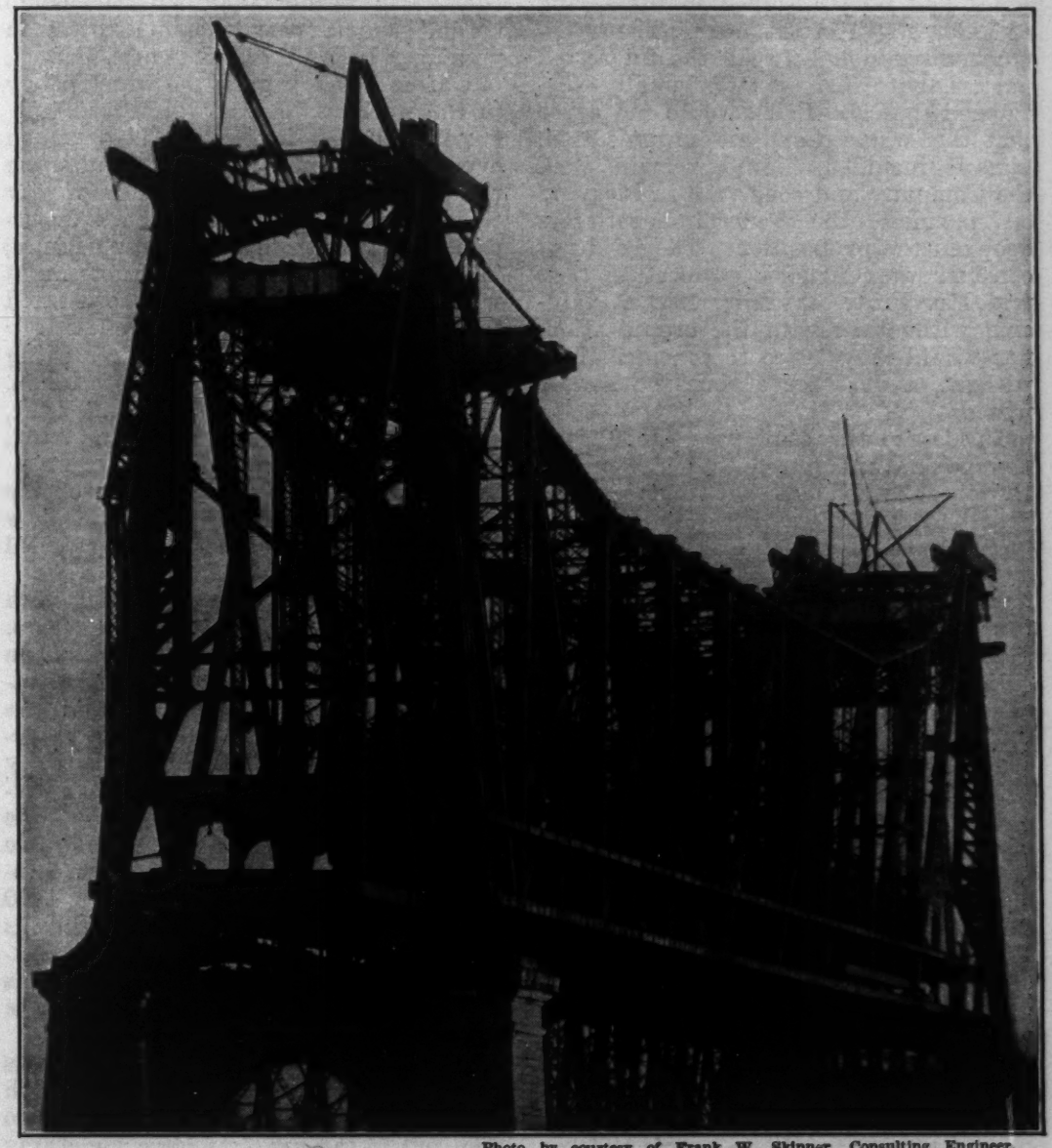


Photo by courtesy of Frank W. Skinner, Consulting Engineer.

Blackwell's Island Span, Queensboro Bridge

The first bridges, except single sticks of timber, were stone or timber arches. The Romans invented these, making them in some instances about 150 feet long. These were not improved upon until the nineteenth century when modern trussed wood bridges were invented. Some of these had a 200 foot span. The first recorded cast iron bridge was built in England about 1850. Rapid development of construction principles was due to the successive use of wrought iron bars and rods for the "tension members" in wooden bridges; the substitution of cast iron for wood in the "compression members," then the use of wrought iron for all parts of the structure. This increased the maximum span to about 500 feet. Finally wrought iron was replaced by structural steel and its special alloys which have enabled engineers to construct spans now in service up to 1,800 feet; with designs, mechanical, commercial and financial possibilities for spans double that length.

made in the spring of 1899 when Mr. Frick, Mr. Carnegie's chief partner, came to Judge Gary to discuss amalgamation, and the two went over the properties, putting a tentative value on them. This paper, with the values that Frick and Gary assigned in the spring of 1899, is still in existence. There was much discussion between the interested parties, but when it was finally discovered that Mr. Frick would not agree that the whole Carnegie organization, himself included, would remain with the Company and coöperate in carrying on business, the Federal negotiators dropped the proposition. They did not consider the Carnegie properties, they told Mr. Frick, anything like as valuable without as with the organization, nor would they agree to consider them without, and so for a time the matter was dropped.

In May of this same year (1899), the newspapers announced that Judge W. H. Moore, who had put together the Tin Plate Trust, was with Mr. Frick at the Holland House and that they had an option on the Carnegie properties in their pockets. It was rumored that they were pushing a bigger combination than the world had yet heard of. John W. Gates who hovered around the negotiators talked about a billion-dollar combination. But nothing came of the Frick-Moore option.

Mr. Carnegie was not idle. If he could not sell, at least the new combinations should be made to feel his power. His letters of instruction to his buyers and associates in these years were full of virile competitive counsel. For instance, this written to his board of managers just after the avalanche was loosened:

"In the case of this Tin Plate Company as in the case of the American Wire Company, if our President steps forward at the right time and in the right way, informs these people that we do not propose to be injured, on the contrary, we expect to reap great gains from it; that we will observe an *'armed neutrality'* as long as it is made to our interest to do so, but that we require this arrangement—then specify what is advantageous for us, very advantageous, more advantageous than existed before the combination, and he will get it. If they decline to give us what we want, then there must be no bluff. We must accept the situation and prove that if it is fight they want, here we are 'always ready.' Here is a historic situation for the Managers to study—Richelieu's advice: 'First, all means to conciliate; failing that, all means to crush.' Shakespeare has it: 'First in your right hand carry gentle peace'; but after Peace is gone the worst policy in the world is 'gentle war.'

"We should look with favor upon every combination of every kind upon the part of our competitors; the bigger they grow the more vulnerable they become. It is with firms as with nations; 'Scattered possessions' are not in it with a solid, compact, concentrated force."

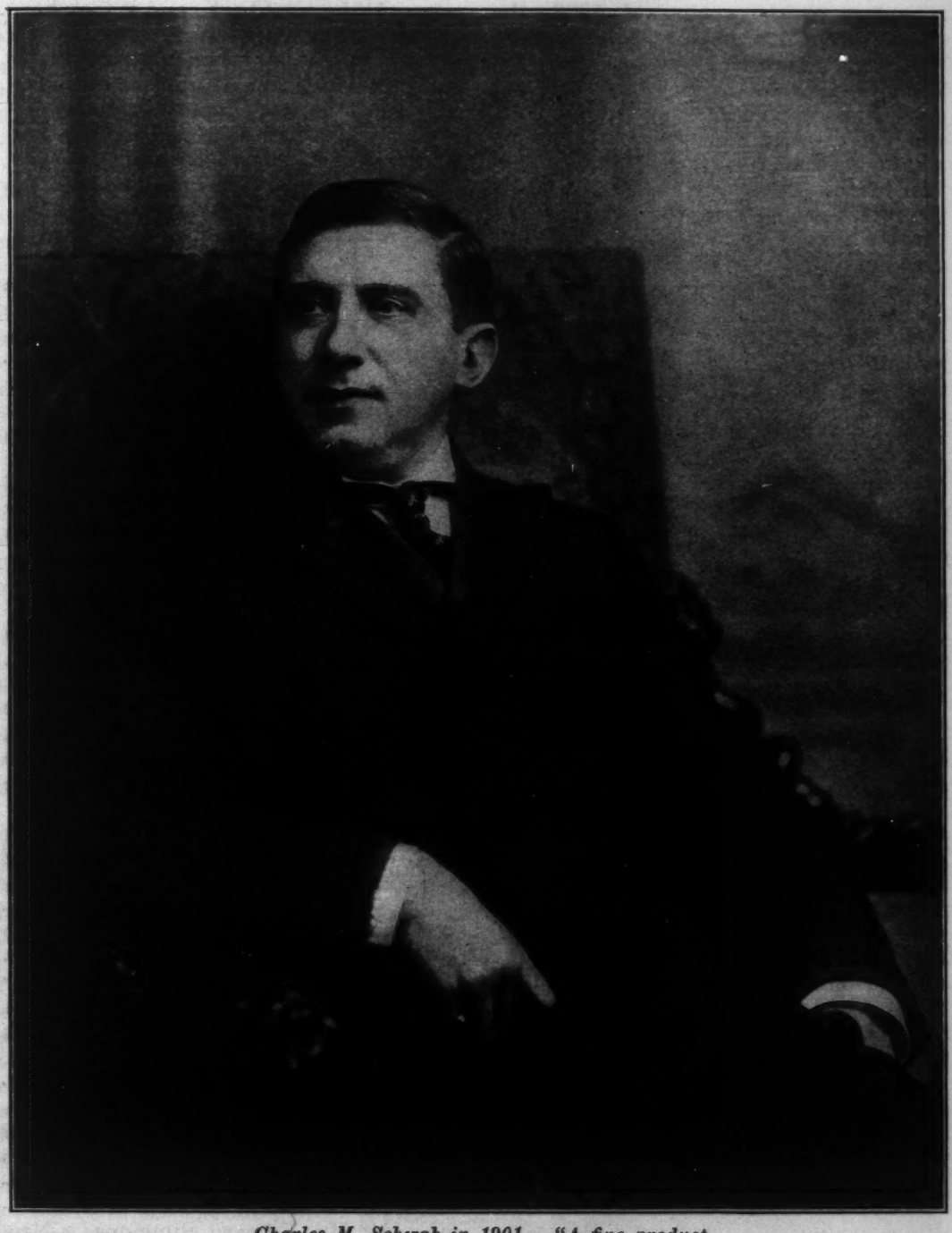
While Mr. Carnegie was threatening his competitors in this robust fashion, he was, and had been for some time, carrying on with his principal partner, Henry Frick, probably the most exciting fight of the business annals of the period, peppered as they are with bitter personal struggles between powerful and ambitious money-makers.

Mr. Frick had been associated with Mr. Carnegie for some eleven years. He had brought into the combination the splendid Frick Coke and Coal Companies of Westmoreland County—his own creation. He had brought tremendous business ability, but gradually that ability, his own ambitions, the differences of temperament between the two men, had created an intolerable tension. The fight developed in intensity and culminated early in 1900 by Frick's bringing a suit against his partner. Judge Gary has an interesting story to tell of an experience of his with Mr. Carnegie while this trouble was at boiling point.

It was in the spring of 1900. He was going West on a night train on which he found Mr. Carnegie, and the two men fell to talking. "I have something to show you," Mr. Carnegie said to the Judge. "Frick has filed an abusive bill against me, and here is the reply which I want you to read."

"I did so at once," Judge Gary says, "and found that Mr. Carnegie had excoriated Frick in violent language. 'I would not file that reply, Mr. Carnegie,' I said, 'it's too abusive.'

" 'Well,' he said, 'he deserves it. His



Charles M. Schwab in 1901 — "A fine product of Mr. Carnegie's system of making a man."

lawyers have abused me in their bill.'

"'This paper won't do you any good, in court; it will hurt you. The judge will think less of you than if you used dignified language. Your lawyers will tell you just what I am telling you.' Mr. Carnegie was plainly disappointed, for he believed he had done a fine thing, but he agreed to show the paper to his counsel. It was never filed in that form.

The results of this quarrel were that Mr. Frick severed his partnership with Mr. Carnegie, and a new company was

organized in the spring of 1900—the Carnegie Steel Company, and at the head of this company was put his favorite—Charles M. Schwab. He had grown up in the steel plants—a fine product of Mr. Carnegie's system of making a man, by a vigorous application of the doctrine of the survival of the fittest—a product who not only had proved himself a great steel-maker but an extraordinarily likeable human being.

The reorganization of the Carnegie interests in the spring of 1900 did not check Mr. Carnegie's desire to sell. One of Mr. Schwab's duties, indeed, seems to have been to continue to sound out possible buyers—preferably the Morgan interests. And soon after the new company was formed he appeared in the Federal office. "You ought to take over the Carnegie properties," he told the Judge, "ought to buy them." After considerable discussion Gary agreed to talk to Mr. Morgan.

The two men went over the proposition carefully, the Judge urging the purchase. He had a strong case, for the Federal Steel Company was not developing into the symmetrical business which both he and Mr. Morgan had in mind when it was formed. In the first place it had not been able to get the money which was needed for new developments. Mr. Morgan had been exceedingly cautious in the matter. "Why do you not have money?" he would ask; and it took hard arguing to convince him. Not having money Judge Gary had been unable to carry out his original plan of establishing iron and steel depots in Europe—a plan which had attracted much attention when it was announced in 1898, had, as a matter of fact, thrown the German trade interests into an excitement which was reflected back here in our newspapers.

"Now, if we can buy the Carnegie Company, we will immediately have the capacity we need to develop a systematic foreign trade," Judge Gary argued, "as well as to extend our domestic territory." But Mr. Morgan could not see it. "I would not think of it," he finally replied, "I don't believe I could raise the money."

All through the summer of 1900 the discussion of the possible sale of the Carnegie interest to somebody went on. But Mr. Morgan was still obdurate. He was still obdurate in December of 1900 when invited to a dinner—famous in the history of steel and iron—given by Mr. Edward Simmons, a New York banker, and Mr. Charles Stuart Smith, a New York financier, to Mr. Schwab—ostensibly in recognition of courtesies shown to them by Mr. Schwab, on the occasion of a visit of Pittsburgh.

Mr. Morgan, as the most important person at the dinner, was placed beside Mr. Schwab, and it was noted that through the dinner the energetic young

Before the "Steel Age" only one type of building construction was known. Massive walls of brick or stone supported "I" beams, that carried the floors. These "I" beams were of wrought iron. This is known as "wall bearing construction."

With the advent of commercial structural steel in the '90's, the metallic framework, called the steel "cage," was made to carry the walls themselves as well as that part of the floor load previously supported by the walls.

Thus it was possible, as the photograph on the opposite page shows, for the walls to be built on the fifth and sixth floors before they were laid below. They are merely curtains, supported by a mass of steel.

This was one of the explanations of the astounding growth of the steel industry. One thousand tons of "I" beams, once a huge order for one building, became a thing of the past and fifty thousand tons was not considered unusual.

man talked busily to the great banker. When the hour for speeches came, Mr. Simmons stated that he would call upon only one person to talk —the guest of honor.

"Mr. Schwab started out," Judge J. H. Reed, Mr. Carnegie's chief counsel, who was present, told the examiners in 1913 in the suit against the Steel Corporation, "by saying that he could not talk about anything but steel. I remember that," Judge Reed said, "because he always starts every speech that way."

The only trustworthy report of what Mr. Schwab said on this important occasion is the one that he himself gave in his testimony in this same suit.

"What did you talk about?" the examiner asked, and Mr. Schwab replied, "I talked about the advantages that might be derived from doing a manufacturing business on a larger scale than had then been attempted.

"Instead of having one mill make ten, twenty or fifty products," Mr. Schwab told Mr. Morgan, we may say, for it was to him in reality that he was speaking, "the greatest economy would result from having one mill make one product, and make that product continuously." He talked of metallurgical, mechanical, transportation economies that could be effected by large scale production and a better location of markets. He talked of the possibilities of expanding the export business.

What caught Mr. Morgan's imagination in Mr. Schwab's talk, however, was what he said about steel cars, of which, curiously enough, the banker knew little or nothing. There were a few companies in the United States, Mr. Schwab said, who were

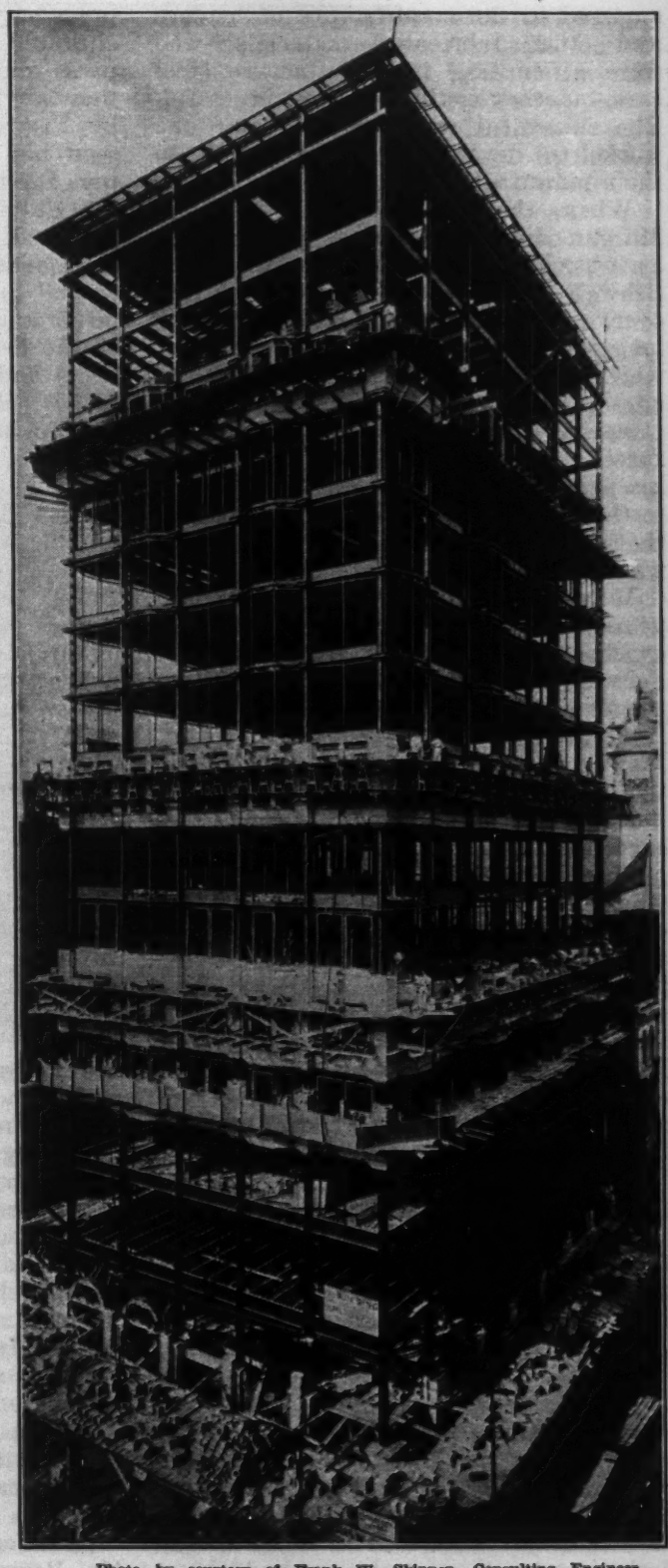


Photo by courtesy of Frank W. Skinner, Consulting Engineer.

Land Title Building, Philadelphia; made possible by the enormous development of the steel industry.

engaged in the manufacture of bridges and other fabricated materials, who were attempting to manufacture steel cars, but they could never be successful. The successful way was for some one works to devote itself exclusively to their manufacture.

When the dinner was over, Mr. Morgan did not go away immediately as was his custom, but he took Mr. Schwab into a corner to talk matters over. A few days later he had another long interview with him, the upshot of which was that he asked Mr. Schwab if an option could be secured on the Carnegie properties. Mr. Carnegie refused a written option, but he penciled his price on a slip of paper and sent it to the banker. The price and terms on that memorandum were those afterwards accepted and carried out.

Why should Mr. Morgan, after two years of resistence to Mr. Carnegie's overtures, have changed his mind? Mr. Schwab's contagious eloquence, his prophetic picture of the future of steel and iron, are not a sufficient explanation. It was the water that had run under the bridge.

Mr. Morgan had already a highly successful steel corporation in hand and he had found for its head a man in whom he had a thorough and growing confidence, but he was realizing what that man had been telling him for months now, that the Federal Steel Company, profitable as it was, was not the rounded proposition which they both had had in mind at the start. If he controlled the Carnegie interests he might develop what the Federal had not had the capacity to do.

But even stronger, possibly, was Mr. Morgan's anxiety over what might happen in the industry if Mr. Carnegie, determined as he was to sell, should allow his great property to get into hands which he considered unsafe—John W. Gates' hands, for instance.

In his two years' experience with steel he had been reminded more than once that this powerful and daring individual had not been sobered by the great responsibility he had assumed in putting together the wire interests of the country. That he still loved speculation more than stability had been demonstrated in April of this very year when suddenly, at a moment of real prosperity in iron and steel, he had precipitated a panic which an indignant press and industry declared was worse than anything that had ever been done by Fisk and Gould. Mr. Morgan had seen his own steel and iron undertakings for the moment seriously disturbed by Gates' wanton performance. He must not be allowed to get a hand on the Carnegie interests.

And then there were still at large the bitter antagonisms and trade hates born of the fierce competition that Mr. Carnegie had waged in the past two years and which he was still threatening. In certain hands these antagonisms might continue, force disastrous trade wars. Now, J. Pierpont Morgan had a sincere, if domineering, sense of responsibility towards doing his part to keep business steady, and there can be no doubt that in considering Mr. Carnegie's offer he was influenced by what might happen in the business if he did not see that the great Carnegie property was in hands that he regarded safe.

All this was certainly in his mind when, one Sunday morning, some three weeks after the Simmons' dinner and after Mr. Carnegie's penciled offer had been put into his hand, he sent his partner, Mr. Robert Bacon, to the Plaza, where Judge Gary was then living to ask him if he thought there was anything practical, from a business standpoint, in buying out Carnegie.

"Can it be done?" the Judge asked.

"Yes," replied Mr. Bacon, "Schwab has brought a proposition from Carnegie, and Mr. Morgan wants to know your opinion."

"Bring the proposition to me," replied Gary, "and I will look it over."

He spent all that afternoon and until one o'clock the next morning blocking out a plan by which, in his judgment, the purchase would be justified; and the next morning, at the bank, laid it before Mr. Morgan.

"How shall we start?" the banker asked.

"With Federal Steel."

"Will they agree to it?"

"We can get them together and find out."

Mr. Porter, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Mills, Mr. Ream, Mr. Nathaniel Thayer were all in New York, and Judge Gary saw them that morning. Marshall Field

was in Chicago and he talked with him on the telephone. Their general answer was, "Whatever you say goes."

It was late in the afternoon before the matter was settled, and, as he was leaving, Mr. Morgan said to Judge Gary:

"Now, there's one thing I want understood: *if I go into this you are to go with me, not only as my lawyer but as my friend—that is, you are to stand by me.*

The plan which the Judge had laid before Mr. Morgan and which he was now directed to go ahead and carry out was, in principle, what he had had in mind when the Federal Steel Company was organized—the rounded out proposition that would enable them to make, at the lowest cost, all the principal forms of finished steel for sale in all parts of the world. Judge Gary insisted at the time, and has repeatedly insisted at various governmental investigations and suits, as have others connected with the organization, notably Mr. Robert Bacon, that there was no thought in the minds of any one concerned in the proposed organization to secure a monopoly or to restrain trade. "Our intention and our effort," he has repeatedly said, "was to sustain trade and to foster competition."

The way he proposed to do this was to add to the Federal Steel Company not only the Carnegie but a half dozen of the new combinations engaged in finishing products, such as the National Tube Company, Mr. Gates' American Steel & Wire Company, the Tin Plate, Steel Hoop, and Sheet Steel companies. This would give them, he believed, all that they needed. But would they go in?

"With the Boer War, prosperity returned to the steel mills." Illinois Steel Company at Joliet.

For the next four weeks the offices of Mr. Morgan were the scene of as nearly exciting activities as was possible in that dignified and controlled quarter. Judge Gary set up his headquarters there, giving only his afternoons to the running of the Federal. The Morgan lawyers and partners were there, Mr. Carnegie's counsel, the officers and directors of the various corporations which had been approached—men came and went from morning until night, and the newspapers were soon agog with curiosity.

The public became anxious. Early in February it became necessary for Judge Gary—who "directed it all," as Robert Bacon, at that time the Morgan partner chiefly interested in steel, said in the government suit in 1913—it became necessary for Judge Gary to make to the public press some kind of an announcement as to what was contemplated. Here is what he said:

"Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co. are undoubtedly considering plans for the acquisition of the properties of some of the largest iron and steel companies of this country.

"Presumably they will not make or authorize any official statement until after the plans are perfected.

"It is probable there will be such ownership or control as to *secure perfect and permanent harmony* in the larger lines of this industry.

"It is not intended, however, to obtain control of any line of business or to create any monopoly or trust, or in any way *antagonize* any principle or *policy of the law.*

"The method to be adopted in acquiring properties will not permit any minority stock interest to interfere if such stockholder were so disposed, which is not probable, as his pecuniary interest will influence him otherwise. He will be fully protected in any event.

"The success of the enterprise will result in great benefit to the investor in securities, the consumers, and the workingmen or employees. Little, if any, new cash will be required, and therefore the present financial condition will not be disturbed.

"This statement is made solely on my own responsibility."

About three weeks later, March 2, came the promised official statement. It was the famous circular of J. P. Morgan & Company, announcing the organization of the United States Steel Corporation, the formation of a syndicate of $200,000,000 of which they were to be the managers, which should exchange the preferred and common stock as well as the bonds of the new concern, for the stocks of the chosen companies. The terms of the transfer in each case were set down and all the provisions carefully detailed. The capital stock of the new company was announced as $850,000,000. An all-important point in this circular was the following paragraph:

"The forms of the new Bonds and of the Indenture securing the same and of the certificates of the new Preferred and Common Shares, and the entire Plan of Organization and Management of the United States Steel Corporation, shall be determined by J. P. Morgan & Company."

In less than three weeks after this announcement, J. P. Morgan & Company sent out a second circular, announcing that the plan proposed in the first one had become operative by the acceptance on the part of the chosen companies of about ninety-seven per cent on an average of both preferred and common stock.

While these negotiations were going on, the plans of the managers, large as they were, had grown larger. Judge Gary, particularly, was anxious about ores.

"We ought to have the Rockefeller ores."

"We have got all we can attend to," Morgan growled.

Judge Gary told him what he thought.

"How are we going to get them," Mr. Morgan asked.

"You are to talk to Mr. Rockefeller."

"I would not think of it."

"Why?"

"I don't like him."

"Mr. Morgan," said the Judge, "when a business proposition of so great importance to the Steel Corporation is involved, would you let a personal prejudice interfere with its success?"

"I don't know," he replied.

The next morning, however, he came in excitedly, throwing up his arms in exultation and shouting, "I have done it!"

"Done what?"

"I have seen Rockefeller."

"How did he treat you?"

"All right."

"Did you get the ore lands?"

"No. I just told him that we ought to have them, and asked him if he would not make a proposition. How much do you think we ought to pay?"

"I am not prepared to say. It would take me a week to figure out what I would consider a reasonable price."

"Well, tell me offhand what you think we ought to pay."

The Judge worked for half an hour, and finally announced, "there's an *outside* figure—so many millions."

"To my surprise," Judge Gary says

in telling the story, "Mr. Frick brought in a figure from Mr. Rockefeller a few days later. He would sell the ore lands for so much—$5,000,000 more than my outside figure. 'That is a prohibitive proposition,' I said.

"'Judge Gary,' exclaimed Mr. Morgan, "in a business proposition as great as this would you let a matter of $5,000,000 stand in the way of success?"

"But I told you, Mr. Morgan, that mine was the outside."

"Well, put it this way: Would you let these properties go?"

"No," I said.

"Well, write out an acceptance."

And so it happened that when on April 2 another circular came out, addressed to the stockholders, the Lake Superior Consolidated Ore Mines were included in the amalgamation, also the American Bridge Company. And here, again, there was no difficulty in making the exchange. There was one further important announcement in the new circular and that was that the capital stock which in March had been placed at $850,000,000 was raised to $1,100,000,000—Mr. Gates' "billion-dollar corporation" had been realized.

In the course of the two months' negotiations there had been of course some interesting incidents. One of the most entertaining—the most illustrative of the casual way in which a pivotal thing in a great enterprise may be treated by even a man like Pierpont Morgan—is an incident which Judge J. H. Read of Pittsburgh, then Mr. Carnegie's chief counsel, tells. It was some time after the negotiation with the various companies to be taken in were well under way that Mr. Morgan one day hurriedly summoned Judge Read and one of his own lawyers. "Do you know what I have done?" he said. "I have sold myself short. I have agreed to take over, and I am taking over, the stock of all these companies, and I have not got a scratch of the pen from Mr. Carnegie which would hold him or his estate if he died."

They hurried up to Mr. Carnegie's house on the "L" and explained what they were after. "Of course Pierpont ought to have a letter," Mr. Carnegie said. Judge Read is very likely to remark that Mr. Morgan always winced when Carnegie called him "Pierpont." "Of course he ought to have a letter." And summoning a stenographer he dictated a document satisfactory to the gentlemen, and, apparently, a great relief to Mr. Morgan when it was laid before him.

Altogether the most exciting episode in the negotiations—the only hitch that occasioned any trouble came, as was to be expected, with the American Steel & Wire Company—or, more truthfully perhaps, with John W. Gates. Gates was determined, as was to be expected, to get a whacking price for his organization—a price that Mr. Morgan thought unreasonable. Unable to bring the wire men to his terms, he hurriedly summoned Judge Gary. "I'm through," Mr. Morgan told the Judge, "I cannot settle with them. I want you to take it up. They are all in the other room."

"'Mr. Morgan sent me in to trade with you,' I said to them when I went in," Judge Gary says, in telling the story. "'Luckily, I know the wire game as well as you do. You have been offered all your property is worth, and it is all you are going to get.' We wrangled for several hours, and gradually I was whittling away their points when, about four o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Morgan—whose habit it was to go home at three—sent in word that he was going home. I sent word back, 'Don't go—wait another half hour.' At the end of the half hour, word came a second time that he was leaving for home. I sent back the same word. Along about five o'clock, when I found he was determined to leave, I went in. 'Mr. Morgan,' I said, 'I want you to come in and tell those men that the offer that you made will not be changed, that they can take it or leave it, but that if they have not taken it in ten minutes it will be withdrawn and the Steel Corporation will build its own wire plant.'

"'All right,' Mr. Morgan said. In a moment he came in—big and fierce, his eyes like coals of fire. 'Gentlemen,' he said pounding the desk, 'I am going to leave this building in ten minutes. If by that time you have not accepted our offer, the matter will be closed. We will build our own wire plant.' And he turned and left the room.

"John W. Gates scratched the top of his head and turning to Edenborn said,

'Well, William, I don't know whether the old man means that or not.'

"'You can depend upon it he does,' I said.

"'Then,' said Gates, 'I guess we will have to give up.'

"I sent for Mr. Morgan. 'The gentlemen have accepted your proposition,' I told him when he came in.

"'Is that right?' Mr. Morgan snapped.

"'Yes,' they all said.

"Never have I seen Mr. Morgan more elated. 'Now,' he said, 'let's go home.' We went up on the Elevated to 50th Street, where his old electric car met him. He was like a boy going home from a foot-ball game."

When the bargains had all been made and the Corporation was ready to be launched, Mr. Morgan called in the big group of lawyers that had been concerned and said to them:

"Gentlemen, this is a very large undertaking. So far as the finances of the company are concerned, I have no reasonable doubt it will be successful. As to the legal features, I must rely upon the advice of lawyers, and I should like to inquire if it is the unanimous opinion that the organization is legal and not opposed to any of the existing laws."

With one exception, the lawyers expressed an opinion that the organization was legal and would be sustained by the courts in case of contest. Judge Gary was the exception:

"I believe, Mr. Morgan," he said, "that if there should be a direct attack by the Attorney General against the new corporation at the beginning of its business career, the attack would probably be successful for the reason that so large a percentage of the iron and steel business is included in the new company; as the intentions of the organization have not been demonstrated, the Corporation is liable to be held to be a monopoly in opposition to the Sherman Law. But I also think that if the Corporation and the business of the Corporation is properly managed and it is allowed to continue in business until it has been proven that the intentions of the managers are good, that there is no disposition to exercise a monopoly or to restrain legitimate trade, that in that case, if there is a contest, the company will be held to be legal."

This little speech to Mr. Morgan is vastly more important than it may look to the general reader. It is the first announcement so far as I know of a classification of trusts which was to become famous in the next few years—good and bad trusts. It was also the first intimation that Judge Gary, president of the Federal Steel Company, who had been Mr. Morgan's confidential man in the preparing of the new organization, had ideas in his head about running such organizations which might not be in harmony with those of the body of his co-officials—possibly might not be in harmony with the ideas of Mr. Morgan himself, who had said to him, "You are not only to be my counsel, you are to be my friend in this enterprise."

But what it meant was all a matter of the future. The matter of the present was that on April 1, 1901, the organization was announced as beginning business and its announcement met with such a cry of alarm as has never greeted any business enterprise in this country.

And it was not surprising. The "billion dollar corporation" came on a country that, though it had learned to talk in millions, since the Civil War, had not yet become familiar with hundred of millions, and could not say billions at all. It was a country that for twenty years had been seeing and feeling the abuses of monopoly. It could not believe that anything so gigantic as this new concern seemed to be could be handled without oppression. It was a country that for a dozen years now had been trying to learn how to control and regulate big aggregations and so far had failed. It feared size. That which to Mr. Morgan and Judge Gary and their associates seemed inevitable, reasonable and capable of being handled for what they regarded as the general good, to the public was fearful, a sinister thing.

The next chapter in this series will take up the struggle for leadership in the United States Steel Company as soon as it began to do business; as well as the immediate opposition to what were soon to be known as *The Gray Policies*.

"ONE LITTLE MINUTE"

By MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES

MR. RITTNER put his big strong hand over his wife's thin fingers. "I've a kind of feeling that we're going to get on his track *this* time," he shouted, in what she felt to be a falsely cheerful voice. He had to shout, for the taxi driver was working his hooter all the time as they motored dangerously fast through the narrow eighteenth-century streets of what has become the heart of business Paris. Now and again they seemed just to escape a bad accident, but Mrs. Rittner was past caring about what might happen to either of them, on this hot July morning.

In the days of her youth, when she and the man who had just shouted those lying comforting words had been hard-working young married folk, she had longed intensely to see Paris, and, being one of those people blessed or cursed with great mental activity, she had actually taught herself to read and even to write French, though she never ventured to speak it. That being so her good husband, Karl Rittner, had promised her that one day, when their two little sons, Fritz and George, were grown up, maybe, she should go to Paris, and with plenty of money to spend too!

Ah me—how fortunate that the future is hidden from us poor mortals. How would Annie Rittner have fared through life's journey had it been revealed to her that George would be killed by soldiers of his father's race, flying—*flying*—in defence of the country which she had always thought of as the embodiment of light-hearted mirth, beauty and charm? And further, that she, herself, would finally come to Paris only because Paris was a kind of half-way house to that part of war-scarred France which seemed to hold so urgent, compelling, and to her so mysterious, an appeal to her remaining son. The only promise which had been redeemed by fate was that she had plenty of money to spend.

The husband and wife had only landed in France four days before, and already Mrs. Rittner felt that she hated Paris. For one thing she had expected to find a cool, beautifully clean city, and she found Paris in July stiflingly hot, and lamentably dirty. It was even a real trial to this refined, elderly American woman to go into the odorous, grimy post-offices from which her husband despatched to Fritz the urgent telegrams to which there had as yet been no answer. Every one they applied to for information agreed that Fritz Rittner was an active and well-known member of the Fraternité Franco-Américaine, but none of those who ought to have known could tell them where he was—exactly.

This morning, almost, she felt, as a last hope, they were on their way to see a woman of whom a kindly, intelligent man in the American Consulate had said: "If Madame Couteau can't help you to find out where your son is just now—then nobody can! The best time to find her? Well, she's in her office from eight in the morning."

Couteau? Knife? What a queer name she thought to herself.

The ramshackle open taxi pulled up with a jerk. Could so important a person's office be in such a dingy, dismal looking house? Yes, for the ill-tempered looking concierge, after glancing at the piece of paper held out to her, pointed her finger skywards, and after what seemed a very long climb they saw the name "Madame Couteau," affixed to a door painted dark brown.

The door was opened by a wizened-faced little girl who led them silently through an unfurnished antechamber into what was evidently Madame Couteau's office, and, as Mrs. Rittner followed the child into the shabby room, she looked about her with an air of discouragement and disappointment. On a flat deal writing-table lay an ink-

soaked piece of gray blotting-paper, a coverless railway guide, and a telephone. Mr. Rittner's heart sank also. They had evidently been sent on yet one more wild-goose chase, but he wasn't so resentful of that for himself as he was for his wife.

"Makes me tired the way we're treated. I don't anticipate much good from——"

"Ssh!" murmured Mrs. Rittner.

She had seen a door behind him opening slowly, and a moment later Madame Couteau came through it. A spare tall woman, with a mass of gray hair done up anyhow; her pallid face might have been a dead face, but for the curiously bright eyes which were the windows to her soul.

She bowed stiffly, and slipped behind her writing-table; then she held out a claw-like hand for the piece of paper on which their friend of the Consulate had put down the particulars of their anxious quest.

"Rittner?" She spelt out the name, and then in fair English she asked, "And F— what does it say?"

It was Mrs. Rittner who answered her. For all her quiet look and old-fashioned, rather heavy, appearance she had a far more eager, imaginative, and even determined, nature than her husband.

"My son's name is Fritz." Defiantly she added, "His grandfather was a German."

"But yes, I comprehend now." The voice had softened, wonderfully.

"Fritz came over with the first American draft," went on the mother quickly. "He was wounded at St. Mihiel. His right arm and hand were pretty badly hurt, and so he came right home. But after the war was over a short while he said he must go back to France to help in some way, and he's been here ever since. At first he wrote us every mail, but now he writes us only now and again. We feel anxious about him, so we've come, and—and we don't seem able to find him. He was at place called Sourire."

"*Now* Sourire is a geographical expression," said Madame Couteau, staring straight before her. "There may be a few huts, but there is no post-office there—as yet."

"We wirelessed from the ship," went on Mrs. Rittner in a toneless voice, "and we have telegraphed since we arrived in France eight times—or is it nine, father?"

"Nine," he said briefly, "and yesterday we were told as a sort of last forlorn hope that if there's any one in Paris who could find out where our boy is, you can, madame."

There broke a curious wintry smile over the Frenchwoman's pinched face.

"I am very—what word is it?—yes, very perseverant," she exclaimed. "Rest assured that I will do of my best to find this brave boy."

Mrs. Rittner liked to hear her Fritz called a brave boy. He was that—no doubt about it!

Madame Couteau took the receiver off the telephone. Then she looked over at them both and muttered, "One little minute!" and called out, "'Ullo, 'ullo," in a cross tone and hissed out a double number.

Nervously she drummed her thin fingers on the table. Then suddenly she spoke again into the phone. "Some weeks ago you asked for some American volunteers for Rheims? I want to know if among those who responded you have the name of Rittner?" She spelt out the name.

There followed what seemed a long wait. Now and again Madame Couteau would murmur encouragingly, "Just one little minute!" But at last she looked straight at Mrs. Rittner, and her face was so altered, so enlivened with joy, that, for a moment, even Mr. Rittner saw as in a flash what a charming, happy-natured creature she must have been when young.

"Your son *is* at Rheims!" she exclaimed. "I cannot say his address exact, but they will have it 'ere." Bending down she wrote something quickly on a bit of paper, and then she drew towards her the dirty-looking unbound railway guide which lay on the table before her.

Hurriedly she turned over the dog-eared pages. "There is a rapid train at ten o'clock. This afternoon you will see that brave boy!"

Mrs. Rittner ran round the table impulsively and took the Frenchwoman's hand. "I don't know how to thank you!" she said chokingly. And Madame Couteau, gazing down into the flus-

tered face and misty eyes, asserted, rather than asked: "You had another son, madame?"

"My other son was in Paris studying to be an artist when the war broke out. He joined the Lafayette Air Squadron, and—and he was killed in February, 1915."

Very quietly the Frenchwoman said: "*I* had three sons—I 'ave not one now. But no—I must not say that—'*Les morts sont des invisibles—ils ne sont pas des disparus.*'"

And now, three hours later, they stood in the blinding sunshine outside the railway station at Rheims, a bewildered, helpless-looking pair.

Mrs. Rittner's mind was working busily. She was asking herself, with a kind of amazed surprise, whether this could really be the town of which she had read quite recently, so pitiful an account.

With an instinctive knowledge of what impresses the stranger bent on business, the Frenchmen who planned the reconstruction of Rheims have seen to it that the great space in front of the railway station should look imposingly prosperous—so great stone houses with fine ironwork balconies rise above the public garden which, on this particular July day, made a deliciously cool oasis of greenery and vivid coloring.

The square between the station and the garden was full of automobiles plying for hire, and Mr. Rittner was hesitating which one to hail when suddenly an ancient-looking little horse-drawn open carriage came towards them. There was something about the driver that seemed to mark him out from the people round him, and sure enough—"English?" he asked. And then with a sudden quickening of interest—"American, I guess?"

Mr. Rittner laughed aloud for the first time since he had been in France. "No need to ask what you are," he said drily.

And the other exclaimed: "Same as you, sir!"

Then the man went on: "My wife's a Rheims girl. She wanted to stay right on here, so I kind of felt I had to. There was plenty to do, too—not a street you could get along all through '19! But though the place is practically re-built now—we still have lots of folk sight-seeing."

He was already helping the American lady up into his queer little carriage. "Shall we begin with the Cathedral, ma'am?" he asked insinuatingly.

She shook her head. "We want to go to 10 Place d'Epinay," she said.

As they settled themselves down on the hard seat the unspoken thought in each eager, longing heart was that it didn't look as if there could be any of the sort of work their boy's heart had been so set on doing in *this* prosperous-looking town. Husband and wife also felt just a slight pang of disappointment—while in the train they had secretly looked forward to seeing something of the awful aftermath of war.

The light carriage slithered along a broad thoroughfare lined with high substantial houses across which were emblazoned, in thick gold letters, the names of the famous champagnes of the world. And then——

A sudden turn at right angles brought them to something so extraordinarily fantastic and unexpected that Mrs. Rittner clutched her husband's arm in sheer amaze. They were in a rut-scarred street, lined with skeleton buildings and lamentable, desolate-looking ruins which seemed to lift gaunt arms heavenwards in voiceless lamentation. Here a rough shack had been erected within the crumbling walls of a once fair dwelling-house, and there people were evidently camping out in the heat and dust. Mrs. Rittner silently pointed to where some trick of the wind had taken an acorn, or maybe a tiny sapling, up onto the sill of a second-floor window, for green leaved branches sprawled across a long room of which the ceiling was open to the sky.

The driver turned round at last. "They began rebuilding the week of the Armistice," he exclaimed, a note of apology in his voice. "But these were only houses where folk lived—so no one can afford to build *them* up again yet. But the business part of the town is all right—smarter, I reckon, than before the war!"

And they saw that he spoke the truth when yet another turn brought them once more into a thoroughfare full of large new houses and of eager, bustling animation.

At last they drew up before a building on which was written "Fraternité Franco-Américaine."

"You stay here, mother, and I'll just go in and find out where the boy *is* just now."

There was something in his voice which made her feel she could not ask him to let her get down too, as she longed to do.

He was away so long that dreadful fears—menacing shapes she would not face—assailed her, but when at last he came out she saw by his face that it was "all right."

"16 Rue Varenne," he called out, and then as he slowly hitched himself up into the carriage again, Mrs. Rittner felt that her husband had suddenly become an old man, and even in the midst of her almost painful joy there came a pang of sharp secret pain.

"He's doing splendid work, Annie," —there was a choke in his voice—"looking after the youngsters here. Most of 'em are war orphans, and they ran wild till Fritz came along and took 'em in hand."

He said nothing more for a while, and then suddenly he turned to her again. "The chap in there seemed scared lest we'd want to take Fritz away."

"I hope we *will* take him away," said his wife, in the quiet yet determined voice of which he had learnt to read the meaning in their thirty-three years of married life.

They were again going through scenes of terrible arid destruction, but such was the joy singing in their hearts that they saw without seeing. It was an outlying part of the city, where as yet no real reconstruction work had been begun, though here and there a one-story building, hastily erected with a view to some poor trade, seemed to make the desolation more desolate.

Mr. Rittner stood up and touched the driver. "Sure it's this way?"

"The Rue de Varenne is this way," called out the driver sulkily.

He couldn't make these people out. The old man had some of the ways and the outward appearance of prosperity; the brooch which pinned the old lady's silk cloak was set with real diamonds, and yet here they were—neglecting the one sight of Rheims, the Cathedral, which still brought opulent strangers to the city.

At last the carriage stopped before the shell of what had been one of those villas which are to be found on the outskirts of every French country town, built of strong enduring brick and stone with no thought of beauty, yet achieving that air of solid worth and secretive, self-respecting security, which has always been the French ideal of life. Now each wrecked room belched open to the sky and to the street, though the *porte-cochère,* through which could be seen the walled garden of what had been a snug little property, had escaped all injury.

"Fritz can't live here," exclaimed the two simultaneously to each other.

The driver slipped off his seat; he disappeared through the arch of the *porte-cochère* for a moment and then he hurried back. "There's somebody living in a shanty in the garden, marm. See the smoke coming from the chimney? Like me to go through and ask if it's the place you want?"

"No," said Mr. Rittner, "we'll just get down ourselves and investigate."

"Best hurry through that archway. There have been some bad accidents through walls suddenly giving way around here."

But neither of them heeded the warning and, as she walked under the vaulted way, Mrs. Rittner looked with painful curiosity to her left and right. Through a huge hole in the parquet floor of one of the ground-floor rooms grass was growing, and over by a shattered window were the splintered remains of what must have been a large marble-topped sideboard.

But nature had done her best to cause what man had done to be forgotten. The once formal, carefully-tended garden was now a glorious riot of color—poppies, hollyhocks, nasturtiums, roses, and geraniums struggled for mastery with one another. A corner had survived as a small kitchen-garden, and over by that one neat little patch was the cottage of lath and plaster from whose chimney was rising, straight up through the hot still air, a thread of white smoke.

There swept over the two strangers a feeling of bitter disappointment. That tiny homestead lost in this desolate

quarter of the town was not a place in which their son could possibly be living. Mrs. Rittner told herself she had been a fool to let her husband go in and make the inquiry alone, and then—as she stepped up the path leading to the door of the cottage, relief, surprise, and yes, fear, clutched at her heart, for, framed in a widely open window to the left of the closed, green-painted door, an attractive-looking girl sat darning one of Fritz's winter stockings!

Mrs. Rittner knew it was Fritz's stocking for the good reason that she herself had knitted it, and as she gazed at the dark-haired darner, and noted the delicate, somber charm of the oval face, she remembered how years before her boy had said to her once, half laughing, half defiant, "Why, mum, I could never like a *fair* girl!"

Yet there was a fair girl of whom he had grown very fond during that long convalescence of his at home. Her name was Rosy Wiggins, and—and his mother felt sure that Rosy was just quietly waiting for him. But girls get tired of waiting——

Suddenly the stocking-mender saw the two strangers slowly walking up her brick path, and Fritz Rittner's mother, already jealous, saw a look of apprehension come over the sensitive, piquant-looking little face. She left the window hastily, and ran to open the door, and Mr. Rittner, at the sight of what he would have called to himself "a very pleasant-looking young woman" said eagerly:

"Does Mr. Fritz Rittner live here?"

As for Fritz Rittner's mother, she had already stepped up into the bare little passage now filled with a delicious smell of something tasty which made her suddenly aware that she was *very* hungry!

For perhaps as long as half a minute the Frenchwoman remained quite silent in answer to the question, and Mrs. Rittner saw, with an almost cruel satisfaction, that this was no girl, as she had first thought, but a woman who had suffered. Even so, a dangerously attractive, alluring-looking woman.

Again, and this time impatiently, Fritz's father repeated his question, and at last she nodded, and turning, brought a slate out of the kitchen. Deeply scratched across the top of the slate was the name "Frederic Rittner." How strange the "Frederic" looked!

Mrs. Rittner took the slate and wrote on it in French: "I am his mother." The young woman silently opened a door and, stepping back, motioned her unknown guests to pass through into a sitting-room—the only cosy place she had seen in France, said Mrs. Rittner to herself.

An armchair was drawn up to a writing-table covered with papers, and on the brick floor lay part of what had once been a beautiful carpet. The window was open to the garden, and on the ledge of the window was a queer home-made wasp-trap.

All at once Mrs. Rittner seized her husband's arm. "Just look there, father!"

On the narrow mantelpiece was propped up a snapshot of herself and her husband standing on the porch of their home—that house which seemed so much too big for two lonely old folks. Flanking that queer little picture was a French color-print of Niagara Falls.

It was so hot, and they were so tired, that it was with a feeling of deep relief that they both sat down, while the Frenchwoman, framed by the door, and the stocking still in her hand, stared at them in what seemed to Mrs. Rittner a heavy, ominous silence.

At last Carl Rittner got up and began walking round the room. "Looks as if Fritz spent a good deal of his time here," he said casually.

To that his wife made no answer, and presently he spoke again: "Funny sort of place for Fritz to have settled himself into, eh, mother?"

She was wondering what to say in answer to that when all at once the French girl—she did look a girl after all—turned and shut the door quickly and Mrs. Rittner, led by some mother instinct, jumped up and went over to the window. Then her heart gave a great leap, for Fritz was striding up the path, looking like a fair giant after the small wiry dark Frenchmen they had been seeing.

The young woman had run to meet him, and the mother could have called out, so great was her relief when she saw the change that came over his face. He didn't wait to answer the giver of the good news, he just leaped forward.

"Mother! Dad!" he cried, "why did you ever come without letting me know——?"

And then he was in the room—the room that suddenly looked the smaller for his big presence. There couldn't be any doubt about it—he was glad, glad, *glad* to have them there. And when they all sat down he was still holding a hand of each of them in what, before September, 1914, her husband would have called "the good old German fashion."

But he seemed to take their coming for granted and asked no questions about home, till at last his father said: "What's the matter with you, Fritz? They told me at that office of yours that you weren't well."

"Oh, I'm all right. After I've had dinner you'd best come out and see my little *parlez-vous*—if it isn't too hot?" He turned to his mother, and looked at her solicitously.

But it was she who said suddenly: "I don't think you *are* all right, boy."

"I've felt a bit queer lately—at times." He was reluctant to admit it. "We've got a Scotch doctor here and he wants me to go home. But somehow—well if I go home I don't feel as if I shall ever come over again!"

"Aren't you through roaming?" asked his mother wistfully, and his father added abruptly:

"You can't live and die in France, boy."

"I suppose I can't," he said a thought sadly.

Then he roused himself. "Tell me all about everything. And I say! Have you had anything to eat yet?"

They shook their heads smiling.

"Why, snakes—you *must* be hungry! He jumped up. "There's no dining-room in this little place," he exclaimed, "but Madame Louis keeps the kitchen in apple-pie order."

"*Madame* Louis!" Then she was a married woman? That was a good thing anyway.

The kitchen was the biggest room in the cottage, and Mrs. Rittner looked round it with eager curiosity. Across one end of it had been built in, apparently recently, an old stove far too big for the room. On the stove stood a brown earthenware pot. In the center of the brick floor stood a round table, and on the wall, opposite the window, rows and rows of copper saucepans gleamed brightly. There were three chairs; a gilt armchair upholstered in pink brocade might have come out of a palace, the other two were straw-bottomed, and very roughly finished off.

Fritz Rittner grinned. "Everything in this house has been what we used to call 'won'—you'd just call it 'stolen.' But the poor devils to whom all these things belonged studied 'safety first' when the shelling grew too hot, and they've never come back."

"D'you mean your"—his mother waited a moment then said the word—"landlady just took all these things out of deserted houses?" There was deep disapproval in her voice.

Fritz Rittner laughed. "Well—*no*. Some one else saved us that trouble! *We* paid for the things."

"Us?"—"We?"—what odd words to use of this stranger woman and himself, thought his mother uncomfortably.

And then Fritz Rittner called out: "Madame Louis?" And the young woman came in, took the earthenware pot off the stove and put it on the table. Then she slipped silently out of the kitchen as they sat down.

Mr. Rittner looked at his son with a curious, measuring, thoughtful look. "Been here long?" he asked. And as the other, who was busy ladling out, did not answer at once, he added: "Funny little place, boy, this, how did you find it?"

Fritz Rittner glanced across at his father, and his mother, watching him, felt as if he had been dreaming and had just waked up.

"I don't live here," he said abruptly. "I'm living at the hostel. But I fixed up this place just for an office, and to have my meals in peace and quiet."

There was a touch of slight constraint in his manner, and he became very busy over Madame Louis' savory stew. Though the earthenware pot was large, there wasn't much in it, barely enough for the three of them.

Suddenly Mr. Rittner again spoke out thoughts they were in his wife's heart. "How about *her?*" he asked. "Doesn't she want any dinner?"

Fritz reddened deeply. His mother looked at him—then looked away.

"She had hers hours ago," he said at last. "I come in at any odd time."

Then, almost as if the words were being dragged out of him, he went on: "That house yonder and this garden belonged to some cousins of Madame Louis. They wouldn't leave when others did, and they were all killed, three of them, as well as their two servants, in the last bombardment. But this shanty wasn't touched—it often happened so. And when she got the news that the place was hers now, she came along and settled in here. A big bit of luck for me!"

There was a touch of defiance in his voice, and "Yes, it was," agreed his mother soothingly.

"It's the women who rule France—fortunately for France," he said slowly. Then, "But mind you—their men are bonny fighters, as our Scotch medico says."

He got up, took their plates off the table and brought over a big bowlful of golden pears.

"For all that parts of the town look so prosperous, there's a lot of food shortage," he said apologetically. "No flour lately, or else we'd have had a pudding."

And then all of a sudden he turned to his mother. "Left your luggage at the station?" he asked.

"We didn't bring any luggage," interposed his father. "We're just here for the day."

"I'm not going to leave him now that I've just found him, so don't you think so!" exclaimed Mrs. Rittner.

The old man laughed. "'Tisn't only in France that what a woman says goes —" he observed. "I suppose we can get some one here to go to Paris and get our luggage, eh, Fritz?"

The young man hesitated. "I don't know that I can get anybody to go to-day." He spoke doubtfully. "Folks are pretty busy here. There's no one left over in France now to do odd jobs."

"I guess money talks more in France than in most places," interjected his father dryly.

"Well, I wouldn't go so far even as to say that." A slow reluctant smile came over Fritz's face, then he became dead serious. "Kill a million and a half able-bodied men, and maim as many so that they'll never work again, and you'll have plenty to do for every one that's left." He waited a moment, then brought out with a certain effort, "Let's see what Madame Louis says." He got up, opened the door into the passage, and shut it behind him.

The two left behind looked at one another uneasily. Mrs. Rittner got up from her chair and walked over to the window. She felt the atmosphere stifling.

The door opened. "She doesn't think we can get anybody to go to Paris to-day, but she says she can lend you night things, mother, and she wants you to stay right *here*. There's a second room upstairs, and father could come along with me to the hostel. Will that be all right?"

"Why, yes," said Mr. Rittner slowly, "it sounds all right. But perhaps we'd better see what sort of room it is upstairs."

Fritz Rittner took his mother's hand, and it made her feel as if he were a little boy again. But at the bottom of the narrow, steep, ladder-like staircase he had to drop it, and start up the narrow stair alone two steps at a time.

Did he know the way—? she wondered, and then she felt horribly ashamed of her secret self-questioning when she saw him blocking up the whole of the little landing, and hesitating perceptibly as to which of the two doors to open.

"Madame Louis?" he called out at last, evidently thinking her to be downstairs.

And then, to the surprise of both mother and son, the door to the right opened, and the Frenchwoman coming through it, uttered the three words to which Mrs. Rittner was now becoming accustomed. "*Une petite minute!*" she exclaimed, and then she unlocked the other door giving on to the landing, and preceded them into a room evidently just above the kitchen. There was the same kind of brick floor here as there and the simple furnishings included a comfortable-looking low bed.

Fitz Rittner looked round him a trifle dubiously. "Will this be all right for you, mother? Of course there's no bathroom, but she'll make you plenty of hot water. She's a wonder at getting what one asks for."

He was speaking, or so his mother fancied, not quite naturally.

"Can she talk anything but French?" asked Mrs. Rittner in a rather hard voice.

He shook his head decidedly. "Not one word! But you can practice your French on her—same as I do. Don't I remember the French books that used to pour into the house when I was a child!"

And then they heard Mr. Rittner's hearty voice. He had come up to see what was happening, for he had felt lonely in that queer-looking kitchen. "Your mother can read French and she can write French, but she won't *speak* French," he cried. "I can't read it and I can't write it—but I do make a try at speaking it!"

"He had a teacher four evenings a week for three months before we left home," said his wife, "and it's perfectly true that he does *try* to talk at any rate. I simply feel I *can't*!"

While this was going on their hostess —somehow they all looked upon her as their hostess—was looking at them with such a curious look. Even to Fritz's mother it was a look that told no tales, though the pain in Madame Louis' eyes was apparent enough.

Mrs. Rittner looked quickly across at her husband. She hadn't seen him look so pleased, so—so happy, well, for years. Her husband's face made up her mind for her—quite suddenly.

"Look here, Fritz. You go along with father. I'm tired, so I'll just stay here in that comfortable room of yours downstairs, and try and get a bit of sleep. I didn't sleep much last night." She couldn't help adding, "Why on earth didn't you let us know where you were, boy?"

He looked hurt. "I cabled when I came here. But I don't expect the cable got far."

They went downstairs, and as he put her in his armchair, he lowered his voice, "You musn't mind if Madame Louis goes about the house singing, it's a way she's got into lately."

"A war-widow?" asked Mrs. Rittner, in a voice which was not as kindly as she would have liked it to be.

He shook his head. "No, worse than that."

"Worse than that?" She wondered what he could mean.

"I'll tell you some time. The truth is she hates being talked over. She told me so just after I got fixed up here."

Again she felt the touch of awkwardness, of something being held back, in his voice, and yet he was looking at her quite frankly, and a moment later when he had shut the door behind him she heard him utter laughing words to his father in the passage.

She got up and from the window looked at them as they hurried down that strange treeless garden. The broad, rather bowed figure, and the tall slim, finely-built young man. She wondered whether Madame Louis was looking at them too from her kitchen window. She surmised she was.

And then Mrs. Rittner fell asleep, and there came no sound of singing to disturb her.

At five o'clock the door opened and the Frenchwoman came in with a tray. She had made tea in a big china teapot, and cut some rough slices of bread and butter. The tea was very strong, and Fritz's mother could not help hoping to herself that Fritz didn't have his tea like that! But still she was grateful for the stimulant for, in spite of her long refreshing sleep, she felt tired—tired and infinitely sad. There had come over her, in a rush, the memory of her other boy. She felt as if George were nearer to her now than Fritz seemed to be.

She looked at Madame Louis. Her trim figure, her beautifully dressed dark hair, the delicate color in her cheeks and her bright eyes reminded Fritz's mother of a picture she had once seen called "The French Coquette." Yet perhaps the half fears and half suspicions, the painful sensations of jealously with which he was assailed, were all fancy. Fritz didn't seem to worry much about his landlady anyway.

She tried to smile pleasantly into the face that was looking down at her with so curiously pathetic an expression, and in answer there did flit a smile over it, but Mrs. Rittner told herself that it was more like a grimace than a smile.

And then Madame Louis suddenly turned and ran into the kitchen. "*Une petite minute!*" she cried, and came back with the slate which bore that unfamiliar-looking name "Frederic Rittner" deeply graven in its shiny gray surface.

She wrote on it in French: "Does Madame prefer coffee in the morning?" and the other wrote quickly the word "Coffee," spelling it in the French way.

Deep in her heart Mrs. Rittner longed to cover the slate with eager questions about Fritz and his work, but she felt as if there were an invisible barrier between herself and this young woman.

Suddenly Madame Louis bent down and wrote something again on the slate. "You have come to fetch Monsieur Frederic? You want him to return with you?"

And slowly, painfully, searching for the right word, "Monsieur Frederic's" mother answered by another question: "Don't you think, Madame, that my son has spent enough of his life away from his own country?"

And at once the other wrote down: "It is truly time he thinks of his own affairs. I tell him so sometimes."

Mrs. Rittner, still without looking up, wrote down laboriously the words, the supplication, "Tell it him again—now."

"It will to me be hard—he is such a brave boy."

What importance the French people attached to courage! Even without ever having seen Fritz, Madame Couteau had used the same term of praise, of commendation.

Mrs. Rittner looked up. Madame Louis was staring out of the window; then, with a quick movement, she poured a few drops of the hot water she had brought with the tea on to the slate, and wiped off with a corner of her apron what had been written there.

She put her fingers to her lips, and then, catching up the tray, went off just as Mrs. Rittner heard her son's voice close to the window: "We've come to fetch you, mother. You're going to have a first-class dinner. Trust the French to put up a restaurant of what they call the *première classe* where anybody's likely to come along! I am told there's no such good cooking in Paris now, as there is at the place I'm going to take you to——"

Fritz was smiling broadly into his mother's face. Yet it was as if behind his smile there was a feeling of constraint.

Mr. Rittner, who was standing by him, asked: "But how about *her*—I mean your landlady, boy? Hadn't she better come too? Seems unkind to leave her out."

"I don't think she'll come to-night," said Fritz hesitatingly. "French people—well they think a lot of a father and mother, you know. She'd feel she was intruding."

He did not see the mute inquiry in his mother's eye—"and wouldn't she be intruding?"

"All the same I'll ask her," he went on, and ran forward into the house.

Mrs. Rittner went out into the passage. Through the half-open kitchen door she saw Fritz standing very close to Madame Louis. He turned as if he had sensed that she was there, and the mother felt as if she had been caught eavesdropping.

"She says she doesn't care to come to-night. She's got a lot of things to do. I expect she wants to have everything fixed up nicely for you, mother."

And now, three hours later, Mrs. Rittner was slowly taking off the thin black silk cloak which had been made at home after her own pattern just before she had started on this trip to France.

It was years and years since she had undressed by the light of a candle, and she was thinking how queer it was to be doing so, while straining her ears to know whether Fritz was still downstairs, talking to "that person." They had left Mr. Rittner to make friends with the people at the hostel and so, for the first time, mother and son had been alone together. But the car had seemed to fly through the night air, and though he had come right up to her bedroom to see if everything was "O. K." he had kissed her good night hurriedly, obviously disinclined for any talk, and then, shutting the door firmly, he had gone down the flight of stairs.

She stood still and listened intently while there floated up a murmur of voices—low, intimate murmurs. Madame Louis was doing most of the talking, though every now and then the mother could hear her boy's deep voice throwing in a few words.

At last the murmur of voices ceased, and Mrs. Rittner saw her son's figure looming up darkly as he hurried through the eerie moonlit garden

towards the far more eerie-looking moonlit ruin of what had once been a human habitation.

Slowly she finished undressing herself. She knelt down, but no words would come, and she got into bed feeling more wide awake than she had ever felt in her life.

Would Fritz come home? Would he? *Would he?* She wondered what the real relations between her boy and Madame Louis had been, and were now—— She resented not having seen her husband alone, and yet, if he were here now, what could she say to him? Nothing that could satisfy her uneasy, suspicious, jealous heart.

At last she heard the younger woman come up the narrow creaking stairs, and it seemed to her that Madame Louis listened for a while on the landing before going into her room.

And there, perhaps because it was so uncannily quiet, she found it impossible to go to sleep. For one thing she felt so lonely in the big low soft bed. During her long married life she had hardly ever been separated, even for so long as a night, from her Karl.

She looked back over the evening she had spent at the restaurant. Her husband had enjoyed the excellent food set before them. But, though outwardly placid, she had been inwardly too excited, too questioning, to eat, and now, in the hot darkness, she tried to remember what they had talked about. Fritz had asked a few questions about home, but not as if he really cared to have answers to them.

And then, as she lay turning uneasily this way and that, trying for coolness as sleep was denied her, she suddenly heard the sounds of low, bitter, hopeless sobbing.

She sat up, feeling at once irritated and, yes, distressed. But what could she do? Why, just nothing. Madame Louis had no business to be so—so upset. After all she was a married woman. Mrs. Rittner remembered suddenly a French novel that had made a great impression on her years and years ago. The woman's name had been Emma—Emma Bovary. Perhaps this Madame Louis was like that.

But as the minutes slipped by, and still the piteous sounds continued, she felt that she *must* do something! So at last she got up, and lit the guttering candle. Taking up the slate which had been put by her bedside, she went and opened her door. Then, slowly, she turned the handle of the other door, and stepped into Madame Louis' room.

Holding up her candle she gazed at the narrow bed and its occupant. Madame Louis' hair was down, and, though her face was blotched and disfigured with crying, she looked far younger than she did in the day-time.

Slowly, after they had gazed at one another in silence for what seemed a long time, Mrs. Rittner came close to the bed. She patted the Frenchwoman on the shoulder. "Come," she said, "come, don't cry! What's the matter?"

Madame Louis almost snatched the slate from her hand. "I cry because he's going away," she wrote. And then she looked up at "his" mother, while a queer wavering smile came over her face.

Again she bent over the slate, and the words she wrote down were: "I love him—but he does not know it."

It was as if a great load were suddenly lifted from the heart of Fritz Rittner's mother. Perhaps she showed too clearly the joy, the relief she felt, in her face, for there came an angry look into Madame Louis' eyes.

"He was beginning to love me, even if he did not know it," she wrote quickly.

There was a challenge, something of a threat in the dark bright eyes.

Then Mrs. Rittner, slowly, hesitatingly, wrote what she knew was an appeal to this strange woman who had been so startlingly frank. She, too, would be frank—it seemed to be the only thing to be.

"You are good to let him go away. I know you could keep him."

Madame Louis stretched out her hand; she took a small towel, dipped it into the ewer, and then effaced all the words that were written on the slate.

And after she had done that, she began crying again bitterly, "Oh! la, la!" she cried, rocking herself backward and forward, and then again, "Oh! la, la!"

Mrs. Rittner bent down and, putting her arm round the younger woman's shoulders, kissed her. Then she went

back to bed and slept heavily, soundly, till the hot sun, streaming on her face, woke her. Then she got up, washed as well as she could manage in the tiny basin, dressed, and went downstairs.

What had happened in the night seemed like a dream, for there was Madame Louis bustling about her kitchen, and with no trace of the woe which had filled her night, while from behind the closed door of the sitting-room there came sounds of Fritz and his father talking together.

After she had finished her breakfast she went in to them, and Fritz, giving her a hasty kiss, left her with his father and, going into the kitchen, shut the door behind him.

"Well," she said, "well, Karl? Is he coming?"

"He is. It's all fixed up! That Scotch doctor actually got through to Paris last night, while the boy was bringing you back here, and some one's coming to-day to take over Fritz's job."

She could see that he was immeasurably relieved, immeasurably glad—but somehow she herself felt just a little ashamed of her own gladness.

She went up quite close to him. "Has Fritz said anything about Rosy Wiggam?" she asked.

He answered gruffly, "Not a word. Why should he?" and then as he caught the look of disappointment on her face, he exclaimed: "Guess it will come all right when they're once more together." And as if following the same train of thought he went on: "I'm thinking we ought to do something for that—that person out there. She's been very kind to the boy. He won't talk about her, but he did admit that she's not well off—comes from what they call the devastated districts."

He was taking out his pocket-book. She saw him count out very carefully ten 1000-franc notes. Looking round he took a bright blue envelope off Fritz's writing-table and placed the notes in it.

"Here, mother, you give her this. Fritz says she won't take anything, but I guess you can make her. She's going back to her old home as soon as we're gone—so she told Fritz last night. He's advised her not to sell this house for a bit. These tumble-down ruins aren't worth much. There isn't the man-power to build the dwelling-houses up again—that's the truth."

"When are we going back to Paris?" she asked eagerly.

"We're starting pretty soon—for, now that he's *got* to go, the boy seems to be in——"

And then he stopped, for the door opened. Mrs. Rittner was glad that she was standing with her back to the window so that she could look at her son. But Fritz's face was not one that gave away much.

"Madame Louis says that she'll pack up everything here, and send it on to me in Paris," he said abruptly. "So there's nothing to wait for, and there's a good train at twelve." He looked at his wrist. "Just ten to eleven, so there's plenty of time. Madame Louis says it would be awful to come to Rheims and not see the Cathedral. I guess she'll come along too."

"You two go and wait in the car, and she and I will follow in five minutes," Mrs. Rittner said and watched them go down the path. She went upstairs and put on her outdoor things. Then she came down and went straight into the kitchen.

Madame Louis said something quickly, but seeing that Mrs. Rittner looked puzzled, she took the slate from where it was hanging, and on it she wrote: "All is arranged."

The older woman nodded, while her hand was feeling down to the pocket where she had put the blue envelope containing those ten thousand franc notes.

She took up the pencil which was tied to the slate, and wrote laboriously: "You have been very good to our son. We want to give you——" Now, what was the French word for present? And then, all at once she remembered, and with a look full of relief she wrote down the word.

The color flew up into Madame Louis' looking at her with bright puzzled eyes. "*Cadeau?*"

And then Mrs. Rittner took the envelope out of her bag. She handed it to the younger woman, patting her hand affectionately as she did so.

The color flew up into Madame Louis' face, but just a little to Mrs. Rittner's disappointment she did not reject the

gift. She simply said: "You are very amiable."

Well, French people were fond of money—that was a fact—and after all they all knew only too well that the franc was about twenty to the dollar. Still she had not thought Madame Louis would take the money in so quiet and composed a way, just slipping the envelope into her black apron pocket. Of course she didn't know what a lot of money the envelope contained—a lot of money to her—though not very much money to Karl Rittner.

She went into her son's room and sat down in the mahogany and gilt-encrusted chair. She heard the Frenchwoman go upstairs, and then when Madame Louis came down again and opened the door Mrs. Rittner felt as if it was a stranger who stood there. Dressed for going out in a long thin black cloak and wearing on her head a wide yellow straw hat with a bit of blue ribbon tied round it, Madame Louis looked like a lovely picture.

While she was thinking this Fritz suddenly opened the door.

"Now, then, mother, are you ready?" He spoke in a rasped, preoccupied tone, and Mrs. Rittner thought he avoided looking at Madame Louis. "We haven't long!"

She wondered if he knew how light-hearted she felt now that he was coming with them. Light-hearted, yet, for no reason, again just a little ashamed of her light-heartedness.

He stood aside for the two women to go into the passage.

It was an old-fashioned heavy car, with place for three at the back, and two in front. Madame Louis put herself between the two older people, and Fritz sat by the driver.

The car started, and his mother kept her eyes fixed on Fritz's back. She noticed that he just stared fixedly in front of him, looking neither to the right nor to the left.

All at once Mr. Rittner exclaimed, "Here we are!" and the car drew up under the statue of Joan of Arc which once more stands, as if breasting the world, on the great space in front of the mutilated miracle of beauty where Joan saw the king she had saved crowned.

"There doesn't seem anything so very much wrong with the towers," said Mr. Rittner hesitatingly.

"You wait till you've got out," called out his son brusquely.

They all stepped down out of the car, and sure enough, after he had looked for a while Mr. Rittner felt that he had been mistaken. He did not put the thought into words, but his thought was that Rheims Cathedral was now like a beautiful woman who has become not only poverty-stricken, humiliated, and abashed, but also, what is so far worse, degraded.

"I suppose there's more to see than this?" he said.

"You can't go inside—it isn't safe," said Fritz harshly. He pushed open a roughly made new door. "Just stand here, mother."

And she did stand there, and saw the vast desecrated nave open to the sky, with jagged rock-like broken pillars surrounded by loose-looking masses of wood scaffolding.

Madame Louis said something to Fritz. "She wants you to see the tapestries," he exclaimed. "They've fixed up a chapel and hung the tapestries that were hidden away during the bombardment."

The four of them walked silently round the Cathedral till they came to a small leather-covered door. This Fritz pushed open; they found themselves in what was like a tiny country church fashioned out of what had been a side aisle of the Cathedral. Against a boarding, which had been put up to hide the ruined nave, were hung the tapestries.

Slowly they all walked up towards the little altar. There were people kneeling on low chairs, perhaps a dozen altogether—no tourists, no strangers there—only humble folk who had come to say their prayers. On either side of the altar-rail was a large box where visitors were asked to place offerings for the restoration of the Cathedral. In one of the boxes Mr. Rittner put a thousand-franc note.

Soon Fritz whispered to them that it was time to go, and obediently his father and mother began walking back towards the leather-covered door. Madame Louis lingered behind for just a moment and then she hurried after them.

And then, when close to the door,

Mrs. Rittner suddenly told herself she would like to join her husband in making an offering. After all it wouldn't take a minute! She turned back, and almost ran the few steps leading to the nearest collecting box. Opening her bag she took out a wad of hundred-franc notes and then, as she was going to push them through the square opening, she suddenly caught sight of something, sticking up just within that opening, which made her pause, for it was the flap of the blue envelope which contained the ten thousand francs she had given to Madame Louis.

Well, now! Wasn't that strange And just a little careless, too, for any ill-disposed person could have pulled out the blue envelope and appropriated its contents.

She thrust her offering so that it pushed the blue envelope and its contents right down out of sight. Then she joined the others, and they motored off in the same order as they had come.

All too soon, or so it seemed to Mr. Rittner, they were in the station. Already a crowd was waiting for the Paris train. Fritz seemed a long time getting his single ticket, but at last they were all gathered together on the platform, a little silent group in the surging, talkative crowd. The long, dirty-looking train came into the station, and a great many people got out of it, adding to the confusion.

Madame Louis had become very pale; she no longer looked a pretty, or even a young, woman. She held out her hand, and then impulsively kissed Fritz Rittner's mother. Then she shook hands stiffly with Mr. Rittner. Fritz, meanwhile, was looking for an empty first-class carriage. At last, when he had found one, hoisted his mother up into it, and seen his father settled, too, in the further corner, he turned round.

"Madame Louis!" he called out.

She came forward, and Mrs. Rittner, peering out of the side window, saw with surprise that he did not take Madame Louis' hand. He simply went up very close to her, and began saying something to her in a quick, urgent tone. His mother surmised that he was telling the Frenchwoman that if ever she was in any trouble she must write and tell him.

There came the cry, "*En voiture! En voiture, s'il vous plait!*" And Fritz turned round and swung himself up into the railway carriage.

The train began to move—slowly—slowly, and he leaned out dangerously far.

"Madame Louis!" There was something wild, despairing, beckoning, in his cry.

Mrs. Rittner saw the French woman rush forward. She heard her exclaim breathlessly, "*Une petite minute!*" as she thrust herself through the crowd. Then she leaped up on the footboard of the slowly moving train. Fritz leant out still further, seized Madame Louis' left hand, and suddenly their lips met and clung together, while the mother watched them in agonized silence.

The train began to get up speed and Mr. Rittner, who had been looking out of the further window, turned round and shouted: "Boy, what *are* you doing?"

But it was Madame Louis who tore herself away from him at last.

Mrs. Rittner covered her eyes for a moment. She thought that her son was going to leap down, out of the train. But when she looked again the French woman was standing on the platform, and Fritz was sitting by his father, his hands on his knees, staring before him.

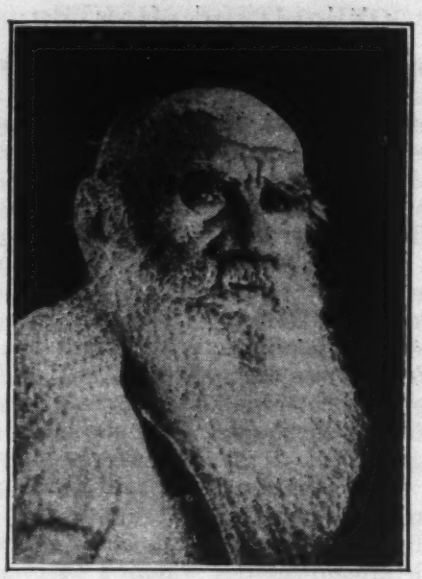
Mr. Rittner spoke first. He had seen nothing of that piteous, passionate embrace. "A chapter closed, my boy, a good chapter closed," he said feelingly. But to that Fritz said nothing and after a while Mr. Rittner again spoke. "A war-widow I assume—that Madame Louis, I mean?"

Fritz answered somberly, "She doesn't know, father, what she is. Her husband was one of those deported pretty early in the occupation into Germany. She has never heard what happened to him."

"Does she want him back?" asked Mrs. Rittner in a hard voice.

Her son looked at her strangely. "She did—for quite a time. And I can tell you one thing for sure, mother——"

He waited a moment. "She would like to have back," he said very deliberately, "the sister of eighteen whom they took a little later, and of whom I've never been able to get any news either, though I think General Allen did what he could."



Tchertkov's photograph of Count Tolstoy.

THE TRAGEDY OF COUNT LEO TOLSTOY

V. Bulgakov's Diary Rendered into English by Mrs. Juliet M. Soskice

Introduction by N. V. Makeev

IN the last days of October, 1910, the whole world resounded with startling news: Count Leo Nicholaevitch Tolstoy had left his home in Yasnaya Polyana secretly, in the dead of night. A few days later Tolstoy's admirers and followers were staggered by the announcement of his death. In his wanderings the Grand Old Man had fallen ill at the little railway halt of Astapovo, had contracted inflammation of the lungs, and died in a small bare room of the station.

The mystery of the great Teacher's sudden disappearance from home, followed by his death, greatly puzzled the world. Only a stupendous drama in the life of Tolstoy could have compelled him, in his great age, to leave his home and the wife with whom he had lived for forty-eight years. For more than thirty years, however, he had been possessed with the idea of withdrawing from his home surroundings of ease and luxury and worldly interests, of isolating himself and devoting the last days of his life to reflections upon God and Truth. The contrast between his inward convictions and the surroundings in which he lived caused him again and again to return to the thought of retiring from the empty vanities of worldly life at Yasnaya Polyana into solitude. But year after year passed and he still refrained from following the deepest yearnings of his soul. In 1897 he seems to have made up his mind and writes a letter to his wife which, however, he never gave her:

" . . . And the principal thing is that, just as an Indian, when he approaches his sixtieth year, goes away to the forest, so every old and religious man wishes to consecrate the last years of his life to God . . . So I, too, entering my seventieth year, long with all

the strength of my soul for quiet solitude and for an agreement, which, though perhaps not complete, would replace the present crying disagreement between my life, and my beliefs and conscience." And yet Tolstoy still remained. He remained because he feared that his going might be wrongly interpreted, and his wife blamed for it. He preferred to suffer himself rather than make his wife suffer by leaving her.

But the clouds overhanging Tolstoy's life became, as years went by, heavier and blacker. His wife, who felt that spiritually Tolstoy was becoming more and more estranged from her, developed a morbid animosity towards Tchertkov, Tolstoy's intimate friend and dogmatic follower. Frequent conflicts resulted, in which Tolstoy himself inevitably became the innocent victim. His favorite daughter, influenced by Tchertkov, was also gradually involved in those conflicts. Around the great writer sprang up an atmosphere of intrigue, untruth, deception, and secrecy to which his very nature was passionately averse.

"It is difficult with all of them. . . . I cannot help wishing for death."

Thus the idea of retiring into solitude became more and more fixed in Tolstoy's mind under the workings of all these religious, psychological, and domestic motives.

The last act of the tragedy began when Tolstoy and his daughter, Alexandra Lvovna, in June, 1910, were staying as guests with Tchertkov in the latter's house in the village of Mescherskoe, whence they were suddenly called back to Yasnaya Polyana by two frantic telegrams from Madame Tolstoy, that she was suffering from nervous breakdown. During the five months that ensued Tolstoy's spiritual tragedy became more and more intolerable and finally caused his fateful disappearance from home.

The events of this last period of Tolstoy's life were faithfully chronicled by V. Bulgakov.

He was an unbiased witness of the events of the family drama and the discreet recipient of the confidences of the various people who took part in it.

YASNAYA POLYANA,

June 23rd, 1910.

WE arrived at Yasnaya between ten and eleven at night.

I heard the details of what had happened in the house during our absence. It appears that the Countess Tolstoy was displeased that Tchertkov had not invited her to Mescherskoe, and that had aroused in her a hysterical feeling of irritation.

June 27th.

The arrival of Tchertkov has aroused the jealousy of Madame Tolstoy, who has been for some time past in a morbidly excitable condition, and she is now terrified lest intimate contact with Tchertkov should augment his "influence" over her husband.

I told Tolstoy of the arrival of Tchertkov and his mother, just when he was playing chess.

When he heard the news he gave a scarcely perceptible smile. The Countess did not seem able to remain in her seat for more than a moment at a time. She kept jumping up excitedly, going out of the room and then returning.

I asked about her health.

"I'm in a fever . . . I can't breathe!" she said, and went out again.

"You see how it agitates her," said he.

During his morning walk in the park Tolstoy met and talked with Tchertkov, who is temporarily prevented from visiting at the house because of the coldness of relations between himself and Madame Tolstoy.

Yesterday, before showing his new story, *By Accident*, to the Countess, Tolstoy changed one of the details in it: the wife, whom he had represented as an unpleasant, tall brunette with shining eyes, (she might have been thought

From the Life of Tolstoy by Nathan Haskell Dole, published by Thomas J. Crowell Co.

Yasnaya Polyana—the chateau of Tolstoy's estate.

to resemble his own wife) was transformed into a short, blue-eyed blond.

July 1st.

A dispute has arisen between Countess Tolstoy and Tchertkov as to who shall have possession of Tolstoy's diaries. If the diaries are given to her she may erase all the places in them which are displeasing to her.

July 11th.

I passed the night at Yasnaya. When I got up in the morning I learned that Madame Tolstoy had had a fit of hysterics in the night, that her husband had got up to quiet her, that she had run out into the park, etc.

July 12th.

The famous Baptist preacher Fetler has come to visit Tchertkov's mother in Telyatinki. She invited Countess Tolstoy to come to Telyatinki to hear Fetler preach. We went in the carriage with the fast trotters. Madame Tolstoy was wearing an elegant black silk dress. She was in tears the whole way. She was exceedingly pitiable, and kept beseeching me to tell Tchertkov to return her the manuscripts of her husband's diaries.

"Let them write them out again, copy them," she said, "and give me only the original manuscripts! I have his former diaries! Tell Tchertkov that if he will give me the manuscripts I will be calm . . . I'll restore him to my friendship; he can come to us as before, and we'll work together for the Teacher and serve him. . . . Will you tell him that? For God's sake tell him!" For some reason she did not believe that I would give her message to Tchertkov, and she begged me again and again to do so.

I could not look at the unhappy, weeping woman without feelings of the deepest sympathy. I shall never forget the short time I passed with her in the carriage.

July 14th.

The situation in Yasnaya has become alarming. Madame Tolstoy has been categorically demanding her husband's diaries for the last ten years, and now threatens, in case of their being withheld from her, to poison or drown herself.

Tolstoy is tormented on her account. He is ready to make any concessions to calm his wife. Of course, general peace and agreement are of immeasurably

greater importance for him than any papers whatsoever.

To-day he wrote her a long, touching letter in which he said that he would take the dairies away from Tchertkov and keep them himself, and that, if Tchertkov was objectionable to her, he was ready for the present to give up seeing him; but that on his part he must ask her to control herself and alter her behaviour, or otherwise he would take back the promise he had given her not to leave Yasnaya Polyana, and would go away.

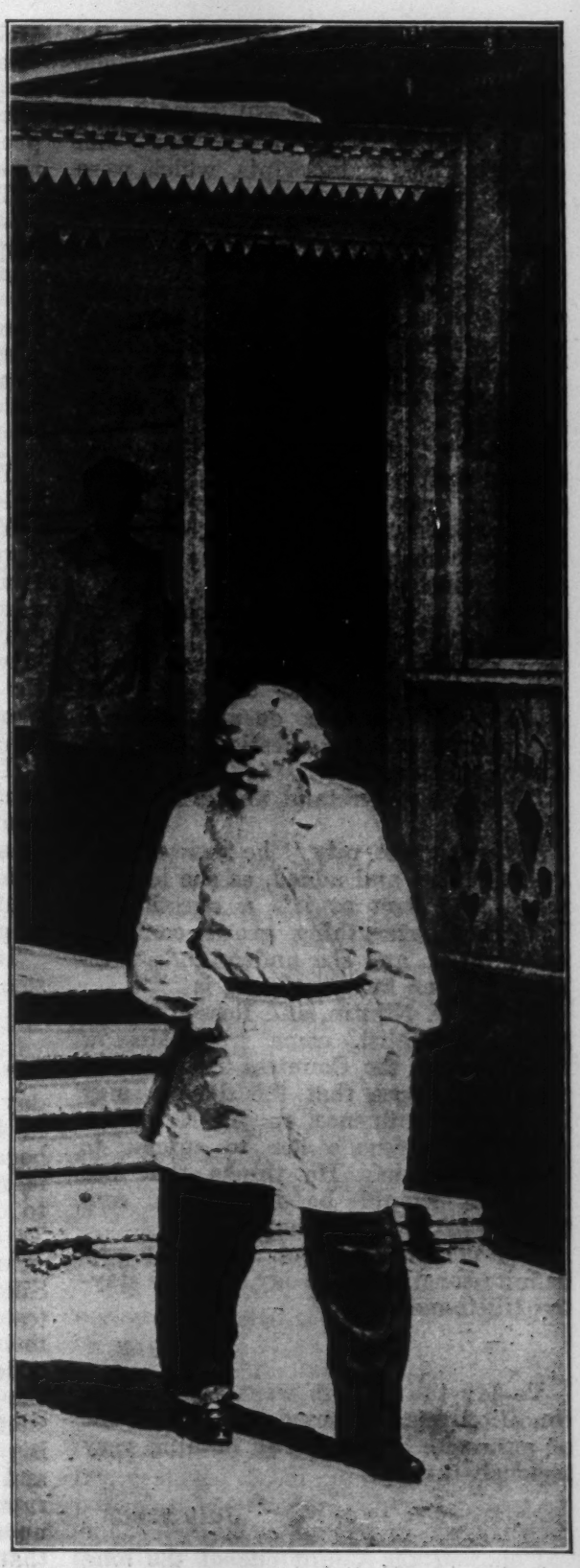
The letter (it was published by C. A. Tolstoy in 1905) concluded with the following words:

"I could continue to live in this way if I could peacefully bear your pain, but I cannot. Yesterday you left me distracted and suffering. I wanted to lie down and sleep, but I began not so much to think of you as to feel you; and I could not sleep, but listened until one, until two, then fell asleep and listened again, and saw you in a dream."

"Think things over camly, dear friend; listen to your own heart, examine your own feelings and you will come to the right decision. As regards myself, I have decided that I cannot act, and could not have acted otherwise. Cease, my darling, to torment not others, but yourself, because you suffer a hundred times more than anybody. That is all."

Alexandra Lvovna went to Telyatinki for the diaries. They set to work hastily to arrange and copy out those places in the diaries which were compromising to Madame Tolstoy, and which she might have destroyed. After that the diaries were packed up, and Tchertkov himself, standing on the threshold of the Telyatinki house, taking leave of Alexandra Lvovna, made the sign of the cross three times in the air over her, in solemn jest, with the parcel containing the diaries. It was difficult for him to part with them.

And with what excitement and impatience the Countess was await-



Tolstoy on his way to lunch at Yasnaya Polyana.

ing them. She threw herself upon the diaries with such impetuosity, when Alexandra Lvovna brought them, that they were obliged to call for help to M. S. Sukhotina, to prevent her from damaging the manuscripts, which were finally taken from her and sealed up.

July 19th.

The Count is using the "Remington" room (the secretary's room) because of the heat in his study which looks towards the south. I had a talk with him there about different business matters.

Madame Tolstoy came in as we were talking and, seeing the conclusion of a story in her husband's hands, asked what was written on the sheet of paper. He began to explain it to her, but she didn't understand.

"Is it a letter to Tchertkov?" she asked. "Why to Tchertkov? May I copy it? Why should you send this to Tchertkov and not the copy that I'll make of it?"—and so on and so forth. She poured out her questions. And in the end she said:

"I don't understand anything about it."

"It's a great pity," he answered in a tired voice, and added, as she left the room, "as soon as it's a question of Tchertkov, everything grows confused in her head, and she understands nothing. Heaven knows what it is!"

Dr. D. V. Nikitin, and Rossolimo, the mental specialist, came from Moscow to-day to see the Countess Tolstoy.

Tolstoy hopes that the doctors may have some influence on the Countess, and may persuade her to submit to their directions. He thinks that her attention should be turned to controlling her own bad impulses.

The doctors did not arrive at any definite conclusions to-day, and are staying till to-morrow.

July 21st.

To-day the doctors went away. Her condition was diagnosed by them as one of paranoia. They found nothing very seriously wrong.

July 22nd.

I showed the Count one of the long letters I had written at his instruction. He was sitting on the balcony, very weak and exhausted. I knew later that he had been signing in the wood a secret will, making all his works public property, and appointing A. L. Tolstoy as his executor.

The Countess appeared to scent some misfortune in the air. She seemed again displeased, and kept the whole house in a state of continual strain. It was like an effervescence, about to explode and burst out into something terrible and unexpected. It was intolerable—I felt it particularly so to-day—on account of Tolstoy.

July 26th.

Yesterday and the day before Count Tolstoy was not well.

Yesterday the Countess (excited, as always) decided that she would go alone from Yasnaya to Moscow, "perhaps for ever," she said. She then seemed to grow calmer, packed her boxes, took leave of her husband and the rest of the household in the most scrupulous manner, and went by carriage to Tula, to catch the express train there.

To-day, however, she returned unexpectedly from Tula, in company with Andrei Lvovitch, who was in a somewhat aggressive mood, and, as usual, ready to take his mother's side in her conflicts with his father. He is a source of great suffering to Tolstoy.

It seems that both mother and son had some suspicions with regard to the will.

July 30th.

"Everything is quiet with us to-day," said the Count as I sat with him in his study. "A little while ago I began to understand how important it is, in my position, to be passive, that is, to do nothing, and undertake nothing. To answer every provocation that I receive, or may receive—by silence. Silence—means such strength! I have tested it on myself. You imagine a man to be full of mighty arguments, and it suddenly appears that he is nothing of the sort . . . that is, the man who is silent. You imagine that he is gathering together the most weighty objections and he—says nothing at all! At any rate, that's the way silence always acts upon me. What is necessary is to reach that condition in which, as the gospel says, you love those that hate you—love

your enemies. But I have not reached that yet, by a long way."

"Probably, Count Tolstoy, you look upon all this as a trial and make use of it for working on yourself?"

"Just so. Just so! I have thought over many things during this time! But in my situation I am still far from acting like St. Francis. You know what he says?—that if you should learn all languages and possess all wisdom, perfect happiness does not lie in that; perfect happiness is in this—in being submissive when men curse you and cast you forth, and in saying to yourself that it must be thus, and hating nobody. I am still very, very far from such a condition."

August 1st.

In the morning Tolstoy said to me: "To-day Madame is . . . (moving his hands from the wrists). "She doesn't say anything bad, but—she's restless——"

After dinner I went to his study on a matter of business. I knew that just previously he had had an unpleasant conversation with his wife.

I had left the room when I heard his bell and turned back.

He was sitting as before, deep in his armchair, in the corner.

"It's you? I thought Sasha would have come. Well, it's all the same . . ."

He asked me to shut the door leading to the balcony; the weather was continuously bad, and it was already cold. Then I placed candles on his little worktable, and went to another little table for matches.

"Ah, how good it is!" I heard him exclaim behind my back.

"What is good?" I asked, turning to him.

"What are you smiling at?"

"At your saying that something is good."

"Yes. I'm thinking how good it is! How, when you are living a spiritual life, even to a small extent, it transforms everything! When you feel unkindly, and yet behave rightly—you know, as St. Francis said—how good it is, what joy! If you succeed in making yourself behave as you should, the thing that has seemed to you evil is transformed into good."

He was silent a moment.

"That seems like a paradox, and many people don't understand it. But it is the truth!"

August 3rd.

This evening more painful scenes, like nightmares. The Countess overstepped all limits in offending her husband, and said the maddest things to him in justification of her hatred of Tchertkov.

After the scene Tolstoy walked quickly to his room, erect, with his hands thrust into his belt, his face pale, and as though frozen with horror and indignation at what he had been hearing.

The click of a key was heard; he had locked his bedroom door. Then he went from the bedroom to his study and locked the door from the study to the drawing room, thus intrenching himself in his rooms as in a fortress.

His unhappy wife ran from one door to the other, imploring him to forgive her—"Levushka, I'll never do it again!"—and to open the door, but the Count did not answer.

What he went through behind those doors, outraged in his deepest feelings of human dignity, God knows!

August 5th.

I was sitting with Tolstoy in his study.

"Madame Tolstoy is not well," said he. "If only Tchertkov could see her now, as she is to-day!—one can't help feeling sympathy for her. When people are as severe to her as Tchertkov and many others are—as I am—— And yet all her suffering is without the slightest reason! If she had any reason she wouldn't be able to silence it, she would have revealed it. She simply feels oppressed here; she can't breathe. I can't help pitying her, and I'm glad when I'm able to feel that. I've even put down some thoughts about it."

The Count took his notebook from his pocket and began to read. This is what he read:

"Every man is in a process of growth, and that is why we should not give him up. But there are people living in a state of mind so strange to you and so far removed from you that it is impossible to treat them otherwise than as children—that is, loving, respecting and guarding them, but not putting one's-self on the same plane, not requiring

Tea at Yasnaya Polyana. Facing the camera, left to right—Dr. Dushan Makovitski, Tolstoy's physician; Alexandra Tolstoy, his daughter; Mlle. Igoumnova, his assistant secretary. Facing the table, left, Princess Obolenski, Tolstoy's daughter, and right, Sister Marie Nicolaevna, a religious, and Tolstoy's sister.

from them that they should understand their limitations. There is one difficulty, however, in treating them like that, because, instead of a desire to learn, the sincerity of childhood, these children show indifference, and deny what they can't understand, and chiefly they are possessed with overwhelming self-assurance."

"How many such children there are near us," he added, pointing to the door, "among those who surround us!"

August 12th.

At dinner Count Tolstoy said:

"What a lucky day for the Reading Circle. There's Maupassant's story, *Loneliness.* The foundation of it is a beautiful and true idea, but it is not carried through to the end.

"As Schopenhauer said: 'When you are alone, you should know who that being is within yourself, with whom you are left.' Maupassant had not got that. He was still in the period of inward growth; the process had not finished in him. But there are people with whom it never even begins. All children are like that, and how many grown-up and old people!"

September 14th.

Among other things the Countess (quite mad) wanted to show me a cer-

Tea at Yasnaya Polyana. Tolstoy is sitting between Tchertkov and Madame Tolstoy, whose endless quarrels drove him from his home to die in a railroad station. Tolstoy attempted to placate them in every possible way. Overtures of peace, made by Madame Tolstoy a few days before her husband's death, were scoffed at by Tchertkov.

tain place in a former diary of Tolstoy's upon which she based her abnormal jealousy of Tchertkov. But I refused to read the passage, saying that I could not do so—it would be painful for me. I love and respect him too much to allow myself, without his permission, to examine his diary, for the purpose of seeking out anything in it derogatory to himself. She took my refusal very well and said that she understood me. But she thinks that I merely wish to preserve for myself an illusion, while I know that I cherish no illusions; I have a deep conviction of this great man's moral integrity and purity.

As usual Madame Tolstoy complained of Tchertkov's unkind and sometimes even rough behaviour to her.

Once he had said to Tolstoy in her presence:

"If I had such a wife I would shoot myself!"

At another time he had told her, "If I wished to I could do much damage to you and your family! But I won't!"

September 18th.

M. M. Klechkovsky, a close friend of Tolstoy and of Tchertkov, a barrister by education, but a teacher in the conservatoire by profession, came to-day to see him, but did not find him at home.

Just as he arrived he met Countess

Tolstoy. She, according to her custom, decided to enlighten the guest on all the events of Yasnaya, and began to tell him things about Tchertkov, heaping such an amount of dirt on him that poor Klechkovsky was horrified. He burst into tears in her presence, and ran out of the house as though he had been scalded. He rushed to the wood and wandered about there nearly the whole day, appearing finally at Tchertkov's in Telyatinki.

Klechkovsky is a very sensitive man, and devotedly attached to Tolstoy. He had no idea of what the Count was made to suffer in Yasnaya until he realized it through his interview with Madame Tolstoy.

Probably he imagined that he would find solace for his soul at Tchertkov's. But here he came on Mme. Tchertkov, and Tchertkov himself, who on their side said such abominable things about the Countess and gave him such accounts of their struggle with her that Klechkovsky became still more beside himself. He nearly went out of his mind that evening.

Klechkovsky did not stay at Telyatinki for the night, but went back the same evening to Moscow.

It happened that I too was going to Moscow on business of my own and we drove in the same carriage to the station. (In the train we traveled by different classes.) On the way to the station Klechkovsky was silent nearly the whole time and complained of headache. We only exchanged one or two sentences.

"My God, how little care they take of that marvelous man! How little care!" exclaimed Klechkovsky, breaking the silence.

His words were heard by Musha Zaytsev, a country fellow who worked for Tchertkov, and was a friend of Dima's, Tchertkov's son, who was driving us to the station.

"Ye-es! Countess Tolstoy is certainly not careful," he said in answer to Klechkovsky's words.

"It's not only the Countess who is not careful," answered Klechkovsky.

"And who else?" Musha asked, perplexedly, turning to us on the box.

"He knows who else," said Klechkovsky, nodding towards me.

He had been dumbfounded at the atmosphere of hatred and malice which surrounded the old age of one who stood so much in need of peace. Coming into it unexpectedly he had been appalled, and felt the most sincere anxiety for the great Tolstoy, natural in one so devoted to him.

In both Yasnaya and Telyatinki, for a long time after his departure, they said of him with condescending disdain,

"He's a queer one!"

September 22nd.

I had been to Moscow on business of my own. I returned in the evening to Yasnaya Polyana to await Count Tolstoy, who had been visiting his daughter at Kochety. The Countess was in a highly excited condition. This time she was aroused not only against Tchertkov, as formerly, but against Tolstoy himself.

She said aloud that she loved him no longer and that he was "more than half a stranger" to her. She was expecting him, she said, without the usual feeling of joy.

"And it's all—Tchertkov! Whose fault is it? He interferes with our family life! Imagine; before he came it was quite different," said she.

The Count, Alexandra Lvovna, and Dushan arrived at half-past twelve at night. It was cold and Tolstoy was wrapped in an enormous bear-skin coat sent to the station by his wife, but only on being reminded by a servant.

To my questions as to his health he replied that he felt very well.

"Was it not cold?" asked the Countess, coming slowly down the stairs and greeting her husband when he was divested of all his outer clothing.

"No. I've counted that I've been wearing seven coats!"

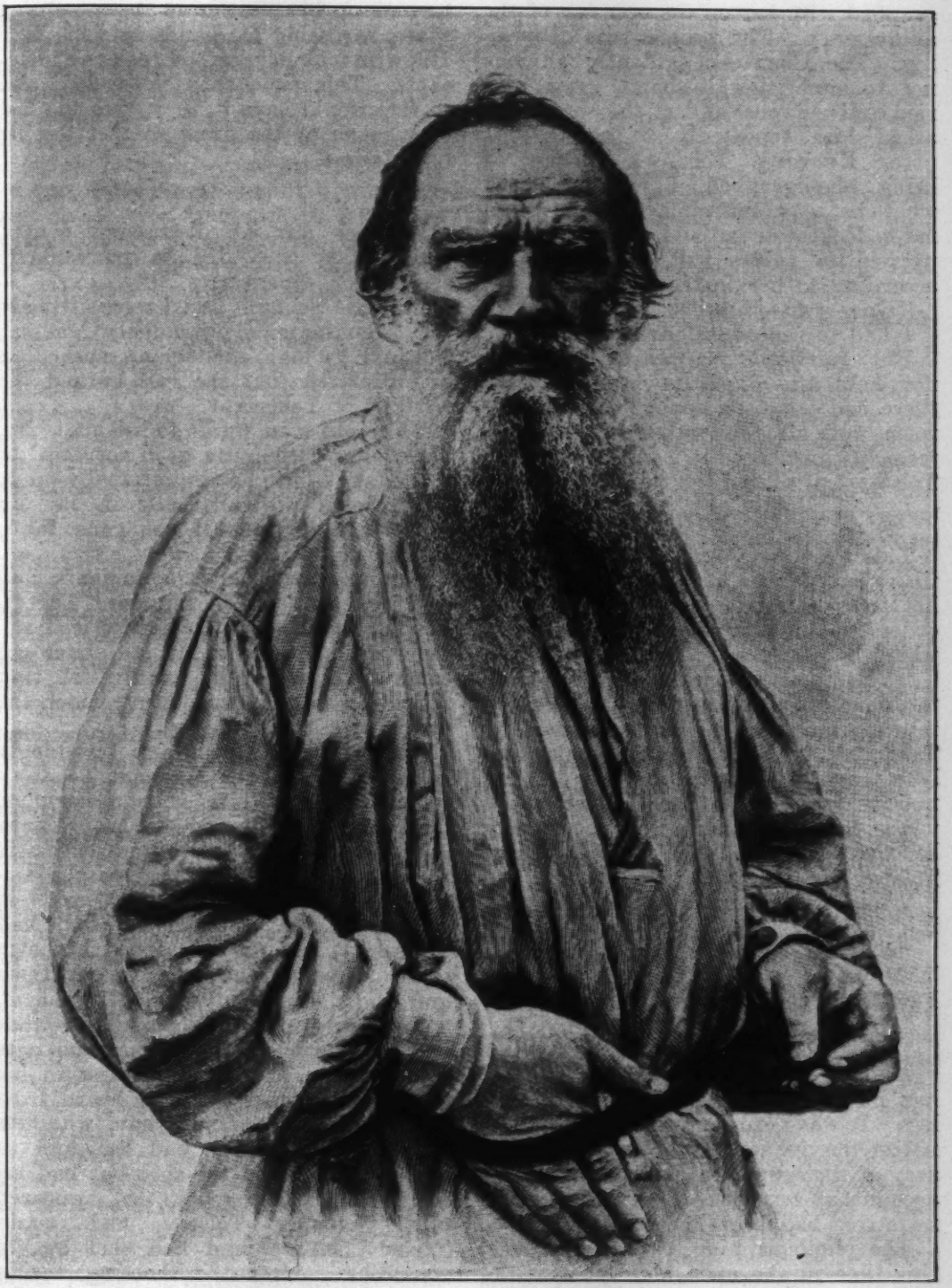
Her meeting with her husband was very cold. She welcomed him indifferently, almost unwillingly.

Tolstoy went upstairs alone with his wife. The rest of us went to Alexandra Lvovna's room.

September 23rd.

To-day is the 48th anniversary of the marriage of the Tolstoys.

Countess Tolstoy, contrary to her usual custom, got up very early and putting on an elegant white dress went for a walk in the park. She said that she had gone to bed at 4 o'clock in the morning and had not slept at all.



Tolstoy—"Silence means strength. I have tested it upon myself."

"Allow me to congratulate you," I said, when I greeted her.

"Upon what?" she asked, stretching out her hand to me.

She said no more, but went away weeping and covering her face with her hand.

After breakfast I took a photo of Madame Tolstoy with her husband.

She had persuaded him to be photo-

graphed with her on the occasion of the anniversary. The process was distressing. The Countess, evidently anxious not to annoy her husband, grew hurried and nervous, and at the same time asked him repeatedly to change his pose. Knowing Tolstoy's dislike of being photographed, I easily guessed what he was suffering. It distressed me to look at them, and I mechanically pressed the rubber ball, counting aloud according to her instructions.

"One—two—three!"

I had to repeat it four times.

But afterwards it appeared that I had not held the exposure long enough; there had not been enough light in the room and all four attempts were extremely unsuccessful. Also, Madame Tolstoy had placed the camera wrongly.

September 24th.

This morning Count Tolstoy told me that yesterday he had put his notebook, his "most intimate" one, somewhere, in order to hide it and had forgotten where it was.

"You know, in one note-book I write the thoughts that are afterwards copied into my diary. My diaries are read by Tchertkov, by Sasha, but this little note-book was absolutely private. I let nobody read it. I have looked everywhere for it and can't find it. It may be that it has fallen into Madame Tolstoy's hands."

"Was there anything particular in it?"

"Yes, of course. I wrote frankly. Well, never mind! Thus it must be. Perhaps it may turn to good."

September 25th.

Madame Tolstoy again began to ask her husband to be photographed with her. It was necessary, she said, to eternalize the jubilee of the 48th anniversary of their wedding, and last time, on account of my lack of experience, the negatives had been spoilt. He agreed.

The photographing again fell to me, this time in the open air, opposite the steps under the hall windows. The Countess marked with pegs where she and Tolstoy were to stand. She counted the steps beforehand between the place and the camera.

While walking down to the spot the Count looked at me and smiled. Then he took up his position in the appointed place, thrusting his hands into his belt. His wife took his arm. I took two snapshots. This time they succeeded, and as fate would have it, they were the last ones taken of the great teacher during his lifetime.

September 26th.

Another day of distressing events, which, this time, led to particularly serious consequences.

Madame Schmidt and I were sitting in the "Remington." Suddenly Madame Tolstoy, in high excitement, rushed in and declared that she had burned the portrait of Tchertkov.

"The old man wants to kill me! My health has been quite good for the last few days, but he intentionally puts Tchertkov's portrait back in its old place, and he himself has gone for a ride!"

A minute later she came in again, and said that she had not burned Tchertkov's portrait, but "had prepared it" for burning. And again still later she came in, carrying a handful of tiny fragments of the torn picture which she so detested.

Marya Alexandrovna and I suddenly heard a shot from Madame Tolstoy's room. (She used to keep a harmless pistol for frightening birds.) Marya Alexandrovna hurried to the Countess's room. The latter declared to the terrified old lady that she had fired—at whom it was not known—but had "missed," and only deafened her own ears. Later on she came to our room and said she had only "tried" to shoot.

Tolstoy returned. We told him what had happened. Later when he was preparing to lie down and rest in his own room another shot was heard from his wife's bedroom. Dushan, who was dressing the Count's bad leg, told us that he had heard the shot but had remained in his room. It appeared that Madame Tolstoy had again "tried" to fire, and had shot at her wardrobe. After the shooting, seeing that nobody came to implore her to calm herself, she went out into the park. Evening was approaching; it was getting dark and chilly.

Half an hour passed. First Dushan went out to try to induce the Countess to return to the house. He found her

walking to and fro in the avenue of old lindens near the house. She had no coat on and her head was bare.

Dushan's mission was without success. She would not put on a coat and refused to return to the house. My attempt, too, was in vain. I went out at the request of Madame Schmidt, against my will, since I did not wish to take part in the comedy played by the Countess. I didn't even know what to say to her; it would have been better in my opinion not to speak to her at all. She returned to the house only after old Madame Schmidt, bowed, weak, and ailing, went to her, leaning on her stick. Anybody should have been ashamed to keep her out in the cold.

After we had separated I remained late alone at work in the "Remington."

September 29th.

Tolstoy is very well to-day. He is strong and cheerful, both physically and mentally.

At lunch, Madame Tolstoy, contrary to her usual custom, took something to eat.

"Ah! you are lunching!" exclaimed her husband. "That is right!"

The Countess spoke of her doubts as to whether she should or should not publish the 3rd volume of the collection of her husband's works, "The Combination, Translation, and Investigation of the Four Gospels." Competent people had advised her differently. Tolstoy remarked that, since it was known that the text would not be passed by the censor, it would be best to publish the whole volume in dots alone!

The Count has been very kind and attentive to her to-day. This has shown itself in many trifling incidents. As she herself expressed it, he has been "bringing pears to her." He even questioned her about various things to do with the management of the estate, in which he never interests himself, considering it a matter apart from him, which he had given up. Since 1881, when Tolstoy divided all his property among his heirs, "as if he were dead," the management of all affairs of the estate has fallen on the Countess.

At dinner he ordered her kvass. In the evening he advised her to go to bed early. Her equableness, undisturbed during the last two days, has given rise to an unconstrainedly affectionate attitude towards her on the part of her husband. The absence, too, of Alexandra Lvovna has caused him to forget the tactics of "strictness" and "inflexibility" recommended, but obviously not natural to him.

When, after lunch and the reading, he retired to his room, Madame Tolstoy passing through the "Remington," stopped for a moment at the door and said to me:

"Your presence among us is a great blessing."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because it's not so tedious when you are here, and Count Tolstoy is not dull. You are very tactful. And when I ask you something you answer tactfully, even when evasively. And I understand you. You say what you ought to say. I know that your only object is to pacify everybody. Can't I see that? Thank God I have not lived for sixty-five years without learning to understand people a little."

Her words reminded me of the only reproach she had ever addressed to me: that I carried letters backward and forwards between Tolstoy and Tchertkov. "A walking post!" she had exclaimed, unable to refrain from the temptation of pricking me. But I openly declared at the time that whatever Count Tolstoy might tell me to do, whether it were to deliver letters or anything else, I should always obey. I could never refuse any request of his. She had made no answer to this.

October 3rd.

The Count had been in excellent spirits from the morning. He went riding with Dushan, and there was absolutely nothing to foretell what happened in the evening.

He had slept longer than usual before dinner after his ride. We waited for him till seven and then sat down without him. Madame Tolstoy, when she had served the soup, went to see once more if she could hear him moving. When she came back she told us that just at the moment when she reached the bedroom door she heard the striking of a match against the box. She went in to him. He was sitting on the bed, and asked what time it was and whether we were at dinner. But some-

From The Life of Tolstoy by Nathan Haskell Dole, published by Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

Chekoff, the novelist, and Tolstoy, during a visit to the Crimea.

thing seemed wrong. His eyes looked strange to her.

"His eyes looked vacant—that means a fit. He falls into unconsciousness."

Tolstoy had three or four such alarming seizures during his old age, generally brought on by some great emotion or over-fatigue. Since I came, in the beginning of 1910, he had not had one.

She took a little soup. Then, rustling her dress and pushing back her chair, she got up and went into the study again.

Her children exchanged displeased glances, as though asking why she need disturb their father.

But when she came back her face was terror-stricken.

"Dushan Petrovitch, go to him at once! He is unconscious! He's lying down and muttering something. God knows what!"

We all sprang to our feet. Dushan rushed through the drawing-room and study into the bedroom and the rest followed.

In the bedroom it was dark. Tolstoy was lying on the bed. He was moving his jaws and making strange low, moaning sounds.

Terror and despair descended upon those in the room.

They lit the candle on the little table near the head of the bed, took off the sick man's boots, and drew a blanket over him.

Lying on his back and pressing the fingers of his right hand as though he were holding a pen, he began to move his hand feebly over the blanket. His eyes were shut, his brows drawn together; his lips moved as though he were chewing something in his mouth.

He began to speak in delirium.

"Write," he said.

Biriukov gave him a pencil and a writing block. The Count covered the block with his handkerchief and moved the pencil across the handkerchief. His face was clouded as before.

"I must read it through," he said, and several times repeated "wisdom . . . wisdom . . . wisdom . . ."

"Levotchka, darling, stop! It's a handkerchief! Give it to me," said his wife, trying to take the block out of his hand. But he silently shook his head and continued to move the pencil over the handkerchief.

The Countess fell on her knees, embracing his feet, bowed her head upon them and remained for a long time in that position.

She made a pitiable impression. She raised her eyes, hastily signed the cross

upon her forehead and whispered: "Oh, my God, let it only not be this time! Not this time!"

She did not do this before the others. I found her praying like that when I went by chance into the "Remington" room.

She said to Alexandra Lvovna, who had been hastily summoned by a note from me:

"I suffer more than you! You are losing a father, but I am losing a husband of whose death I am guilty!

Alexandra Lvovna appeared outwardly calm and only said that her heart was beating terribly. Her thin white lips were pressed resolutely together.

But here a strange incident occurred. Madame Tolstoy, notwithstanding her agitation, abstracted a small portfolio with papers from the Count's desk and hid it. Her children noticed this. Sergei Lvovitch hastily took up and concealed his father's note book, while Tatyana Lvovna hid the key of his desk.

After the fifth attack the patient grew quiet, but was still delirious.

Late in the evening he regained consciousness.

"How did you come here?" he asked Dushan, and was surprised to find that he was ill.

In the night, seizing the opportunity when Tolstoy was asleep and we had all separated, the Countess took the portfolio out of the drawing-room cupboard where she had hidden it and carried it to her room. Tatyana Lvovna met her.

"Mama, why are you taking the portfolio away?"

"So that Tchertkov should not have it."

She gave the portfolio to Tatyana Lvovna at her request.

Tolstoy's illness produced a strong impression on me. Wherever I went that evening there arose before me that terrible, deathly-white, frowning face, with the expression of stubborn resolution on it. When I did not look at the face but saw only the body, stricken, dying, it was not so terrible, even when it was struggling in convulsions. But when I looked at the face, I was seized with unbearable awe; a mystery was imprinted on it, the mystery of that great upheaval, that mighty struggle, when the soul is parting from the body.

October 4th.

Things are settling down again. Tolstoy slept in the night and awoke this morning conscious. When Biriukov told him of the words he had uttered in

From The Life of Tolstoy by Nathan Haskell Dole, published by Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

Count and Countess Tolstoy. This photograph was taken in 1895, before their lives were clouded by the Countess's insane jealousy of Tchertkov.

his delirium, "soul," "wisdom," "Commonwealth," he was pleased.

The Countess says that Tolstoy's illness will be a lesson to her, and acknowledges that one reason for it may have been her own state of health.

Tatyana Lvovna told me that when she went into her father's room this morning he said that he was going to "fight your mother with love," that he hopes for success and already sees a ray of light.

At his request Alexandra Lvovna read him to-day's letters. He rang for me (not forgetting to ring twice as agreed) and, bidding me answer one of the letters, gave me the necessary directions.

He was lying perfectly tranquil, reasonable, clear-minded.

To-day a happy event occurred ("there is no evil without good"): Madame Tolstoy and Alexandra Lvovna became reconciled. The initiative came from the mother. She was awaiting her daughter a long time, when the latter went to her father before leaving for Telyatinki. But she missed her and went out on the steps, and stood there, without a coat, bent, pitiful, lonely. Alexandra Lvovna, who, in the meantime, had gone out by the back steps, was obliged to pass near her mother. The countess stopped her daughter, called her to her, began to kiss and embrace her and beg her forgiveness, sobbing and shaking as though in a fever. Alexandra Lvovna wept too, begged her mother's forgiveness in return, and promised to come back to the house this very day. Madame Tolstoy said she desired Varvara Michailovna's return as well, and sent her a message that she loves her and is not angry with her, and asks her pardon if she has offended her. She vowed not to disturb her husband's peace by any action. Both mother and daughter were deeply touched.

In the evening Tolstoy asked the Countess to call me. On leaving the room she begged him not to fatigue himself.

Just as terrible as was yesterday's fear of Tolstoy's death is to-day's joy great at his recovery.

October 26th.

Unhappily Madame Tolstoy, even under the threat of another seizure to her husband, has broken her promise not to disturb his peace. Again jealousy of Tchertkov, scenes with Tolstoy, conflicts with her daughter. And even worse—persistent questions to her husband as to whether he had made a will, demands for a special memorandum assigning to her property rights over his artistic works—suspicions, spying, listening at doors. The atmosphere of the house is oppressive and uncertain. (There is talk among those nearest the Count as to the possibility of his leaving Yasnaya Polyana in the near future.) With great secrecy Alexandra Lvovna showed me the text of the following letter, sent by her father a few days ago to the peasant, Novikov, in Borovko, a village in the province of Tula. (Novikov had visited Tolstoy not long before, and had a long conversation with him.)

"Michail Petrovitch, I am addressing the following request to you with regard to what I said before your departure; if it should really happen that I come to you, could you not find for me in your village a little hut, no matter how small, but separate and warm; so that I should disturb you and your family for only a very short time.

"I must tell you, too, that if it is necessary for me to telegraph you I shall do so not in my own name, but in the name of T. Nikolaeva.

"I await your answer, and warmly press your hand. Leo Tolstoy.

"Remember that this is to be known to nobody besides yourself."

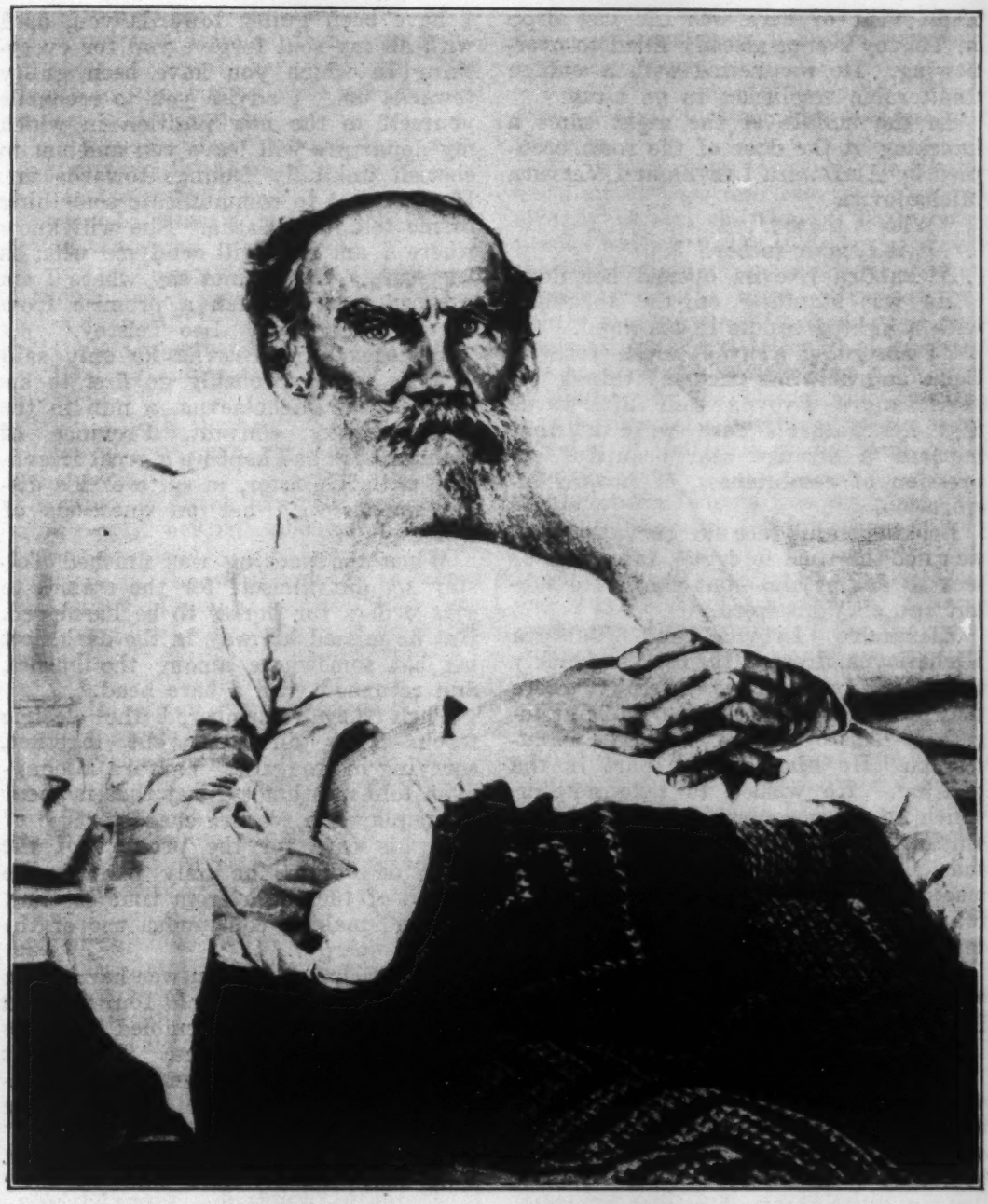
How touchingly is expressed in this letter the real desire, amounting to a longing on Tolstoy's part, for the village and the "little hut, no matter how small," but "separate and warm."

October 28th.

I passed last night at Telyatinki. In the morning Tchertkov called me into the dining-room. He was sitting on a bench, leaning with his back against the dining-table, and in his hand was a note. His face was agitated and joyful.

"Listen, Bulgakov," he said, "you must go at once to Yasnaya Polyana. Alexandra Lvovna sends for you. Last night Count Tolstoy went away from Yasnaya with Dushan, it is not known where."

It had come! That of which so much had been spoken of late, which



Tolstoy ill and tortured by the brawls between his wife and his best-loved disciple.

had been expected almost any day, and which so many had desired for Tolstoy's sake, had happened: He had left Yasnaya Polyana, and certainly forever.

Although the news was not entirely unexpected, it stirred and excited us deeply and joyfully.

This was how he went.

On the evening of the 27th an unusually ominous and oppressive atmosphere reigned in the house at Yasnaya.

It was nearly midnight when the Count, lying in bed, noticed a light in his study through a crack in the door, and heard the rustling of papers. It was Madame Tolstoy hunting for proof of things which haunted her suspicions —the drawing up of a will, etc. This

night visit of hers was the last drop in Tolstoy's cup, already filled to overflowing. He was seized with a sudden unalterable resolution to go away.

In the middle of the night came a knocking at the door of the room occupied by Alexandra Lvovna and Varvara Michailovna.

"Who is there?"

"It is I, your father."

Alexandra Lvovna opened her door. He was standing on the threshold with a lighted candle in his hand.

"I am going away at once—forever. Come and help me pack my things."

Alexandra Lvovna said afterwards that her father's face wore at that moment a strange and beautiful expression of resoluteness, of inward inspiration.

Looking in his face she knew that this was not the time to argue, to oppose or seek to detain him—but simply to submit and obey his word.

Alexandra Lvovna and Varvara Michailovna dressed themselves quickly and hurried upstairs to the study, where they found Dushan all ready to put together Tolstoy's clothes and manuscripts. He himself took part in the packing. He wished to take nothing which he did not consider absolutely essential. They had to use all their persuasion to make him include certain medical necessities, without which he found it difficult to manage, his fur coat, and electric torch.

The Count had written a letter to his wife, which he left with Alexandra Lvovna to give to her mother.

In the letter he said:

"My departure will grieve you and I am sorry for that, but understand and believe that I could not have acted otherwise. My position in the house was becoming — had become — intolerable. Among other things I cannot continue to live in these conditions of luxury, and I am doing what is usual for men of my age—withdrawing from wordly life to live my last days in solitude and peace. Please understand this and do not follow me if you discover where I am. For you to do so would only make my, and your own, position worse and would not alter my decision.

"I thank you for your forty-eight years of honest life with me and ask you to forgive me for everything in which I have been guilty towards you, as I with all my soul forgive you for everything in which you have been guilty towards me. I advise you to reconcile yourself to the new position in which my departure will leave you and not to cherish unkindly feelings towards me. If you want to communicate something to me tell it to Sasha. She will know where I am and will send me what is necessary. She cannot say where I am because I have taken a promise from her to tell nobody. Leo Tolstoy."

To Alexandra Lvovna he only said that he would probably go first to his sister Marie Nicholaevna, a nun in the Shamardinsky convent, Province of Kaluga. He had kept up a great friendship with his sister, in spite of his disagreements with her on questions of belief.

When the packing was finished Tolstoy set out himself for the stables to give orders for horses to be harnessed. But he missed his way in the dark, lost his hat somewhere among the bushes, and returned with a bare head.

Then they remembered the electric torch. They all went out together, carrying his luggage. Varvara Michailovna told me that even at that moment he displayed a feature characteristic of him, his care for the product of the labor of others; he only pressed the button of the torch from time to time, to avoid making continuous use of the electric energy.

The coachman Adrian was harnessing a pair of horses to the old four-wheeled carriage; his hands trembled and the sweat ran down his face. The Count was disquieted, and began to help, himself fastening the bridle on one of the horses. He was in a hurry to start.

The postilion lit a torch, the night being exceptionally dark, and prepared to escort the travelers on horseback. They were two; Count Tolstoy had taken his old friend, Dushan Makovitski, with him.

At half-past five the carriage drove out of the courtyard. Adrian deposited the Count and his friend at the Yasenki station—the Moscow-Kursk Line—where they took the eight o'clock train for the south.

When I reached Yasnaya at eleven o'clock in the morning Madame Tolstoy had only just awakened and dressed.

She ran into the "Remington." Alexandra Lvovna hurried from the drawing-room to meet her. I was just mounting the stairs. We all met together on the landing.

"Where is Papa?" cried the Countess, rushing to Alexandra Lvovna.

"He has gone."

"Gone? When?"

"In the night."

"It can't be! Sasha, my dearest—"

"Well, what can I do? I only tell you a fact."

"Gone altogether?"

"Probably altogether."

"Alone?"

"No. With Dushan."

"Sasha, my dear, my darling! Tell me—where?"

Madame Tolstoy clasped her hands imploringly, her legs shook, she leaned against the door.

"I don't know where," answered Alexandra Lvovna. "He told me nothing. He only left this letter for you."

"My God!" she whispered.

She tore open the envelope and read the first line:

"My departure will grieve you!" She could not continue, but threw the letter on the table in the library and ran into her room, murmuring,

"My God! What is he doing to me!"

"Read through the letter. Perhaps there is something in it," Alexandra Lvovna and Varvara Michailovna advised her, but she did not hear them.

Immediately afterwards one of the servants rushed in and cried that the Countess Tolstoy was running through the park towards the lake.

"Follow her—you are in your top-boots," exclaimed Alexandra Lvovna to me, and ran to put on her snow-shoes.

I hastened through the courtyard into the park. I caught glimpses of the Countess's gray dress among the trees, as she hurried through the linden avenue down towards the lake. Hiding behind the trees I followed. At last I began to run.

"Don't run so fast," cried Alexandra Lvovna behind me.

I looked back. Several people were already following; Semyon Nicholaevitch, the chef, Vanya, the footman, and others.

Madame Tolstoy turned straight to the lake. She vanished behind the bushes. Alexandra Lvovna passed me like a steam-engine, her skirts making a rushing sound.

I ran after her at full speed. There was no time to lose; she had reached the lake.

As we ran down the slope the Countess glanced back and saw us. She had already passed the slope. There were planks leading to the little bridge (near the bathing place) on which the washer-women wash the linen. She was evidently making for that spot. She suddenly slipped, and fell with a crash on her back on the bridge.

Holding to the planks and crawling on all fours, she clambered to the nearest side of the little bridge, and rolled into the water.

Alexandra Lvovna was already on the bridge. She also fell on the slippery spot. I, too, came on the bridge.

Flinging off the warm knitted coat she was wearing, Alexandra Lvovna sprang into the water. I did the same.

From the bridge I could see Madame Tolstoy's figure. Her face was turned upwards. It was pale, with a senseless expression and an open mouth, which must already have been filled with water. The water covered her entirely.

Happily Alexandra Lvovna and I felt the ground beneath our feet. It was lucky for the Countess that she had slipped and fallen. Had she thrown herself straight from the bridge she could not have touched the bottom. The middle lake at Yasnaya is very deep and people have been drowned in it. Near the bank it reached our chests, above our waists.

We raised Madame Tolstoy to the surface, rested her against a joist of the bridge, and afterwards got her on the bridge itself.

Vanya, the footman, reached us. Together with him, we lifted her, heavy and dripping, from the bridge and led her to the bank.

Alexandra Lvovna ran off quickly to change her clothes, urged by Varvara Michailovna who had come from the house after her.

Vanya and I and the chef supported the Countess slowly towards the house. She lamented our having taken her from the water. It was difficult for her to walk. At length she sank powerless to the ground.

"I will only rest a moment," she murmured. "Let me sit still."

But of course it was not to be thought of. It was necessary for her to change her things as soon as possible.

Vanya and I clasped hands to make a seat, and, with the aid of the chef and others, she was lifted on it and carried. But soon she begged to be set down.

At the door of the house the Countess stopped and ordered Vanya to drive to the station and find out to what place Tolstoy had taken his tickets.

She changed her things with the help of Varvara Michailovna and the housekeeper, and then went downstairs again, fearing that Vanya had not come. She sent a telegram with him to follow train No. 9, by which her husband had traveled, saying, "Return at once. Sasha." Vanya showed this telegram to Alexandra Lvovna, not from a servant's servility, but from honest sympathy and attachment to the Count. The servants generally did not like Madame Tolstoy. Alexandra Lvovna sent another telegram together with the first, asking her father to believe only in telegrams signed "Alexandra," and not by her pet name, "Sasha."

The Countess kept repeating that she would find another means of doing away with herself. We took opium from her by force, as well as a penknife and heavy objects, with which she began to strike herself upon the breast.

Sister Marie Nicholaevna, a religious in the Shamardinsky convent and Tolstoy's sister. Although the two differed upon belief, Tolstoy loved her and his first stop on the journey that ended in his death was to pay a final visit to her, at the convent.

Scarcely an hour had passed when somebody rushed in to say that Madame Tolstoy was making for the lake again. I caught her up in the park and brought her back almost by force.

On the way she burst into tears.

"You are like a son to me, a real son," she said, embracing and kissing me.

October 29th.

I did not sleep the whole night through, but kept watch in the "Remington" room. Varvara Michailovna went to bed at three in the morning. Madame Tolstoy could not be left alone.

She was not in her room, but in the Count's, on his bed. She hardly slept at all. She walked about the room complaining against him, saying that she could not live without him and would die. Towards morning she told me that nobody could be so wretched as she; that she felt her guilt towards her husband and her helplessness to do anything.

Sergei, Ilya and Michael Tolstoy came during the day, also Tatyana Lvovna. The whole day long Tolstoy's children have been taking counsel together. They placed the chief responsibility for their father's fate upon

the shoulders of Alexandra Lvovna.

Sergei wrote a short letter to his father saying that he fully understood him and regretted only one thing: that he had not left Yasnaya Polyana thirty years ago. (Tolstoy was deeply touched by this letter.)

In the evening there appeared an old acquaintance of the Tolstoys, Prince D. Obolensky. He said at once that he had not come as a correspondent (he writes in *Russkoe Slovo*) but as one near to the family. After a few minutes, however, he began to ask to be allowed to write in detail to the papers about everything that had taken place in Yasnaya Polyana.

"All Tula is speaking of it," he said, and, to prove the fact, communicated the events of yesterday fairly accurately.

The Countess told him the contents of Tolstoy's farewell letter and gave her own interpretation of what had happened.

One trifling detail is that, it being unpleasant to her to reveal to the world the fact that her husband's letter began without any greeting, she placed dots at the beginning of it, as though withholding the intimate part of the letter, considering it inappropriate for publication—in the following manner: ". . . My departure may grieve you." And so on.

Doubtless now will begin a noise in the papers which there will be no stopping.

The Countess's attitude towards Tolstoy seems to bear a double character. On one hand she clings to his little pillow, pressing it to her breast, covering it with kisses and pouring forth a lament, something like this: "Levotchka, dearest, where is thy feeble little head lying now? Listen to me! Distance means nothing."

On the other hand she speaks of her husband with anger, and utters such exclamations as: "He is a beast; he could not have acted more cruelly! He wanted to kill me."

I think she has no direct pity for him. Neither is her grief at his departure very deep. I think that Madame Tolstoy has really grown colder towards him. At first I had a higher opinion of her and of her feelings towards her celebrated husband. But her terrible behaviour of the last months has been enough to alienate everybody from her. I think she is consumed with an immense vanity—apart from the mercenary impulses which have certainly played a considerable part in her frame of mind. She has been spoiled by fame and honor. She believes that in the consideration of everybody she is placed inseparably side by side with Tolstoy himself. And that place beside him she does not wish to relinquish. She wants to go down to history as Tolstoy's presiding genius.

But his departure has destroyed all hope of that.

Every one can say to her now, "You could not take care of him. You drove him out of the house." She will be covered with shame. Hence her tears and anger and her passionate, though unattainable, desire to bring him back.

October 30th.

Last night at 12 o'clock Alexandra Lvovna and Varvara Michailovna set out to go to Tolstoy by a roundabout route, so as to cover up their traces. Only Tatyana Lvovna, Madame Schmidt, and I knew of the proposed journey.

Tolstoy

To-day Sergei Lvovitch went to Moscow. Of Tolstoy's children only Tatyana Lvovna and Andrei Lvovitch remain in Yasnaya.

Correspondents from the various papers begin to arrive, but Andrei Lvovitch literally turns them out, nearly falling on them with his fists.

During the day I went to Telyatinki. I learned that Alexei

Sergeyenko had, at the instruction of Alexandra Lvovna and Tchertkov, been to Tolstoy in the monastery in the Optina Pustinia on the road to Shamardino. He returned to-day. He said that the Count was well and cheerful. He had seen his sister who entirely sympathized with his decision to leave Yasnaya. The news from Yasnaya which Sergeyenko brought him had greatly distressed him, but under no circumstances did he wish to return home.

"If somebody ought to drown himself, it is not she but I," he said, concerning Madame Tolstoy's attempt at suicide.

During the day the Countess implored me to go with her to seek out her husband, but I, of course, declined.

This evening she asked me to send for a priest to-morrow, that she might confess and take communion. She asked me also, if I go to Telyatinki to-morrow, to ask Tchertkov to come to her, as she wished to be reconciled to him "before death," and ask his pardon for everything in which she has been guilty towards him.

October 31st.

An unsigned telegram has been received from Gorbachev, evidently from Tolstoy: "We are leaving. Don't seek for me. I will write."

Another telegram from Paris from Tolstoy's son, Lev Lvovitch Tolstoy: "Disturbed by news in Paris papers. Please wire!"

The Moscow papers received to-day contain the news of the Count's departure and even some details regarding it.

Dr. Berkenheim, the mental-doctor Rastegayev, and also a sick nurse have come for Madame Tolstoy. The arrival of Dr. Berkenheim is particularly welcome; he is an experienced doctor and an intelligent, conscientious man, well acquainted with the family affairs of the Tolstoys and thoroughly understanding them.

The Countess has eaten nothing since Tolstoy left; she is growing weaker and declares that she wishes to die like that. She threatens, if the doctors resort to forcible injection for artificial feeding, that she will stab herself with a knife—"only one gesture"—or kill herself in some other way.

I forgot to write how she exclaimed a few days ago, while speaking of her husband, "Where will he find butter, poor dear!"

She regards his deepest spiritual yearnings from the point of view of butter.

Ilya Vassilitch gave me another interesting detail concerning Madame Tolstoy which he alone knows, asking me to tell nobody about it for the time being. A long time ago she fastened a sacred image in an unnoticeable position at the foot of the Count's bed. After his departure she removed it; it seemed that the influence of the saint had been in direct opposition to what she had desired.

The Countess again asked me to tell Tchertkov of her wish that he should come to her. She asked me to say that she was summoning him "without any thoughts," and again, as on the 12th of July, when she had asked him for return of the manuscript and an interview, I went to Tchertkov with the secret hope that reconciliation at last would be effected. But alas, I was again disappointed in my expectations!

When Tchertkov heard Madame Tolstoy's request, he seemed at first to be willing to go to Yasnaya, but afterwards he changed his mind.

"Why should I go?" he asked. "For her to humiliate herself before me by asking my pardon? That is a trick for getting me to send a telegram for her to Count Tolstoy."

Evidently with the intention of smoothing over the impression produced by his refusal to come to Yasnaya, Tchertkov asked me to inform the Countess that he was not angry with her, that his attitude towards her was one of good-will and that he would send her in the evening a detailed letter in answer to her invitation. These were mere words, unsupported by the only step which he might and should have taken under the circumstances.

"A dry moralist!" declared Madame Tolstoy after reading that letter, and perhaps she was right.

She immediately wrote an answer to Tchertkov and ordered it to be sent to him. That was in the evening.

It was characteristic, too, that during the day she had composed the following telegram to be sent to her husband:

"I have taken communion. I am

reconciled to Tchertkov. I am growing weaker. Forgive me, and good-bye."

Although the Countess has repeated her desire to summon a priest to-morrow, she could not send the telegram, since a reconciliation with Tchertkov had not been accomplished.

November 1st.

In the morning came Brio, assistant editor of *Russkoe Slovo.* Madame Tolstoy received him herself. She showed him this favor because in the number of *Russkoe Slovo* which came by to-day's post she had read a foolish article in praise of herself by Doroshevitch. In conversation with Brio she told him her view of the affair in all its sordidness. But that was not all. In other papers she read things, in praise of Tolstoy's action and in condemnation of herself, which infuriated her. I was right in pointing out her insane vanity. In Brio's presence a disgraceful scene took place, with hysterical shrieks and reproaches to Count Tolstoy and Tchertkov. There is no need to describe this scene.

Last evening an alarming telegram was received at Tchertkov's. The Count was feverish and drowsy. His temperature was 39.8° (Celsius, or 103.6° Fahrenheit). He feared the coming of Madame Tolstoy, but wished for Tchertkov.

It seemed that Tolstoy had left Shamardino and set out on the road to Rostov-on-the-Don. He had proposed to stop at Novocherkassk with the Denisenkos, relatives of his. But he had fallen ill and been obliged to leave the train at Astapovo Station, on the Riazan-Ural line.

Tchertkov decided to go to him to-day. Meanwhile the Countess Tolstoy had again been requesting him to come this evening to Yasnaya Polyana. Tchertkov declined on the ground that he was "leaving for Tula on urgent business." He assumed that he was not sinning against the truth, since he had to pass through Tula with Alexei Sergeyenko on the way to Astapovo.

Some of the Tolstoy brothers have come again to Yasnaya Polyana.

November 2nd.

Tchertkov sent a telegram to Telyatinki that Count Tolstoy has bronchitis, and that the conditions in which he is are favorable. But later on he sent another telegram, announcing that he is suffering from inflammation of the lungs.

Yasnaya is completely empty. A telegram arrived for the Countess from the editor of *Russkoe Slovo,* revealing the whereabouts of Tolstoy. A correspondent from the paper had discovered him.

At nine o'clock in the morning the whole family, which again assembled at Yasnaya, Madame Tolstoy among them, also the mental-doctor and a nurse, set out for Tula, to take a specially ordered express train to Astapovo.

November 4th.

When the Tolstoys left Yasnaya I went to Telyatinki. When Tchertkov left for Astapovo he had asked me to do him a friendly service: to remain with his sick wife, who was greatly agitated by everything that had occurred, and to help he rin any way that I could, Thus I was glued to the spot, while I knew that many of Tolstoy's friends were assembled in Astapovo, and longed to go myself and see the beloved Teacher once more, though only for an instant. A favorable occasion arose unexpectedly. It was necessary to send warm clothing and other things to the sick man. Madame Tchertkov decided that I should take them. My departure was fixed for this evening. I was happy at the thought of seeing my beloved friend so soon.

At about eleven o'clock in the morning I was sitting with Madame Tchertkov in the study, reading aloud to her. The door opened and Dima Tchertkov came in. He ran quickly to his mother, stretching out his arms to her:

"Mamotchka—darling," he cried in broken tones, evidently unable to find words. "What can one do—it has to be—it will come to every one—Mamotchka!"

I heard, but I could not understand.

Madame Tchertkov rose from her chair, gazed at her son, gave a low cry, and fell into his arms. Her face was as white as paper. Her eyes were shut. She had lost consciousness.

I ran into the corridor to seek help, and only then I understood:

Tolstoy—was dead.

CHILDREN OF THE RICH

By LAURETTA FANCHER

VAN

VAN could always be counted upon to send any aircraft of our imagination crashing to earth with the deadly shafts of his literal mindedness. He was so practical it was pathetic. The class would be listening in a delight-filled silence, broken by appreciative giggles, to the adventures of the Elephant's Child, when Van's voice would startle us.

"Oh, but Miss Ross, that couldn't be true! How could that be true?"

I used to wonder what he would be when he grew up. Stocky, hardy, brusque and matter-of-fact, he missed so much. The children felt this, dimly, for when he cut into a poem of particular beauty with his "But it couldn't be true!" Sally turned on him.

"You spoil it, Van," she said. "What if it couldn't be true? Why don't you pretend that it could?"

He went regularly to Sunday School and knew most of the Bible stories. I wondered how long it would be before his mind would turn the test of reality on these marvelous tales. I understood what had happened in that case. He had accepted the fact that everything in the Bible was true; the rest followed. I shall not forget his version of the first Christmas. Before telling the children the carefully thought out Christmas story, I asked a question.

"Who knows why we have Christmas?"

Up shot Van's hand.

"Well, Van?"

"I know. I learned it at Sunday School," he said, beginning to talk before he was fairly out of his seat. "You see, once there was a lady named Mary and she and Joseph were living together and she wanted a baby and they told her if she would go to Bethlehem she would get a baby, so she went to Bethlehem and got the baby and called him Jesus!"

He sat down triumphantly.

Sally spoke.

"Oh, Miss Ross, he left out the angels!"

He always did.

Van hated to concentrate on any real work. His enthusiasms were for reading, art and gym; settling down to writing or working problems seemed to rouse a vast irritation within him which I could not at first understand. I knew that he was strictly disciplined at home, that a rigid system of rewards and punishments held sway. For every A on his report card, Van received five dollars; for a certain percentage of A's in a month, he was given an expensive radio set, another month, a pony. Of his punishments too, we heard; of the night when, because he was noisy after going to bed, his father pulled him out and whipped him "with a whip they use on the slaves in Mexico"; of how, when he had sobbed himself quiet, his small brother in the next bed had whispered, "Daddy's a big fool!"

"I think it would be a good idea to have a spanking machine at our house," Van announced one day. "Then they could just put me in it and the machine would spank me!"

I decided that he was made to do so many things against his will at home that he rebelled against anything of the kind at school. Yet he had an immense pride in his Dutch blood and in the mighty deeds done by his forefathers in New Amsterdam.

His parents were not the roving kind —Florida, Europe, South America, with sprinkles of home. They seemed to take parenthood seriously and kept closely in touch with Van. His nurse was a convenient nonentity, without authority.

Of his mother, Van remarked that she wrote poetry. "She keeps it in her bureau drawer. It's all about love and stuff."

I met her only once—a tall, languid woman in sport clothes. But I talked

with her often over the phone. She was fond of calling me in the midst of school, and because her husband was a trustee, I was allowed to leave my class and talk with her so long as she chose. She was chiefly concerned in Vans getting high marks, that his father might be pleased.

The real power in the family was the grandmother. She was a frequent visitor at school, walking in at any moment, and accepting homage from all. Society considered her a most successful mother; she had married off three daughters, each in her first season, to wealthy men. After knowing the dowager I could readily believe that she played a dominant part in the romances!

White hair marcelled, heavy body strongly corseted, affecting light colored clothes, she always made me think of a fat poodle as she came into the room. Her voice was coarse and heavy. I had the feeling that she was apt to tell an off-color story and slap the hearer on the back as she laughed boisterously. I never knew her history, but she reminded me of an Idaho social leader who in her girlhood days was a barmaid and danced, barefooted, for the miners. They were exactly the same type. Van's mother and the other two daughters seemed of a different stock.

Van was a favorite with his grandmother. Her knowledge of educational methods was vague, but it seemed to be a part of her creed to visit the school. One morning I was called to the office. Before I opened the door, I could hear her familiar tones.

She was characterizing, in no uncertain tones, a benefactress of the school, a woman known the world over for her wealth and charities. "I always thought she was a fool. Last night I sat near her at dinner and now I know it!"

Seeing me, she re-directed her fire.

"What book did you tell Van to get?"

"Why, I don't recall telling him to get any book."

"Yes you did! You told him to get some book. What was it?"

I was not afraid of her. I stopped to think.

"I told the class to read some parts of *Hiawatha,*" I recalled.

"That's it. He forgot."

The next day a beautifully bound copy of the Songs of Hiawatha was delivered to me, with the compliments of Van's grandmother.

In spite of the constant home stimulus, Van was not a good worker. There was nothing spontaneous in what he did, for he had no incentive within himself. I found it very difficult to gain his confidence, to break down his wall of brusque reserves; but the path to understanding between us was unexpectedly opened. In the history story, one morning, the question arose of succession to the throne.

"If the king didn't have any children, who would be king?" inquired Van.

I told them, adding, unwisely, that kings usually have children.

"But people can't have children just when they want them!" protested Van.

"Yes they can," said Sally firmly. "My mother can have a baby any time she wants one!"

This statement silenced even Van for a moment, then he retorted, feebly, "Yes, adopt one."

"No," triumphed Sally, "ask the doctor for one!"

Van was not utterly satisfied. "Does the doctor really bring babies?" he asked. "I know that's what they say, but is it true?"

The children were looking at me expectantly. In that moment Van's search for truth seemed a beautiful thing; something I must not hurt. I had intended to lead up to this story at some other time, but the hour seemed psychological.

"That is a very beautiful story," I said. "Shall I tell you about it?"

"O yes, Miss Ross."

So I told them, very gently, sitting in the midst of the circle, feeling for the right word, just the phrase to use for this first impression. It was not a complete story, but in so far as it went, it was true. Brown eyes and blue never left my face as I recalled their nature lessons, their stories of flowers and birds, tracing the growth of mother love and father care.

"For just a mother isn't enough. Every family must have a mother and a father to care for it."

"Our kittens haven't any father," re-

marked Dick-with-a-lisp triumphantly.

"Neither have ours," agreed Agnes May. "They have a mother, but no father."

"The father cat does not love his kittens or stay with them as the mother does, but somewhere they have a father. Every family must have a father and a mother. That is the way God planned it."

They listened gravely to the end of the story, making very few comments. I wondered what was going on in the little minds.

A week later Van came into the room and made straight for the corner where I was putting up pictures.

"I want to tell you something, Miss Ross," he said, putting up his short, chubby arms in an unwonted gesture. I bent over until his arms rested about my neck and he could put his lips to my ear.

"My rabbit is going to have some baby rabbits," came the excited whisper, "and I wont let anybody touch her because you know she's keeping her babies safe and warm right under her heart and I'm going to take care of her. Don't tell anybody, will you, Miss Ross?"

"Indeed I will not, Van. I think it is a beautiful secret."

After that we were good friends, Van and I; we shared a secret. He began to trust me with many small confidences, and it was in this way that I stumbled on the cause for his indifference to school. He lingered one recess as I was marking the arithmetic books. Sorrowfully I showed him his own.

"But Miss Ross!" he cried, in a burst of confidence, "I'm going to be a cowboy! What does a cowboy need of writing and arithmetic?"

In a flash I realized that this secret ambition had been holding him back; it was the very thing I had been searching for, and desperately trying to meet the situation, I grasped at the first thought.

"Did your father go to school, Van?"

"O yes! He went to Harvard and the law school, too."

"Of course you don't care to know as much as he does."

Van was struck silent.

"Gee!" he said, at length, "I will have to go to school, won't I?" His tone was one of determination, edged with regret. I could almost hear the cowboy, galloping—galloping away.

AGNES MAY AND THE PARTY

Agnes May was one of those children who are dragged about the country by their parents, from New York to Long Island, from Long Island to Florida or California, back to the city, then Europe for the summer. Three or four different teachers each year had Agnes May, she attended two or three schools with their varying methods. I have heard the mothers of such children declare that the travel furnished a broader education than school could give, which may be true, but judging from the children I have known, the experience is hard for the child.

We had Agnes May in our group in the fall. After Christmas she went South, returning for a few weeks in the spring before she was taken out of school early to sail for Europe with her family and a private tutor. She was always making up work, behind in one subject or ahead in another, and this was harder for her because Agnes May was not an exceptionally bright child. Slow and awkward, always stumbling over her own fat legs, she was not a favorite with our group. The children were impatient of her clumsiness, her delay in grasping ideas, her lack of any charm. Beside breezy Sally, or winsome little Janice, Agnes May was like a tug boat, chugging in the wake of a group of jaunty yachts. She had a fairly good mind of the following type, with not the slightest evidence of initiative.

"What shall I do now?" was her constant cry. "I don't know what to do. You tell me, Miss Ross."

Her mother had secured a divorce some years before and had married a man of great wealth, yet gossip whispered that the second union had brought even less happiness than the first. They lived in one of the show places, a castle-like mansion of pillars and white chimneys, of gingerbread turrets and unused balconies, with large grounds planted with rare shrubs and trees and huge

spaces of shady greensward where the children never romped. The place was thick with servants; butlers, footmen, maids, gardeners, chauffeurs, white-clad nurses for the four small children of the second marriage; sixty men were employed on the place, keeping up the gardens and greenhouses, mowing the acres of lawn and caring for the flowers.

The teacher of this class of children does not have the invitations to the homes which the public school teacher receives. Very rarely, perhaps once or twice a year, she is asked to some house for luncheon—always for luncheon. I was never in Agnes May's home and never met her mother, but from her governess, a sensible, clear-skinned Englishwoman, I had a little insight into her environment. The mother I sometimes saw out in one of the big cars—a pale creature, worn out by much child-bearing. She loved her children devotedly but was physically unable to take the responsibility of their care. To fat little Agnes May, the only child of her first marriage, she seemed to cling and always took her with her.

Agnes May told us one day that her father had helped her with her reading.

"Every time I didn't know a word, he slapped me," she reported; yet so stolid, so complacent and self-satisfied was she, that this tale did not move me as it might have done otherwise. I was even willing to admit that his method produced results! Once when the child referred to "the man who was my mother's husband," it took me a second to realize that she was speaking of her own father.

Agnes May had just returned from the South for her few weeks with us, and some of the children were asking about her school down there.

"Who was the teacher?" inquired Dick-with-a-lisp.

"Oh, he was the cunningest thing!" said Agnes May. "He was only twenty-one and he had little curls all over his head — the cunningest thing!"

Her tone was an unconscious imitation of some bored grown-up. She broke off to ask the old question, "What shall I do now? Shall I study my spelling or do my arithmetic?"

"Which do you need the more, Agnes May?" It was the hour when they had free time for study.

"Oh, I don't know, Miss Ross. You tell me."

"One of my maids is so stupid," she told us one day, adding importantly, "I have three, you know. Well, she was walking along the road, never looking to see what was behind her, and a truck came along and knocked her down."

"Did it hurt her?" asked Sally.

"Oh, yes. She's in bed. But she's really too stupid."

And this child, already a bit of a snob, slow in body and mind, will inherit great wealth, probably marry riches. I could see her, a fat and important matron, playing bridge and talking about her servants.

We were discussing the party when Agnes May came back that spring. They had never had a party. It was not that kind of a school. So I was especially eager for one, anticipating the delight of working with children given a new experience. We began talking about it two weeks before Easter, in that too short fifteen minutes at the beginning of school, when I had them quite to myself, the small lifted faces grouped about me, the plastic minds wax to my impression. I had told them first of an Easter party of the year before. The response was instantaneous.

"Oh, Miss Ross, couldn't we have an Easter party?" asked Dick-with-a-lisp.

"Would you like to give one?"

"O-o-oh yes, Miss Ross," in rapturous chorus.

So we talked it over carefully and appointed two committees, a decoration committee and an entertainment committee. When they chose Agnes May as the chairman of the decoration committee, a deed engineered by Sally, I was dismayed; nor were my misgivings as to the efficiency of the committee allayed when Agnes May chose, as one of her helpers, Ward, the dullest boy in the group. But it is often the teacher who must learn. The morning following the election, Agnes May arrived early. She drew me into a corner.

"Miss Ross," she said impressively, "am I head of the decoration committee?"

"Why, yes, Agnes May, you are the chairman."

"I am really the head of it?" she insisted.

"Yes."

"All right," in satisfaction. "I wanted to be sure. Now, Miss Ross, you needn't think another thing about the decorations. I'll attend to everything. Of course, I'll tell you about them, but you need not worry one bit."

Every morning during the following two weeks, there were whispered conferences in the corners of the sunny room. Agnes May's committee bristled with plans, their air of excitement so infecting the others that Sally, the head of the entertainment committee, was incited to greater endeavors. I was daily amused and astonished at the manner in which the inexperienced group went about their plans. They decided that, inasmuch as the party would occur during the last two periods of school, just before the lunch hour, refreshments would be quite out of place. Sally, indeed, relinquished the idea slowly.

"Our cook could make a big cake and a freezer of ice cream." She offered.

But the majority ruled that ice cream and cake before lunch would never do. In spite of the full greenhouses, the children did not seem free to bring flowers to school. For this reason, as well as to give them experience in buying, the decoration committee was allowed two dollars for expenses. They decided to trim the room after school on the day before the party; soon after lunch they began to come. Agnes May arrived in a limousine with Miss Drake, her governess, and both had full arms. Agnes May was all business.

"We will put up the crepe paper first," she directed. "Ward, you unroll it. Do you like it, Miss Ross?"

"It is lovely, Agnes May!" And it was. Bunnies and yellow chickens and Easter flowers! How it glorified the room — what a party air it gave when the gay lengths were unrolled and pinned over all the blackboards. Agnes May was busy revealing her treasures.

"Miss Drake colored these eggs for me. May we use your desk, Miss Ross? The plant would look so pretty there."

"What a beautiful hyacinth, Agnes May. How did you have money enough for all of this?"

"Well, the plant was really seventy-five cents," she replied, "but I told the man that we had only two dollars to spend for all the decorations, so he let me have it for fifty cents."

This from Agnes May, the stolid follower in the footsteps of others!

Stripped of its prosaic burdens — books, pencils, and work-a-day things carefully put away — the desk bloomed forth with huge colored eggs, with rabbits and bright, laden baskets, a brilliant spot in the corner of the room.

In the midst of it all entered Sally, nonchalant, sure of herself, eight years old. An imposing, uniformed chauffeur towered behind her, his arms full of parcels.

"I thought we had better have something to eat at a party," she announced, "so I brought these. We can take them home and not eat them until after lunch. Put them here, Jackson."

She had a large egg-shaped box filled with candy for each child.

"The candy is all right," she added. "It won't hurt us. Mother chose it."

She surveyed the decorations critically and found no fault, high praise from Sally. The committee themselves viewed their completed labors with unconcealed satisfaction.

"It looks pretty nice," said Ward, the dull one, his eyes shining.

"Yes, it certainly does!" agreed Agnes May emphatically, her round face red with excitement and exertion.

Reluctantly they left, and contentedly I closed the door on the gay, silent room, brimming with its promise of happiness.

Children's faces are always fascinating, and the morning of the party provided studies in expressions of wonder and joy which filled great spaces in my mental picture-galleries. The familiar room was a new, strangely lovely place. They were still too young to be immune from the thrill of parties; excitement flooded the room. Yet they held to regular periods of work the first half of the morning with a self control which some grown-ups lack under similar conditions.

At eleven o'clock the party began. Books were put away, desks moved back to give floor space, and Sally, as the head of the entertainment committee, took charge. I found myself a guest at the festivities. Hunting for eggs, pinning the ear on the bunny, egg races, all of the Easter games they played; Sally and Agnes May watching to see that no one cheated.

"It's not fair to push the egg against your shoe, Russel," they cried.

The principal came and went, the fun mounted higher and then — the party was almost spoiled. Russel became utterly unruly. He had been mean in little ways from the beginning. I had been watching him, but now he deliberately tried to break up the party. He shouted and yelled, he pushed the chairs where they were not wanted, he put himself in the way of the others, was he trying to trip little Jane? Quietly starting toward him, I was halted by Agnes May's voice.

"Russel can't play!" she was saying decisively. "He's spoiling the party."

"Yes, he is!" chorused the others. "Russel can't play with us. You will have to sit down, Russel."

Russel sat down in a corner, sullen, but subdued by the disapproval of his group, and the party went on. Perhaps the glance from my eye had something to do with his submission, but I liked to think of the children judging and convicting, justly, by themselves.

So soon it was time to go home. They filed out, each with a full basket to take home.

"Good-bye, Miss Ross. It was a lovely party, wasn't it?"

With small, moist hands they shook mine, dropped their curtseys and made their bows. Small feet clattering down the stairs, eager voices in the hall telling nurse and governess about the "lovely party," the hum of departing motors — the party was over. I was alone. It had been a noisy party — Russel had been so bad — but they were dear children — and so happy about it—and Agnes May! More strangely than ever I realized the hidden possibilities in every child. No more would Agnes May follow tamely in set paths. She had felt the thrill of responsibility.

She was awake.

PETER — HIS PRESENT

Peter ought not to have been in school. Excitable, high-strung, nervously unstable, he needed fresh air, and good times — relaxing, steadying influences that would give to him self-control and make of him a normal child, not the repression and restraint which the average school room imposes. But his parents wished him to be in school while they were at Palm Beach.

His mother came to see me before she left for the South, and I needed no further explanation for Peter's nervousness. Small and restless was Peter's mother. With her bobbed curls tucked under a close hat, in her sport coat redolent of smoke, she looked like a wilful child roaming about the room, speaking in staccato tones.

"Be very severe with Peter, Miss Ross. There is no reason why he should not do as well as the rest of the class. Of course, he has been ill a great deal, but the doctor says he is perfectly well now, so don't hesitate to be severe. I have an excellent governess for him. Just speak to her if Peter makes any trouble for you."

Perfectly well! Peter, who could not hold himself to any task for more than five minutes; who, half a dozen times during the morning would jump from his seat to hop up and down from sheer nervous tension, whose hand shook so that he never had a passable paper in writing, no matter how hard he tried.

I saw a picture of Peter's mother in a fashionable magazine not long after this — Peter's mother, demure and nunlike in a plain velvet gown — and I thought of the picture of his mother which Peter had given us. He had shocked the entire group by exclaiming "Oh, my God!" when a drop of ink fell on his page. After I had explained, gravely, the enormity of his offense, he looked up at me, unimpressed, and remarked, "Oh, I guess it can't be so very bad. My mother says it all the time!"

When the children were dismissed one morning, I went down with them to the cloak room to see Peter's governess. A dozen women were hovering over the children, urging them into coats, pulling on rubbers, jerking hats straight; a shabby, pathetic lot of females for the most part, these foreign discards who bring up the children of the rich. Peter's governess was younger than the usual type — French, vivacious, hard.

"Look at this child, Miss Ross," she said, jerking Peter to her side and speaking rapidly in a high-pitched voice. "The last day his parents are to be at home, when I wished him to look well, what happens? He does not

go to sleep when he is put to bed last night and to-day — look at him! Paleface! I am so angry! But he has not had one pleasure to-day, not one, as punishment! Does Peter behave in school, Miss Ross?" she asked suddenly. "If he does not, just tell me and I will see that he does!" With a swift movement she turned the child's face toward her; grasping his chin she held a warning finger close to his face.

"You will be a good boy in school, Peter!" she warned. "You understand! If you are not good I shall punish you! Do you hear me?"

She added a few rapid words of French.

"*Oui Mademoiselle,*" answered Peter, his big brown eyes chained to her menacing face.

She released him and turned to me smilingly.

"Peter has not been well?" I suggested.

"Oh, Peter is perfectly well!" she declared airily.

The child's father I never saw. The fathers rarely visit school. Polo, Europe, business—in these connections the children mention fathers, but the teacher's contact with the family is through the nurse or governess and an occasional mother.

Peter was a problem in the schoolroom. Home and school were two distinct worlds; the child had to adjust himself daily to the change from one to the other, and back again. From a world of submission to a world of cooperation was a change too hard for Peter to make easily. He lived in the world of submission for twenty hours, school claimed but four. The school world suffered. It was not fair to expect him to follow a routine schedule, neither was it just to allow him to misuse his freedom. He must be governed to some extent by the rules of his group. He annoyed us chiefly by talking loudly when the class wished to work. The children all made allowances for Peter, but toward his talking they were unrelenting. We talked it over one morning when he had been especially boisterous.

"What shall we do with Peter?" I inquired gravely.

The children stopped work to consider.

"Put him in the closet!" suggested Russel.

"Send him to the principal!" said Sally.

"I think it might be a good idea to move his seat away from us," spoke up Dick-with-a-lisp, "and make him sit all by himself in that corner by the window."

When this course was finally decided upon, Peter was furious. That the suggestion should have come from Dick, his best friend, was an added insult; but after he had sat by himself for a few minutes, he quieted down and began to work. The next day he came to me, asking that his desk might stay in the corner.

"I seem to work better by myself," said Peter.

Sweet and lovable, too, was the boy, in spite of his nervous movements bordering on awkwardness; fond of bringing me presents — a wad of short-stemmed violets, limp from the close grasp of his little fist, a new pencil, cookies from his lunch. I used often to wish that Peter might be in some modern country day-school, where his nervous energy could spend itself in some legitimate activity, where he could live all day in a healthful environment, with some chance for self-expression. The great majority of children from wealthy homes are put into schools of the conservative, repressive type.

Whatever the school, the primary children find the weeks before Christmas a period of ecstasy. First there is the Christmas story to tell, the story of the Christ-child. All children thrill to it. Often, as I have stood before them or sat in their midst, telling them some tale which is so old, so well known to us grown-ups that we have no feeling for it — the beauty which made it a tale worth the frequent re-telling lost to us — as I have looked into the rapt little faces, the active bodies quiet under the spell, and have felt the original charm of the story striking responsively their unspoiled emotions, I have thought of the lines,

> Children's faces looking up
> Holding wonder like a cup,

and thanked God that I was a primary teacher.

Then there are the Christmas songs

to learn and the Christmas entertainment to practise for, and the Christmas decorations for the room, to be made and hung. It is all so exciting. There was talk in our room of parties, of parents returning for the holidays, of the mysterious half-believed-in Santa Claus. Sally was giving a party and was having a Punch and Judy show out from the city to entertain them. Anticipation became an absorbing emotion. There was a little talk of presents.

"What do you want for Christmas, Sally?" asked Russel.

"Oh, I don't know," she answered. "I don't really want anything. I have everything."

The day of the entertainment, the last day of school before the Christmas vacation, found each teacher arriving with an empty suitcase. Experience had proved it necessary. Nor did this always prove large enough for the gifts which presently began to pour in. As each excited child came in, a tissue-wrapped, ribbon-decked parcel was added to the pile on my desk. The room grew full of little figures being dressed in gay costumes; a nurse with her mouth full of pins was hastily finishing a frilled paper dress; all was excited confusion. Then, swiftly, the hour was upon us; the play that had taken so many hours to learn was quickly over; a few mothers came up to talk with the teachers, some charmingly simple, others with a tinge of patronage.

"Such a delightful play!" "The children were so cunning." "I hope you will have a pleasant vacation, Miss Ross."

The waiting chauffeurs began to drive up outside; the mothers, the rare and conspicuous fathers, left; the nurses, governesses and children followed; the last big car purred away—it was over.

The teachers gathered in one room to open their presents. There was much laughter and exclaiming as the packages were opened—imported perfumes, vanity boxes, fanciful trifles from expensive shops, an order on a well-known firm for a pair of gloves; presents not so welcome, also—a gaudy dish, a queer bag. A tooled leather book cover I resolved to exchange, and later did, transferring its value—twenty-five dollars—to a kodak.

"What is that small square box?" asked one of the teachers, as the piles of tissue on the floor increased and the last boxes were being opened.

"It's from the Smiths," I replied. "I am saving it for the last. It is from Barbara and Buster together."

"It looks like jewelry!" said the kindergarten teacher. "Hurry up and open it."

The name of this family adorns the door of one of New York's most famous stores, so our expectations were high. The box contained a tiny flower to wear on my coat — the price mark on the box had not been removed — fifty cents. Our astonishment was exceeded only by our laughter!

It was not until I was packing the gifts into my suitcase that I realized that Peter had not given me a present. If it had been any of the others — but Peter; who loved to give! I recalled then his unhappy eyes as the gay pile on my desk had grown higher. I wondered. Was Mademoiselle punishing him by allowing him no gifts? Was he afraid to ask for a present? I never knew.

On the day after New Year's, the first day of school after the long vacation, when Christmas is a forgotten joy and the work of the winter stretches ahead, Peter came into the schoolroom smiling.

"Here is your Christmas present, Miss Ross," he said, and thrust a package into my hand.

At recess I took it out of my desk —a curious little bundle wrapped in creased paper, tied with a string. I opened it. A bottle of perfume with a French label. But how queer — the seal was broken—— Instinctively I removed the cork and lifted the bottle. Then I set it down. Poor little rich child. The bottle was filled with water.

THE LAST CHOICE OF CRUSTY DICK

By WILLIAM D. WILLIAMS

IT was a very commonplace, uninteresting spot, which one would be sure to forget within a single day. There are a million such places, more or less, in the arid Southwest. All around, as far as the eye could reach, the level plain was set with sparse clumps of prickly-pear and grease weed, but such things really count for nothing in such a country. A mile or more to the east, a barren red hill had, once upon a time, wakened to life and heaved itself aloft; but that was long, long ago—so very long the hill itself appeared to have forgotten about it. The heat waves that flickered in the air distorted the rugged outlines, and set them in seeming motion, as though the hill were about to move again. But all the desert knew better, for, in all the ages since it had possessed itself of that country, that hill had continually threatened to move, notwithstanding which, it had not once changed its position. So the thin, dry grass twisted and curled back upon itself, and tried, in every other way, to withdraw itself from the terrible heat of the sun, and had not even a languid apprehension that anything would happen.

To the west, right at hand, as one might say, a red granite rock, big as a house, had in other ages burst the bonds of the earth, and stuck its head out in the air. But so hot did it find it, and so dull, it was plainly sorry of its reckless irruption; it drooped repentantly, as if promising never to do it again.

In all that commonplace of desolation, absolutely the only thing worth looking at was a slender trickle of water, which perseveringly pushed itself up, along the break in the earth made by the protruding rock. In any other country, if anybody had ever noticed its existence, it would have been called a seep, and it would have been set about thickly with waving flags and nodding ferns. In the desert, it was a spring, known and honored by every lonesome, wandering man and beast on one side of the great range, and it was ornamented by a straggling fringe of dry white bones, which lay upon its bosom like a string of pearls adorning the neck of a bride.

If it be true that every landscape has a story of its own, which can be read in the expression of its features, then one looking at that spot would be justified in believing himself able to see, as plainly as if it had been written in the palm of his hand, these words, "Since the dawn of creation nothing whatever has happened here." Yet, within the memory of men still living, that rock has looked down upon at least one ambush and massacre, as dreary as the scene surrounding it, and God alone knows what other horrors it has witnessed.

It was in the morning, with the sun part way up the sky, when all around the eastern side of the rock a swirling tangle of men and horses, of wagons and harness, an intricate and confused current of disorder, set slowly toward the spring. Along the edges, the sparse bunches of grease weed and prickly-pear were exploding rapidly, going pop, pop, pop, as if the surface of the desert were breaking out in a noisy eruption. Out of the popping there rose curls of white smoke, ascending vertically through the dead air, climbing steadily, as though set upon some lofty, common errand.

The Apaches had ambushed a wagon-train, and the teamsters were driving for the shelter of the rock, there to make such stand as they could. "Hai, whoop," each man was shouting to his horses, leaning far forward over the tails of the wheelers, seeming by the inclination of his body to add speed to his flight. "Hai, whoop! Get up, Jim! Go on, Kate! Out of this, boys, out of this!" The horses went with a rush, surging evenly against their collars,

their bodies glistening with an ooze of perspiration. The wagons bumped and swayed over the inequalities of the surface, the timbers of each groaning beneath its heavy load. Dust sprang up in the air and hung about them, until only vague outlines loomed through, uncertainly discerned, as if seen through a dense fog.

The Indians had abandoned concealment. They stood up, leaning forward with eagerness, shooting with the calm rapidity of an expert hunter killing game. At times they screamed, clapping one hand to the mouth and removing it rapidly, repeating this frequently, producing a broken, wailing cry, that seemed wonderfully feeble in the open vastness which surrounded them.

The whole affair had a singular appearance of unreality, event after event occurring as if each one had been rehearsed with a masterful patience. No third rate painter of cheap scenery could have produced a more commonplace, uninteresting desert. The rifles continued to explode theatrically, the white puffs of smoke rising with stiff deliberation, each exactly like every other, as if they were being lifted by machinery which could not be made to move fast enough to produce the proper effect. The Indians yelled "Yow, yow, yow" with such precision that they seemed to have been trained from infancy. The drivers cracked their whips and swore at their horses with an appearance of merely perfunctory zeal. The interest they displayed looked to have been drilled into them by persistent effort.

When Gold Finch was shot through the lungs with a soft bullet that drilled a hole through which one could have run a stick, you would have said he was very far from being surprised. The froth of blood filling his throat precluded his speech. With a gentle motion of his hand, he turned over the lines to Crusty Dick, who sat at his side, and, lying down uncomfortably over the back of the narrow seat, went to sleep without a word, and passed out of the play and out of the world. And the rock of their refuge was still a quarter of a mile away.

Dick frowned, and said, "Damn it." He stuck the barrel of his smoking gun beneath his thigh, gathered the four leather straps awkwardly in his fingers, two in each hand, and turned his attention to driving, like a man giving himself, with a world of enthusiasm, to the acquisition of a new trade.

"Here, you, Buck Howard," he yelled to the driver on his left, "don't you keep a-crowdin' on me. Don't you do it." He mumbled to himself inaudible complaints.

An arrow struck his near wheeler in the ribs, sticking out like a leafless weed, and, as the horse plunged under the pain, another appeared, grown fast to the shoulder.

"They'll make a damn porcupine out of that Jim horse," he growled. "I reckon it's my turn now." He leaned over the dead body of the teamster, balancing himself precariously, looking backward through the dust, along the wagon cover. He drew the revolver from his belt, and, in a listless, casual manner, discharged one chamber. An Indian who had been running in pursuit, holding an arrow drawn to its head in his bow, let the tip slip from between his fingers, stood for an instant, with one leg lifted in its stride, and then plunged, head first, like a diver, into a bunch of prickly-pear, where he lay, moving his arms and legs jerkily, as if he were swimming.

"I wish I could drive that good," complained Dick. The wagon bumped against a ridge of dirt, throwing him down on Gold Finch's body, and, when he had slipped along to his own end of the seat, he was all dabbled with blood. But the rock was visibly nearer at hand.

Suddenly, one of Howard's leaders staggered and fell to its knees. The driver lashed out tremendously with his whip, the horse lifted itself, plunged heavily against its collar, and fell in a heap. The wheeler stumbled over the leader, the team swung around, locking the wheels, and Howard cursed frantically, calling Heaven to witness that, if he had ever dreamed of such luck, he would have stayed at home with his mother.

Dick was out in an instant, cutting loose the traces, slashing into the gear, loosing the dying animal, with a composure so unruffled and effective it had the appearance of calm deliberation, as

if he had been expecting this from before his birth, as if he were prepared for it by ages of forethought.

"Now, look at that damn tongue," cried Howard, spitting disgustedly, and pointing with one finger extended.

The broken tongue was stuck in the ground, anchoring the wagon in the desert. Bullets were singing mournfully overhead, as if filled with melancholy regret for their deadly errand. Others, passing, more dangerously near, buzzed like angry bumble-bees. Arrows passed through the air, splitting it with spiteful, hissing noises.

Dick looked a moment at the ruin. "Hell," he exploded. "Git in with me. I'm a-needin' a driver a whole lot."

"I don't like to leave my horses," protested Howard.

"Git in," Dick ordered. "Git in. Git right in." His voice was tense and emphatic, his eyes blazed with anger, he seemed ready to spring upon the driver and tear him to pieces.

Howard took a step toward Dick's wagon. All at once he sat down on the ground, and looked around him, amazement showing in his face. "Lordy," he muttered, "I'm afraid I've gone an' done it now." He turned his eyes sheepishly toward Dick. He tried to stand up, he raised himself with one leg in position, dragged the other after him until he was upright, balanced himself a moment with outstretched arms, and sat down on the ground again. He felt of his leg, withdrew his fingers dripping blood, gazed at them shrewdly, and looked again toward Dick, very deprecating, obviously ashamed.

Dick was facing to the rear, shooting slowly and methodically, like a man bored by too long practice at a target. So wonderful was his execution that, in a moment, not an Indian was to be seen, and the vegetation once more began to explode, where hostile marksmen lay concealed.

He glanced over his shoulder toward Howard. "Git in," he complained. "Why the hell don't you git in? D'ye expect me to hold 'em off forever?"

"They got me," apologized Howard, and he began to excuse himself, explaining how it happened. "They broke my leg, an' I couldn't help it. The bone's a-stickin' clean out. You git in."

The vegetation was breaking out in puffs of smoke at close range. The last of the other wagons whirled by in a great cloud of dust. At the rock the drivers were calling back to them: "Git in. Git in, an' drive on. Come on, you damn fools." Bullets, going both ways, passed them, singing mournfully—singing to them of their danger and of the black sorrow of approaching death.

It was done with a rush, a mob of Indians yelling and shooting at their heels. Howard fell into the seat with a groan, dropping heavily on Gold Finch's dead body. Dick took his old place, firing backward along the edges of the wagon cover. At the rock, the drivers yelled their triumph. The whip cracked, the horses pulled against their collars, the wagon labored over the inequalities of the surface, groaning as if in mortal anguish. They drove in, completing the little half circle of wagons drawn up around the spring, but Dick was wounded in the fleshy part of the thigh, and an arrow was sticking out of Howard's shoulder, the feathers swishing about through the air with the pull of the muscles.

It was the sad beginning of a notable tragedy. When the first shot was fired and the ambush opened itself to its victims, there had been in the train seven wagons and eleven men. In the half-moon that defended the spring there were four wagons left and seven men, all of whom were wounded. But the retreat was at an end, and no one thought of surrender. In fact, there has never lived a man so brave that he would willingly surrender himself alive into the hands of the Apache.

At noon the barricade had been made as effective as possible. A few Indians were annoying the camp with an intermittent fire, which appeared to threaten no harm. The main body was at a safe distance, stripping the abandoned wagons, and scattering their contents. Blue smoke rose lazily from a fire, which was being fed with lumber from broken packages. Within the barricade the teamsters huddled together under the shade of a projecting spur of rock. The squealing of a horse in pain was borne on the air into their midst.

"What's that?" inquired a gigantic teamster, who had a bloody bandage bound round his long black hair.

"That?" answered Dick. "Why, that's them Injuns a-tormentin' of them horses."

The drivers looked at each other with gloomy, foreboding eyes.

"I wish I hadn't left mine," complained Buck Howard, attempting to rise. His shattered leg twisted under him helplessly, and he sat down again with a groan.

While Dick was lifting him to an easier position, some of the drivers looked out cautiously over the wagon top, and saw that which set them shivering with horror.

"I'd kill myself first," said the black-haired giant, turning back toward his companions and moistening his lips with the tip of his tongue.

Singularly enough, the others appeared to understand, and nodded their heads, gravely approving. Meanwhile, their ears were distracted with the nickering of the tortured horse.

In the middle of the afternoon, an Indian secretly surmounted the rock, and began shooting down into the camp, as it lay below him, open and defenseless. Dick turned away from the wagons, and, looking up, saw curls of white powder smoke, projected horizontally, lying upon the air motionless and hard of outline, like some rigid substance which had been violently ejected. The dull gleam of a gun barrel shone indistinctly, and a brown hand and arm, almost indistinguishable in the shadow, lay along a ragged edge. Dick fired so quickly it seemed as though his gun had been discharged by accident. The line of light reflected from the steel leaped up like a live thing, the gun came clattering down the rock, the brown arm, limply distorted, waved in the air; two savage eyes, points of glittering light, looked over the edge, seeming very bright against the dull background. Then Dick fired again, and a naked savage came tumbling down, falling inertly from one projection to another, lodging at last, the head and shoulders strained violently downward, the arms extended full length, seeming to stretch and reach for something which lay far below, to stretch and reach, forever, for something they might never grasp.

It was as theatrical and unreal as if it had been done for stage effect alone. The shots were fired too quickly; Dick's skill was too great; the Apache died too promptly; the effort was too small for the effect produced; actors and spectators were too wooden, too uninterested, for it to be reality at which they were playing. One would not have been surprised to hear an audience clap its hands and shout its approval, to see the Indian, who, with the tragic intensity of genius, stretched and strained to grasp that which he could never reach, rise and bow and lay his hand upon his heart, in mimic acknowledgment of the applause.

"You sure gunned him damn quick," praised Buck Howard; while Bartow Johnny and Charley Rudd grinned deprecatingly, as if at some joke which they could not entirely approve. Crusty Dick was sheepish and downcast, having the look of a man caught, redhanded, in some shameful meanness.

At that moment Buck's eye caught sight of a prostrate, gigantic figure, sprawled in the dust beside one of the wagons, its long, black hair bound around with a dirty bandage, spotted with blood. He stared at it idiotically, apparently unable to comprehend. He blew out his breath between his teeth, producing a low, whistling noise, as if he had received an unexpected, painful injury. He glanced from the dead body to Dick, and from Dick to the body, which seemed so appalling in the intensity of its quietude.

"Why, I didn't know that damn Injun had got Black Bill," he groaned. His voice was like a wail.

Black Bill lay in the dust, his face stiffening into an unchangeable expression of pain, as if death brought to him no relief, as if he were doomed to suffer forever the pangs of dissolution. Out in front of the wagons, the tortured horse was still nickering and shrieking.

"Won't that horse never die?" complained Charley. "It gits onto my nerves."

"I never saw another feller so lucky as that there Black Bill," mused Dick, looking down very gravely at the dead driver.

"That's so," agreed Buck. "He's surely drawed all the good cards this time."

There was no one among them willing to dispute the proposition.

Burning as they were with fever,

half crazed with the pain of ill-tended wounds, it was weary work wearing out the hours of that long hot afternoon. Out in front, rifles held by unseen foes exploded mysteriously at long intervals in unlikely spots in the sparse surrounding vegetation. The abandoned wagons, gaunt wrecks in an ocean of sand, stood around, unsheeted and empty, silently dejected. In one, a naked figure, erect upon the driver's seat, duskily outlined against the fierce, harsh sky, called out in a loud voice, making insulting, derisive gestures at the besieged. One after another the drivers elevated their sights, using rests and aiming with the utmost care, making wasteful, ineffective shots at the distant mark.

When the sun hung right at the crest of the rock, blinding all who looked that way, another Indian scaled it from the opposite side, perching himself at the very summit, from which point he opened fire. When he was finally driven off, there were two more dead in the camp. In the assault that came and was repelled at sunset, another passed away, and Howard was again wounded. That night he was delirious and did himself great harm, dragging himself about on his wounded leg, and forcing the bone further through the flesh and skin.

It appears to be the belief of an Apache that, if he be killed during the night, his shade will dwell forever in the dark, where it will be tormented beyond his own wicked imagination, by beings that can see better than he. Therefore, it is only in the greatest need that he will fight when there is no light. With the deepening of twilight the rifle popping ceased, a vast and lonely silence possessed the desert.

Morning came, and every floating wisp of vapor caught the rays of the rising sun and trailed across the sky, its tattered rags gorgeous with orient colors. From before the barricade came again the noise of lonesome, infrequent shots, and the bullets went moaning sorrowfully through the camp. Curling puffs of powder smoke, dark blue in the faint light, lay flat upon the air, and soared heavily.

At a little distance some Indians stood about a fire which they were evidently feeding with unseasoned fuel, for dense smoke rose from it, in a slender column, and sailed aloft, so high the eye could scarcely discern its summit. They passed a blanket over the fire, holding down the smoke, which they loosed at irregular intervals, letting it go in puffs, so that the column was broken by clear spaces of varying lengths. As the sun rose higher one could see, in the east and in the north, other smoke columns, broken also, which were rising at a great distance. The columns, built up of smoke puffs, varingly separated, rose to the sky with something of the rhythm and cadence of spoken words, as if unimaginable intelligences were answering one another, as if they were speaking together across infinite gulfs.

Dark figures, yelling lugubriously, rolled a wagon wheel across the sand, and dropped it by the fire. The sun, looking red and awful, hung a moment, cut half in two, on the edge of the world, and long shadows, wildly distorted, went capering across the earth. The desert, which appeared so commonplace by the full light of day, bore now a sinister look as if some dreadful tragedy, which it had been concealing in its bosom, were struggling to the light, as if it were opening itself to the light to reveal some soul-sickening horror.

Within the camp, Crusty Dick, red-eyed and wan, climbed upon a wagon and looked out, shivering as if the air had grown cold. Instantly the rifles, concealed so mysteriously by insufficient bunches of vegetation, exploded more rapidly. Bullets struck, sounding dull and heavy, and others whined droningly, as they passed through the air.

"Come down out of there," commanded Bartow Johnny angrily. "Reckon if you git hurt, what'll become of the rest of us?"

Then, as Dick, answering nothing, shaded his eyes with one hand and looked out more intently, Johnny raised himself cautiously and peeped over the top of the wagon.

"What's that they're doin', out by the fire?" he demanded.

"Oh, that," answered Dick, speaking as if it were something he saw then for the first time. "Why, that's where they're a-fixin' to cook us. They'll tie us to a wagon wheel an' throw us on the fire. An' they'll have some other amoosin' features, before the cookin' begins."

Johnny shivered, as if he, too, were chilled by an uncommon coolness of the air.

"Well, by God," he said.

After all, profanity is no more than a habit. If ever there was a prayer in a voice, it was in Johnny's, as he shivered and cursed.

Dick came down from the wagon. They looked at one another stealthily, those two men, who seemed now so lonely and helpless; they looked at one another as men do who have in mind the same shameful thing, each knowing the thought of the other, both aware of his mutual knowledge. Their eyes were shifty and timid; they wet their lips with the tips of their tongues.

Over by the granite wall, Buck, bound and helpless, moaned and cursed continually, in his delirium.

"You do it," said Johnny. The same horror that had been shining in his eyes spoke now in his voice.

"D'ye think I'm a damn dog?" answered Dick, resentfully. "You do it for yourself, an' I'll do it for me."

"I'm afraid I can't," whined Johnny.

"Besides, who's goin' to do it for him?" he asked, nodding toward Buck.

"Well, I'll tend to Buck, but you've got to do your part."

Out in front, the Indians were closing in from clump to clump. Their fire was slack and infrequent. They were gathering for a final assault. The two drivers walked back toward a small, roughly built barricade, which was intended for their final stand. As they neared it, several Apaches began firing at them from the top of the rock. They rushed under the protecting ledge, which formed the rear wall of this inner defenses.

Dick stumbled, threw out his hands, ineffectually trying to regain his balance, and fell forward upon his face. He lifted himself upon his arms, struggling a moment and looking anxiously toward his legs, and began crawling slowly over the ground, laboriously dragging the lower part of his body, as if it were some unnatural burden, from which he could not separate himself.

Johnny turned instantly to work, rapidly filling the broken front breast high with sacks of flour, gaudily branded in large blue and red letters, "Pride of the West." Now and then he would covertly glance at Dick, looking out of the corners of his eyes. When the barricade had been completed to his notion, he lifted a rifle and began firing it furiously; then, observing that there were no answering shots from outside, he put it down and stood at one side.

Meantime Dick who had drawn himself to a sitting position, his back against the rock, was conducting a series of experiments, which seemed of absorbing interest. He pinched the flesh of his legs, one after the other, shaking his head solemnly at each test. He tore the skin with his nails, and watched the blood ooze and flow. He pounded with the hammer of his revolver. He stuck in the point of his knife, trying himself, place by place, from the waist down. At last he desisted, sighing wearily.

"They have surely played hell with me," he muttered. "I wisht I had the devil that done it," and his eyes glittered with an inhuman lust of cruelty.

In another corner, not a dozen feet away, Buck Howard lay against the wall, tormented by a cloud of flies, raving and cursing insanely.

"I can't do it," cried out Johnny, as if some one were urging him against his will. He lowered his eyes, looking down upon the floor, sullen and ashamed.

"You've just got to," answered Dick, his instant comprehension showing that he, too, had the same subject close to the surface of his mind.

"It's a-comin', damn quick, an' you've just got to," he continued.

"They'll just have to burn me. I can't do it," Johnny lifted his hands, palms outward, and turned away his face, repelled with horror.

Dick looked up, eyeing his companion curiously, unable to comprehend his reluctance in the face of a supreme necessity. At the last moment of life, how far apart those two were, how little could either understand the other. They spoke together, face to face, and it was as if the inhabitants of alien worlds signaled unintelligibly across the great gulfs of the universe.

"I'll do it," said Dick at last. Perhaps ten seconds had elapsed, but it seemed to him that a lifetime of solemn reflection had preceded the words; it seemed to him he had grown old in thought before he spoke. "I'll do it,

an' may God have mercy on my soul."

Johnny licked his lips and swallowed, avid with greed, breathless with the joy of gain.

"Let 'em come on now, damn 'em," he said, "I'm tired of waitin'."

"You won't have long to wait," observed Dick. "Set me a full gun, where I can reach it."

The silence was deadly. It weighed down the heart with nameless threats, with the vast oppression of a final evil.

There was a yell outside, a mad and fatal cry, diabolically brutal, that seemed to pour out upon the earth an overwhelming flood of insanity and disaster. Naked red bodies rushed from place to place with incredible swiftness, figures that flitted before the eyes half seen, as ghosts might flit from shadow to shadow, avoiding the painful light of the day. Nearer and nearer they came, disclosing faces bestial and monstrous, eyes gleaming hatefully from cavernous, shadowy orbits, features painted to distortion, infinitely repulsive in their faint remaining likeness to humanity.

Johnny, standing upright, exposed himself without fear, shooting rapidly. Dick, with his back broken, paralyzed from the waist down, was driven to concealment by his condition, and could use his weapon less frequently, firing quickly at vanishing figures, at heads and arms and infrequent bodies that came within the range of his vision and disappeared instantly, as if by magic. He was counting downward, as the Indians swarmed over the barricade.

"Five." He called the numbers aloud with each shot.

Buck Howard, unconscious in his corner, was moaning softly, like one who, sleeping, suffers still in his dreams.

"Don't you forget to do it," cried Johnny over his shoulder.

"Four."

"Don't you dare forget."

"Three."

"Now, Buck. Poor Buck."

So close were they together, the muzzle almost touched the driver when the cartridge exploded. The groaning ceased upon the instant. The sleeper slept more profoundly.

"Two," counted Dick, numbering his remaining cartridges.

Johnny was struggling with a painted, sweating savage, who had seized the barrel of his revolver and was pulling at it desperately. Dick aimed in that direction and touched the trigger. Click went the hammer, but there was no report. The cartridge was defective, and failed to explode.

"It's a damn shame," he muttered.

Johnny jerked loose and fired, and the Indian gave way at the knees, threw out his arms, his fingers closing tightly upon his palms, and sank to the earth, with that awkward looseness of the joints that comes of sudden death. But another took his place instantly, springing from the barricade upon the driver's shoulders, forcing him to the ground.

"Hurry, Dick," appealed Johnny, "You're a-goin' to let me be took."

"Well, I'm more'n half dead now," said Dick, reasoning with himself against the fear of the torture which had taken him by the heart.

An Indian stooped over and caught him firmly by the shoulder.

"An' it's the part that hurts worst that's dead," he thought.

"Hurry, Dick," implored Johnny.

"An' Johnny, he's alive all over," reflected Dick, "he'll hurt all over."

The Indian slipped his hand down the white man's arm, from the shoulder to the elbow.

"Oh, Dick, Dick," Johnny pleaded.

"An' I promised to do it," reasoned Dick.

The Indian grasped his arm so tightly he could not move it. The barrel of his revolver pointed in the right direction. He looked at it, and then at Johnny.

"Hope to God this shell's all right."

Down came the hammer, and the explosion followed so closely it seemed to him simultaneous with the pulling of the trigger. The Indian dropped his hand to the smoking barrel, and struggled for the possession of the gun.

"That's good, Dick," gasped Johnny, speaking in a low voice, looking curiously out of the corners of his eyes, as if he were saying something unbecoming, as if he were saying something weak and womanish. "Thank you, Dick." He flattened out under the weight of his captor and lay still.

As Dick lay back against the rock, he could not get it out of his mind how very long the tortured horse had been dying.

Some Of The Effects Of Ultra-Violet Light Upon Living Things

By C. C. Little

President of the University of Maine

RADIANT energy—such as ultra violet light—in its very name carries to the scientist something of that vivid appeal that references to the somewhat mystical figures of mythology have to the lover of poetry.

To have caught a glimpse of one of these silent, invisible, but powerful physical agents at work, is to have seen

Immortal Pan dance secret in a glade,
And dancing, roll his eyes; these, where they fell,
Shed glee, and through the congregated oaks
A flying horror winged.

Again and again, in the course of modern biological investigation, one comes to glimpses of future developments of that field as alluring to the scientific imagination as the sight of a hitherto unknown Holbein to a museum curator.

These things bring out forcibly and insistently the close relationship between the investigator in the natural sciences and the creative artist. They are as alike as the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady when the skin of conventional habit is suddenly removed by the sweep of a new uncontrolled and unanalyzed problem. Their inner beings rejoice and they hurl themselves into the pursuit with the instinctive enthusiasm of Mr. Alfred Tingle on the trail of the fair Miss Wardle. Only I suspect that their sentiment is deeper than his and the object of their affection far more subtle in her tactics.

In order, however, to catch a glimpse of this particular ultra-violet nymph, we shall have to part cautiously and with some considerable labor certain general undergrowth such as radiant energy and the relation of heat and visible light to ultra-violet.

Radiant energy originates from vibrating waves of that basic form of matter known as ether. The various forms of radiant energy differ from each other according to the length of the waves set up in the ether.

In fact it is intensely interesting to see in even a rough diagram, such as that shown below, the relation of these wave lengths so vastly different from one another.

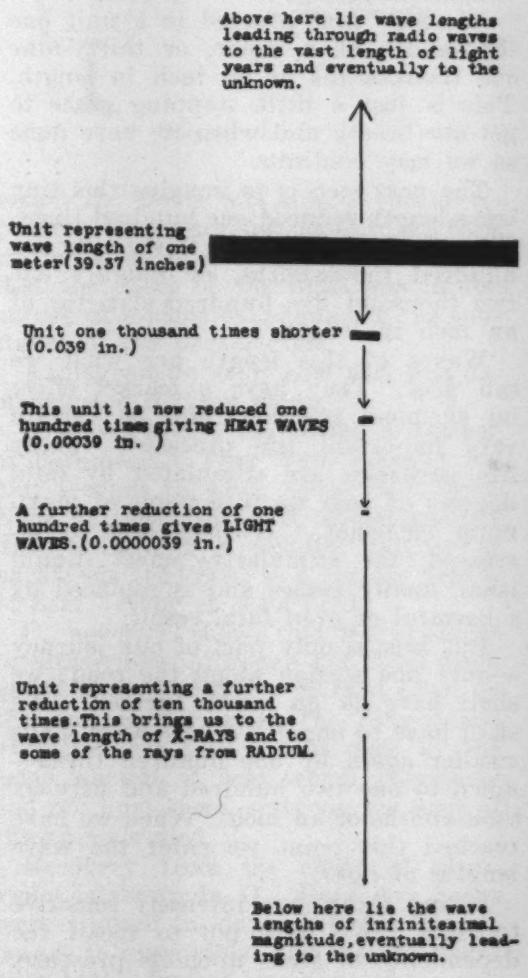

Above here lie wave lengths leading through radio waves to the vast length of light years and eventually to the unknown.
Unit representing wave length of one meter(39.37 inches)
Unit one thousand times shorter (0.039 in.)
This unit is now reduced one hundred times giving HEAT WAVES (0.00039 in.)
A further reduction of one hundred times gives LIGHT WAVES.(0.0000039 in.)
Unit representing a further reduction of ten thousand times.This brings us to the wave length of X-RAYS and to some of the rays from RADIUM.
Below here lie the wave lengths of infinitesimal magnitude,eventually leading to the unknown.

Diagram I

It is well to bear in mind at the outset that diagrams are dangerous, because of their too great definiteness in an attempt to depict a general situation, and also that our information concerning the longest and the shortest possible wave lengths still is at the zero point. Thus we find that if we focus our attention upon the largest rectangle in diagram I, we must visualize to ourselves a wave length of one meter—a little over a yard—in length.

Of the vastly longer wave lengths lying above and extending out through the various magnitudes of radio waves to the awe-inspiring length of light years and light centuries, we shall have little to say. Our journey leads us in the other direction, down through a process of diminution in size which will tax our imagination to the utmost.

We may first proceed to a unit one thousandth of a meter, or thirty-nine one thousandths of an inch in length. This is just a little stopping place to get our breath and when we have done so we may continue.

The next step is to imagine this tiny wave length reduced one hundred times. This gives us a wave of thirty-nine one hundred thousandths, or roughly one two thousand five hundred sixtieths of an inch in length.

Waves of this length are what we call *heat*. They have a market effect on chemical reactions and on certain very important life processes. Many life processes are stimulated by mild degrees of heat up to a point of maximum efficiency. If then heat is increased, the stimulative effect diminishes, finally ceases and is replaced by a harmful or even fatal result.

But heat is only part of our journey —only one station along the road; we shall have to go much further. We shall have to imagine a heat wave made smaller again by one hundred times—down to one two hundred and fifty-six thousandths of an inch. When we have reached this point we enter the wave lengths of *light*.

Living things are intensely sensitive to light. We have but to recall the dependence of birds upon its presence. As I write this we are approaching the date for a total eclipse of the sun. Those who are fortunate enough to be in the path of its totality will possibly have a chance to see chickens and sparrows going to roost, and possibly cattle in the field acting as though night was approaching. The rest-seeking reactions of these creatures are called into play mechanically and instinctively by the disappearance of light.

We all know how dependent plants are upon light. There is a grim and silent battle for light constantly being waged in our forests and fields. The absence of growing seedlings on the floor of the deep woods is a silent tribute to the need of light for the support of life.

With visible light we are all familiar. Our eyes with their wonderful image-forming capacity represent one of the most beautiful light-adapted structures imaginable. So delicate is this ability of ours that we can recognize a certain range or order of different colors which we speak of as the spectrum.

The rainbow gives us one of the most striking opportunities to test out our range of color vision rapidly and effectively—demonstrating, as it does, the full spectrum. At one end of the scale, that of the longest wave lengths, most closely approaching heat waves, lies red; and at the other end, that of the shortest wave lengths, lies violet. Between the two, as we all know, stretches a beautiful and varied series of easily distinguishable colors.

We need not, however, for the purposes of this discussion, spend much of our time on the visible light, but move directly to a consideration of what lies beyond the visible at the violet end of the spectrum. The *invisible* region lying beyond the violet is called ultra-violet.

Light waves in this region have a very interesting property. They are absorbed by, and therefore cannot pass through, ordinary window glass. Those who work extensively with ultra-violet light utilize this information and protect their eyes from the ultra-violet rays by wearing goggles of ordinary glass. While unable to pass through glass, the ultra-violet rays pass readily through the transparent mineral substance known as quartz. Recently improved methods of fusing and working this substance, developed by Dr. E. R. Berry of the General Electric Com-

pany, have made much more practicable the production of quartz tubes to serve in the utilization of ultra-violet light.

One of the commonest commercial sources of ultra-violet light for experimental purposes is the vapor of ordinary mercury. When an electric current is passed through mercury it heats, vaporizes and gives off ultra-violet rays. This process may be carried on in a carefully sealed quartz tube. The lamp thus formed is known as a mercury-vapor arc, and is one of the most popular methods of producing ultra-violet rays.

Among the first interesting bits of information concerning the action of ultra-violet light was the observation of the fact that it could coagulate the white of an egg—cooking it quite successfully. Dr. W. T. Bovie of Harvard University who did this work also assures me that a thin layer of milk exposed to prolonged ultra-violet radiation will take on quite as characteristic and objectionable a "burnt" odor as can be produced by the most casual amateur cook under the very unpoetic stimulus of too direct heat.

The effect of ultra-violet upon living tissue is also at times startling. Dr. Bovie had, in his laboratory, a microscope particularly constructed so that observation of the effects of a very fine beam of ultra-violet light was possible. The living objects chosen for study were relatively simple animals of microscopic size—the single-celled creatures known as paramecia.

I have said that paramecia are small—they are also cigar-shaped and they move through the water steadily, rotating as they go. They can be procured in quantity if ordinary hay is allowed to begin decomposition in a pan or jar of water. When one of these animals, in the course of its swimming, passed through the beam of ultra-violet light, the effect was, as I have before intimated, surprising and startling. For a moment it would hesitate and then without further preliminary it would burst open in as complete a state of disorganization as though it were a whale hit by a torpedo.

By limiting the amount of ultra-violet, Dr. Bovie was able to obtain exposures that were not fatal. He then started a series of experiments to prove that the effect of the light was in the nature of a chemical change in the substance of the paramecium.

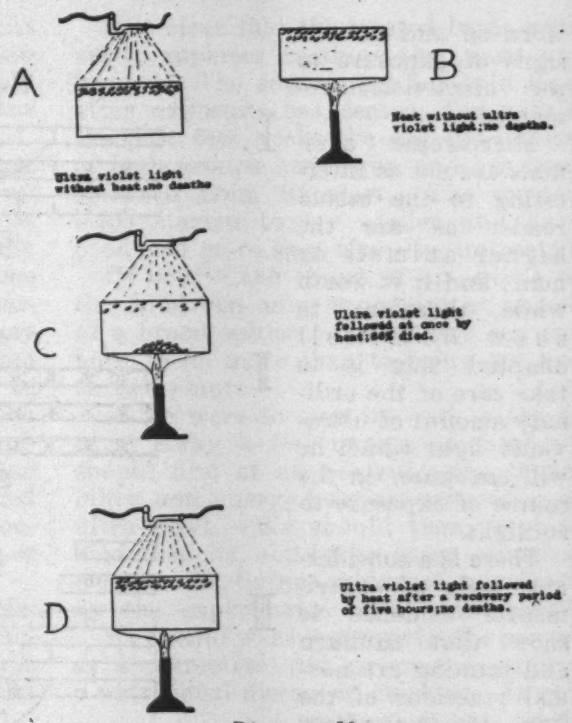

A
Ultra violet light without heat;no deaths
B
Heat without ultra violet light;no deaths.
C
Ultra violet light followed at once by heat;66% died.
D
Ultra violet light followed by heat after a recovery period of five hours;no deaths.

Diagram II

A diagram to show how this was demonstrated is given above.

A. shows a dish containing a number of paramecia. They were exposed for four seconds to weak ultra-violet light. None of them died. B. shows another dish containing a similar number of paramecia subjected to a certain degree of heat. None of them died.

C., however, shows that the exposure to ultra-violet, although not fatal when given alone, had had a marked effect on the animal, for when the four-second exposure was followed at once by the same amount of heat which previously had not hurt them, sixty-six per cent of the animals died.

Recovery from the effect of ultra-violet is shown in D. Here, five hours were allowed to elapse between the exposure to ultra-violet and the treatment with heat. In this case none of the animals died. This showed that the chemical change produced by the light had

worn off and that no signs of exposure to the ultra-violet remained.

Microscopic animals are not as interesting to the casual reader as are the higher animals or man; and it is worth while, therefore, to show how well adapted man is to take care of the ordinary amount of ultra-violet light which he will encounter in the course of exposure to sunlight.

There is a considerable body of experimental evidence to show that sunburn and tanning are normal reactions of the skin to the ultra-violet rays of ordinary sunlight. There is also evidence obtained by Finsen and others that ultra-violet rays try to penetrate the skin in much the same way that troops in attack try to penetrate a line of defense.

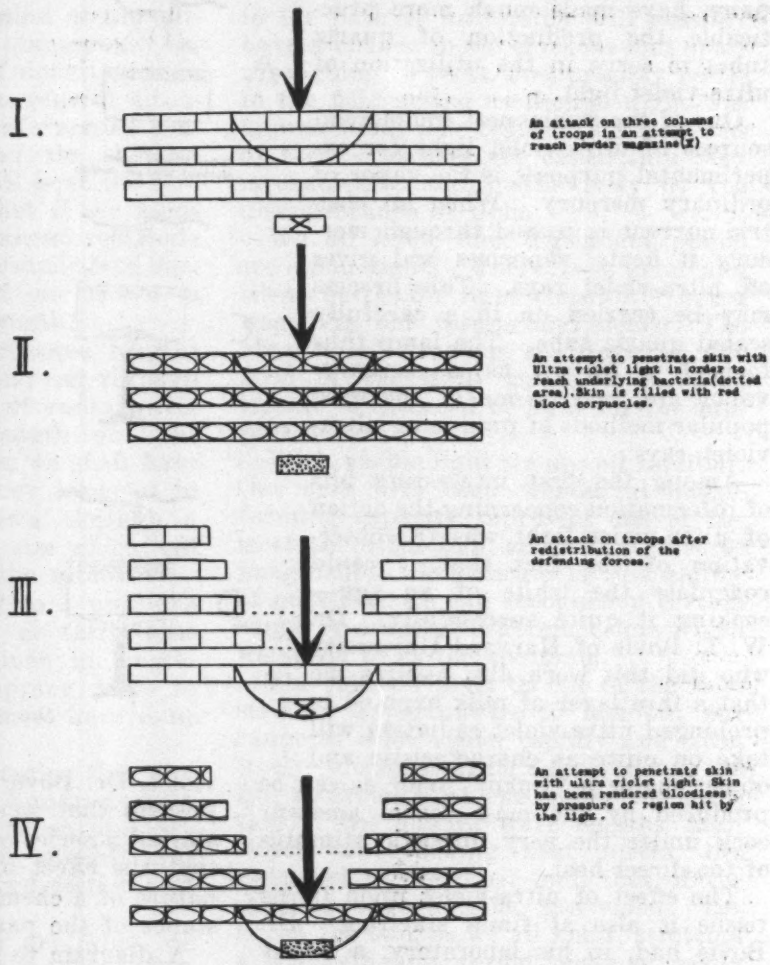

I.
An attack on three columns of troops in an attempt to reach powder magazine(X)
II.
An attempt to penetrate skin with Ultra violet light in order to reach underlying bacteria(dotted area).Skin is filled with red blood corpuscles.
III.
An attack on troops after redistribution of the defending forces.
IV.
An attempt to penetrate skin with ultra violet light. Skin has been rendered bloodless by pressure of region hit by the light.

Diagram III

Diagram III attempts to show four conditions. In number I an attack is shown hitting three lines of troops drawn up shoulder to shoulder to protect a particularly vulnerable spot X which we may assume is a powder magazine. Because of the way in which the troops are distributed, the attack, which has a power of penetration indicated by the semicircular line, falls short of its objective.

Number II shows a diagrammatic representation of red blood corpuscles drawn up in the skin to defend some vulnerable material—that is, bacteria. The point of attack of the ultra-violet rays and their power of penetration are shown as above. The attack falls short—the rays being absorbed by the blood cells, just as the attacking troops in number I were absorbed by the first two lines of defense.

In number III, however, there has been a redistribution of the troops in the lines of defense. The attack hits a weakened point, and although its penetrating power is no greater than before, it is sufficient to break through the single line and reach its objective. The powder magazine will, if it be desired, explode.

IV shows a condition in which the red blood corpuscles have been driven out—redistributed by pressure. The line of defense to the ultra-violet is weakened. The result is that the rays penetrate the weakened defense—bloodless skin—reach and kill the bacteria.

The analogy, though presented in shortened and condensed form, will, I believe, hold.

Up to this time we have been dealing with generalities. I now want to de-

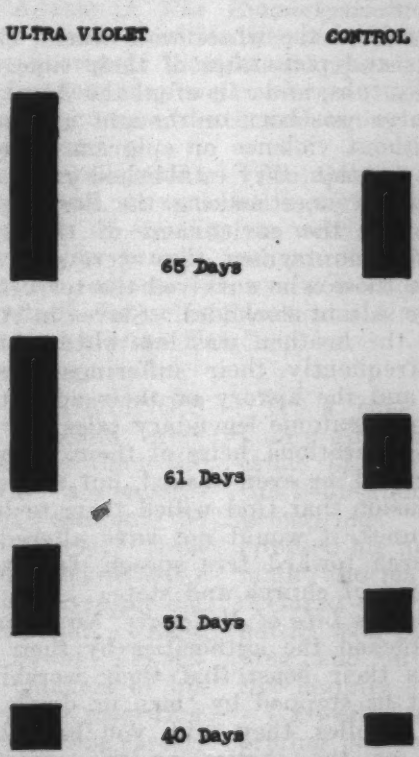
scribe very briefly the results of a series of experiments on chickens to show how ultra-violet light may act as a highly useful and beneficial agent, in some cases at least.

There occurs in chickens raised either on deficient diet or under adverse housing conditions a disease known as "weak-leg." The chickens gradually lose the use of their legs and become progressively weaker and more undernourished. Digestive disturbances may result—curved, knobby or twisted growth of the leg bones may also be found, and eventally the affected chick dies. There are many points of similarity between this disease in chicks and a disease of human infants called rickets. Both diseases may—to a considerable degree—be benefited by proper modifications of the diet.

Last year a problem was given to Mr. J. M. Murray, now a senior at the University of Maine, in which it was planned to test the effect of ultra-violet light as a corrective for the condition which produces weak-leg in chicks.

The test was carefully controlled. A large number of chicks, all hatched at the same time, were divided into two groups. One group was kept in a greenhouse under glass, and was *not* treated with ultra-violet. The other group was kept in the same greenhouse and *was* treated daily with ultra violet. All were given the same food.

The untreated birds developed many cases of weak-leg. Mortality was heavy, while gain in weight was slow. The treated birds developed no cases of weak-leg. Mortality was negligible and the growth rate is shown in comparison with that of the untreated animals in diagram IV.



Columns show average increase in weight of chicks treated with ultra violet light compared with untreated controls at various ages. In every case the treated chicks show a clearly greater gain.

Diagram IV

It it clear that the treated birds were vastly superior to those that were untreated. The superiority has held long after exposure has ceased, for within the past few weeks the egg production of both groups has begun and has been observed from its start. The treated birds started to lay earlier and have produced more eggs than the untreated.

Of course the object of an article of this kind can only be to hint at phases of a broad subject. In no way can one hope to do more than to bring out one or two points.

If we were to sum up and to try to carry away a few important facts we should first of all recognize the invisibility and energy-bearing properties of ultra-violet. We should then want to recognize its ability to cause chemical changes in living substance as shown by the experiments with paramecium.

We should want to recognize the powers as a corrective and preventive against a nutritional disease in chickens. In this connection we might fairly hope for an extension of these powers to rickets in human beings.

Finally it will be well to return once more to the first diagram and, beginning at the infinitessimal light wave, go down to vastly greater depth.

We should find wave lengths ten thousand times shorter than light in the phenomenon known as X-rays and close to this the active rays from radium. In this field is included attempts to modify the inherited characteristics of animals and plants—a new and entirely absorbing phrase of biological experimentation.

And still below these lie wave lengths so short that they baffle our power of description, even our imagination, and stretch away into the unknown.

THOMAS LURTING

An Able Minded Seaman

By MOLLIE BEST

Introductory Note by the Author

MANY years ago Charles Lamb wrote: "Reader, if you are not acquainted with it, I would recommend, above all church narratives, to read Sewel's *History of the Quakers.*" The early history of the Quakers is much more than a church narrative; it is the story of one of the most remarkable non-violent revolutions in our history. The Magna Charta was merely the readjustment of power between the nobles and the crown; the Protestant reformation was a fight to transfer power from one group to another; the Quaker struggle was a fight for toleration for all men everywhere, and was won without the spilling of any blood but their own. In its time the Quaker uprising was regarded as extreme left wing radicalism, subversive of law and order, threatening the overthrow of government, and it was therefore regarded as a pious and patriotic duty to suppress it by fair means or foul.

The Quakers trekked the whole wide world, challenging all the autocratic powers and potentates of their time. They sailed the seven seas in leaky tubs, and ran afoul the Algerian pirates before Commodore Decatur was born or thought of; met the enemy and he was theirs without violence or epigram. Laying the foundations for a mighty nation, they established great states and administered them, without once making the Sermon on the Mount a scrap of paper. To the enrichment of their queen and their enterprising fellow countrymen, they were sold as slaves into the Barbadoes, where those who survived the terrors of the transport were fattened for sale in stockades. Slaves in Africa, their lot as bondmen among the heathen was less bitter than as freeman in England. Too frequently their sufferings were relieved by a martyr's death, and the history of their adventurous lives reads like an invasion of Teutonic legendary tales.

To succeeding generations, heirs of their victory, some of their war cries seem trivial, or even absurd, but if they had been hampered by the delusion that God willed them to be nourished on a diet of dried prunes, it would not have altered the objective of their dogged march toward free speech, free assembly, and the complete separation of church and state.

Says Masson, in his *Life of Milton:* "No other denomination so amazed and perplexed the authorities by their obstinacy as the Quakers. It was their boast that their worship, from its very nature, could not be stopped by 'men or devils.' From a meeting of Roman Catholics, they said, you have but to take away the Mass book, or the chalice or the priest's garments, or even but to spill the water or blow out the candles, and the meeting is over. So in a meeting of Presbyterians or Independents, or Baptists or Socinians, there is always some implement or set of implements upon which all depends, be it the liturgy, the gown or surplice, the Bible or the hour glass; remove these and

make noise enough and there can be no service. No so with a Quaker meeting. There men and women worship with their hearts, without implements, in silence as well as by speech. You may break in upon them, roar at them, drag them about; the meeting, if it be of any size, essentially still goes on till all the component individuals are murdered. Throw them out at the doors in twos and threes and they but re-enter at the window and quietly resume their places. Pull their meeting-house down, and they reassemble next day most punctually amid the broken walls and rafters. Shovel sand and dirt down upon them, and there they sit, a sight to see, musing immoveably among the rubbish. This is no description from fancy; it was the actual practice of the Quakers all over the country. They held their meetings regularly, perservingly, and without the least concealment, keeping the doors of their meeting-house purposely open that all might enter, informers, constables or soldiers, and do whatever they chose. In fact the Quakers behaved magnificently. By their peculiar method of open violation of the law and passive resistance only, they rendered a service to the common cause of all Non-conformist sects which has never been sufficiently acknowledged. The authorities had begun to fear them as a kind of a supernatural folk, and knew not what to do with them, but cram them into jails and let them lie there. In fact the jails of those days were less places of punishment for criminals than receptacles for a great proportion of what was bravest and most excellent in the manhood and womanhood of England.".

Says Brooks Adams in *The Emancipation of Massachusetts:* "We owe to their heroic devotion the most priceless of our treasures, our perfect liberty of thought and speech; and all who love their country's freedom may well reverence the memory of those martyred Quakers by whose death and agony the battle in New England has been won."

William Dean Howells said: "The Quaker testimony against bloodshed was practical, as such testimony can still be when men will. Their principle of equality, as well as their practice of it, was their legacy to our people, and now remains all that differences us from other nations. It was not Thomas Jefferson who imagined the first of the self-evident truths of the Declaration of Independence, but George Fox."

THOMAS LURTING'S unique exploits were undertaken without the orchestral accompaniment of cannon; he had no support from the pomp and panoply of war. In this generation, even among Quakers, his name is unfamiliar. Under the title *A Fighting Sailor Turned Peaceable Christian* the Quakers of his own time published a tract recording the sensational incidents of his career. To his ultimate peaceableness must be attributed Lurting's obscurity, for, as the historian of *The Decline of Rome* points out, "Men are ever more ready to glorify their destroyers than their benefactors."

At a time when aged women and young girls were done to death for the crime of holding a religious meeting, this bold sailor-man, "in obedience to the promptings of the Holy Spirit," opposed his individual conscience to the might and majesty of the English navy, declared a strike on war on the eve of battle, took pirates captive, rebuked his king, and, in spite of all, continued to live happily ever after.

Curiosity as to the secret of this disarming personality will find little gratification in the Quaker records, which ascribe all victories to the Lord. We infer, however, that this human agent of the Lord must have been a likely creature physically, for he was only fourteen when he arrested the appraising

eye of the press gang, and remained ever after the victim of their flattering approval, and a justification of their efficiency. Impressment was the synonym for shanghaing men into the army and navy for involuntary servitude, often without pay, and under armed guards. The old Pagans frankly called such service slavery, a word abhorrent to Christians, and embarrassing to men boasting that they "never, never, never shall be slaves."

In time the boy was shifted from the army to the navy, and we learn that when the celebrated Admiral Blake "ruined the Admiral and Vice Admiral of the Spanish Galleons," Lurting was chosen for the perilous honor of firing the enemy ships. In a pinnace with seven men he passed under the fire of the Spanish fort, turned his trick neatly, and returned unhurt, though two of his men were killed and one was shot in the back. The pamphlet published by the Society of Friends at the time of his "convincement" puts the soft pedal on the prowess of Thomas the fighter, and emphasizes the valor of Thomas the Christian. Friend Sewel got hold of Thomas, and succeeded in extracting from him further details of his adventures, which he preserved in his *History of the Quakers*. Both narratives have the stamp of truth, the simplicity of the gospels, and the fantastic unreality of fairy tales; by reinforcing one with the other, we come at the whole story.

The courage of the youth had brought him to the rank of boatswain's mate of the frigate Bristol, with two hundred men under his command. Among other duties it fell to him to enforce attendance on divine worship, as by law established. "I was diligent in the perfcrmance of that service," he says, "and when any refused to obey my command I endeavored by force to compel them. But then neither was I a Quaker, nor were there any of the people so-called on board our ship. Now I shall hint at the first rise of the Quakers in our ship." It fell to the Bristol to transport a company of soldiers, among them a young lad who had been infected with Quaker principles in Scotland. With the racial passion for proselyting, the young Scot communicated the infection to the sailors of the Bristol; the first symptoms were refusal to attend compulsory worship, or to doff caps to officers. A few were ripe for the disease and it spread, to the consternation of the captain, and the increased severity of discipline. The captain, in his leisure moments a Baptist preacher, was just then commander of a battleship, and naturally "he was sore troubled." Bluff and blustering, but not ill disposed, he commissioned the chaplain, "a cruel and bitter man," to put matters right with the assistance of the sturdy boatswain's mate.

The good man appealed to Thomas: "Oh, Thomas, an honest man and a good Christian, here is a dangerous people, a blasphemous people, denying the ordinances and word of God." With a mandate from both law and gospel to go the limit, Thomas admits that he was as cruel and bitter as the priest: "I gave them many a heavy blow, and I was violent upon them. But the Lord so wrought upon me that in a little time I could no more beat any of the Quakers. And very soon the Lord gave me a true sight of the priest, for, when I could not do his work, and beat and abuse them, I was accounted neither an honest man nor a good Christian. So I separated myself from all sorts of professors (Christians) except one Roger Denis whom I entirely loved. In all my cruelty I never struck him, *for he had a check upon me, though he spoke never a word.*" The quiet wordless Quaker, Roger Denis, possessed the mysterious force which arrests violence in man or beast. In later life Thomas wrote that, "as silence is the first word of command in martial discipline, so it is in spiritual; for until that is come unto, the will and mind of God concerning us cannot be known, much less done."

The silent power which Thomas could not subdue was conquering him; his sympathy for the Quakers made him an object of derision among his mates of the Bristol, and jeering parties from sister ships of the fleet came aboard to ridicule him. He still retained the shape of a man, they assured him, but he looked like a dumb saint. Now Thomas was a social creature, a good mixer, an upstanding and outstanding figure. The man who had faced the gunfire of the Spanish fort flinched before ridicule; fervently he besought the Lord that it might not be required

of him to cast in his lot with a despised sect, mocked of all men. "What, to such a people that both priests and professors are against? What, to such a people that I have been so long beating and abusing, and that without just cause? Death would be more welcome." Alas for his peace of mind, Thomas already belonged with the minority, and his conscience was putting pressure on him to make a public acknowledgment.

Finally, "after many a bitter sigh, I took up this resolution by the assistance of the Lord, whether Quaker or no Quaker, peace with God I am for . . . . I could contain no longer but gave up, and went to my friend Roger Denis and said, 'I would speak with thee' . . . . He spake only a few words, but they were in great humility and tenderness toward me, hitting the mark to a hair's breadth. I had great satisfaction, being quiet in my mind, and we parted in great love."

There was no quiet for the captain's mind; twelve boys aboard that fighting frigate were now meeting unmolested by the mate, to meditate on those things which are eternal. The captain and the priest called Thomas aloft to reason with him, "and when they had done I went to my Friends in great peace, telling them that when I went to the captain I was scarce half a Quaker, they have made me almost a whole one."

These unruly Christians, it would seem, enjoyed the good will of their shipmates, for the captain impressed men from other ships to flog them. Even these strangers balked before the patient obstinacy of their victims, and, at this acute stage of hostilities, Providence interposed an armistice in the form of an epidemic. "About this time we had a great sickness on board. We took great care of one another, so that nothing was wanting amongst us; but what one had was free for all of us. I have heard men say when upon a languishing pillow and death bed, "Oh carry me to the Quakers for they take great care of one another, and they will take some care of me."

The missionary soldier from Scotland had left the Bristol sailors in ignorance of the full program of the Quakers; they knew nothing of the war on war, nor had they as yet fully grasped the implications of the Quaker principles. They had got as far as to interpret the command, "Thou shalt not steal," to mean that they could take none of the plunder of war, which left their share to be divided among their mates, and gave them some popularity. The captain grew calmer as he discovered no abatement of their fighting spirit, and fell into the habit of saying, "'Thomas, take thy friends and do so and so,' and I took my Friends and did it far beyond his expectation, by which he got great credit. As yet we were not brought to testify against fighting, but we would take none of the plunder, and in all our desperate attempts we received no hurt, though others were killed and wounded. . . . . The captain would often say to other captains, he cared not if all his men were Quakers for they were the hardiest men on his ship."

The captain's boast was premature; Thomas felt in his bones that a storm was brewing. "For what was done in pretended friendship was but to serve their own ends. I expected a time would come to try all our foundations, which it accordingly did, and drove every man to his own." That time came when Thomas got to the point of interpreting another command, "Thou shalt do no murder."

The Bristol was ordered to demolish a castle in Spain, a very substantial one, "and we Quakers fought with as much courage as any, we seeing then no further. I was stripped to the waist, and every one of us being in fighting habit, we went at it in earnest." The Scotch soldier had started the Bristol sailors with the fundamental and most subversive of Quaker principles, that in every one of His creatures the Creator has implanted the Divine spark; to this extent all men are equal. That premise inevitably led to the question—dare any man by violence snuff out a life which shelters that spark?

The answer came to Thomas at this very inopportune moment; the ship was in action, and with all diligence he was sighting the guns, when "He that hath all men's hearts in His hand so far changed my heart, that, whilst a minute before I was setting all my strength to kill and destroy men's lives, but a minute after I could not kill a man if it were to gain the whole world. As I was coming out the forecastle door to

see where the shot fell, the word of the Lord ran through me, how if I had killed a man, and it was with such power that for some time I hardly knew whether I was in the body or out of it. I turned and put on my clothes and walked on deck in great exercise of mind. Some one asked me if I was hurt. I answered, 'No,' but under some scruple of conscience on account of fighting, *although I had not then heard that Quakers refused to fight.*"

The sudden defection of the mate escaped the watchful eye of authority, the naval engagement ended; but the battle in the soul of Thomas continued to rage. "Full well ye reject the commandments of God that ye may keep your own tradition," was the accusation of the most subversive of great teachers. Tradition had not sterilized the mind of Thomas; after a period of gestation an idea had been born to him, and he was not the man to strangle it. He called a Quaker meeting and presented his idea to his Friends. All expressed profound disgust with the atrocities of war, and delivered themselves of the ancient and honored platitude that, if the Lord got them well out of this one, they would never go to it again. This was not enough for the mate, in whom belief was immediately converted into action. "If I stood honest to that which is of God in my own conscience," he told his Friends, "and if we came to it to-morrow, I would bear my testimony against it, for inasmuch as we had been so great actors in it, now we must bear our testimony against fighting." Courage begets courage; one of the young comrades immediately sought out the captain to acquaint him with the weight on his conscience. "He that denies to fight in the time of engagement," roared the exasperated officer, "I will put my sword in his guts." More calmly the Quaker came back, "Thou wilt be a manslayer, and guilty of innocent blood."

As a Baptist preacher, the captain doubtless had a disturbing fear that these troublesome Quakers interpreted the Christian teaching correctly, though inconveniently; as a naval officer, loving enemies was an absurdity. In his mental conflict he hit upon an ingenious scheme for reducing the friction on his conscience while performing his whole duty as commander of a warship. Notices were posted up giving any of his crew the privilege of killing a shipmate who proved delinquent in time of battle. For all his blustering this Cromwellian captain showed no eagerness to plant his own sword in the bowels of a fellow Christian.

And now, says Thomas, came a time "to prove every one's foundation." A strange ship was sighted and the Bristol cleared for action; for Thomas the time had come to stand honest to that which was of God in his own conscience, and he told his Friends so; "but I lay not this as an injunction upon any, but leave you to the Lord." Those who were prepared to stand with him, however, must take no devious course which would leave the captain in the lurch: "I must tell you that the captain puts great confidence in you. All that are of my mind let us meet in the most public place upon the deck in full view of the captain, that he may not say we deceived him in not telling him that we would not fight, so that he might have put others in our place.

To a man the twelve Quakers followed their leader; the distracted captain, when he saw them, drew his sword "in as much fury and indignation as ever I saw a sword drawn. No sooner was his sword drawn than the word of the Lord ran through me like fire; 'If he will have a sacrifice proffer it him,'" and Thomas, advancing "in great dread of the Lord," "fixed his eye with great seriousness" on his chief. It was not the mutineer but the captain who flinched; "his countenance changed pale," and he passed his sword to his man.

At this moment of high tension the stranger ship was discovered to be no enemy but a friend. When the captain had cooled off, he sent the chaplain to Thomas to ask forgiveness for his passion, "but I bid him tell the captain to have a care of such passion, for if he had killed a man in his passion, he might seek for a place of repentance and not find it. Ever after this the captain was very kind and respectful to me."

To this preacher captain, an infusible mixture of warrior and Christian, the Lord was as real as to the Quakers. If the rebels had been cowards, he could, and probably would, have killed

them. But he knew these followers of his Lord to be men of intrepid courage, the most engaging and disarming of human attributes. We are not told what disposition he made of the mutineers; as he was unable to cure them, and loathe to kill them, in all probability he relieved his ship and his conscience of the impossible crew at the first opportunity.

Thomas's life was now filled with "exercises" and "concerns." His pacifist protestations were unheeded by his admirers, the ubiquitous press gang; he was "a powerful man" they said, and into the navy he must go. He was repeatedly captured and forcibly installed on various ships of the line. Any of the captains with whom he debated might have sent him to join the noble army of martyrs, but he led a charmed life. He was reasoned with, cajoled, bribed with offers of command, and threatened with death, but not a hair of his head was injured.

Even Captain Jeremiah Smith, "a loose and wicked man, a very furious man and frequently in drink," fell under his spell. Thomas turned a deaf ear to the captain's offer of a command, and of various occupations which would involve no actual killing. The captain had a brilliant idea, an employment "which will be a great piece of charity; thou shalt be with the doctor, and when a man comes down that hath lost an arm or a leg, to hold him while the doctor cuts it off. This is not killing, but saving men's lives."

"But I will not do that," said the inflexible Thomas, "for it is all an assistance." Then said the loose and furious captain, "I will send thee ashore to prison."

"I answered, 'I am in thy hands. Thou may do with me what thou pleases.'"

The captain pleased to accuse Thomas of an attempt to starve himself, for he had eaten no food for five days. "'Not so,' said I 'for I have money in my pocket. And if thou wilt sell me victuals I will eat before thee.'"

"I cannot sell the King's victuals," said the captain.

"Nor can I do the King's work," said Thomas, "therefore I cannot eat the King's victuals."

Sent ashore, as he supposed, to prison, Thomas discovered that even this furious captain had given him his liberty. He promptly sought a berth on a merchant vessel, but again the attentive press gang waited to welcome him, and he was assigned to a captain "who appeared like a madman, swearing and cursing against Quakers, often swearing that if he did not hang me, he would send me to the Duke of York and he would." When the captain had "tired himself with scolding," Thomas still remained silent.

"What," shouted the angry captain, "dost thou say nothing for thyself."

"Thou sayest enough for thee and me too," was the reply.

With a good prospect of hanging, Thomas lay peacefully asleep on the deck between two guns; the captain was wakeful and troubled. At midnight he had the Quaker routed from his slumber and got rid of him. "And this was the man," comments Thomas, "who said hanging was too good for me, and in six hours' time was so weary of me that he could not take his natural rest whilst I was on board."

After many such adventures Thomas at last succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the press gang, and slipped off to sea as mate aboard a merchantman, under a Quaker skipper, destined for the most thrilling adventure of his turbulent life. He had outwitted the pressers only to fall into the hands of the Barbary pirates, who captured the English vessel as she was returning from Venice with a cargo.

Thomas had a premonition of the ship's fate. "We heard that many Turkish men-of-war were at sea . . . . and it was much on my mind that we should be taken. I was very much concerned as well for the men as for myself; at which I went to the master and desired him to go to Leghorn, and to stay for a convoy, agreeing that during such a time we would have no wages The master would not agree to this, but kept out to sea, contrary to our minds."

The master was between two horns of a dilemma, as a good Quaker he could not accept assistance from the navy, nor on the other hand could he force others to act according to the dictates of his conscience. Thomas has no criticism for the master's choice of duty which resulted in their capture by the Turk.

The Turks removed the English captain with four of his men to their own ship, placing fourteen of their own men aboard the prize to guard the remainder of the crew, including Thomas. "The mate," Sewel quaintly records, "was under great exercise of mind, the rather because the master with four of his men were then with the Turk, and those that were left were somewhat unruly. In this concern, however, he believed it was inwardly told him by the Lord, 'Be not afraid for thou shalt not go to Algiers,' for having formerly great experience of the Lord's deliverance, he had learned to trust in God almost against hope. . . . All fear was removed from him, and, going to the ship's side to see the Turks come in, he received them as if they were his friends, and they also behaved themselves civilly. He said to his men, 'Be not afraid, for all this we shall not go to Algiers; but let me desire you, as ye have been willing to obey me, be as willing to obey the Turks.'" Kings, naval commanders, able bodied and unruly seamen were all one to Thomas, all in the day's work.

"The Turks seeing the seamen's diligence grew more careless and favorable to them; some went again to their own ship and eight Turks stayed with the English. Then the mate began to think of the master and the four that were with him on the Turk's ship; as for himself and the others that were with him he had no fear at all; nay he was so far from it that he said to one of his men: 'Were but the master on board and the rest of our men, were there twice as many Turks I should not fear them.' By this he encouraged the seamen, who not being of his persuasion thought much otherwise than he, and would have been ready enough to kill the Turks if they had seen opportunity. Meanwhile the mate's earnest desire to the Lord was that He would put it into the hearts of the Turks to send the master and the four others back, and his desire was answered. . . . Then all manner of fear concerning Algiers was taken from him.

"Now the English being all together except the master, he said to them, 'What if we should overcome the Turks and go to May-York?' (Majorca) At which they were very much rejoiced, and one said, 'I will kill one or two,' and another said, 'I will cut as many throats as you will have me.' But at these sayings the mate was much troubled, for he intended not to hurt any, and therefore told the men: 'If I knew that any of you would touch a Turk at that rate, I would tell the Turks myself. But,' said he, 'if ye will be ruled, I will act for your delivery as well as my own, if not I will be still.' They, seeing he would not suffer them to take their own course, agreed to do what he would have them. 'Well,' said he, 'if the Turks bid you do anything, do it without grumbling and with as much diligence as ye can, for that pleases them, and will cause them to let us be together.'"

Having brought the seamen into line, Thomas turned his attention to the master, and takes up his own narrative: "Then I went to our master who was a Friend, and a bold spirited man, and told him of our intention, whose answer to me was: if we offered to rise and they overcame us, we had as good be burned alive, the which I knew very well. But I could get him no way to adhere to me, in that he was fearful of bloodshed, for that was his reason, insomuch that at last I told him: we were resolved, and I questioned not but to do it without one drop of bloodshed; and I believed the Lord would prosper it, by reason that I would rather go to Algiers than kill one Turk. So at last he agreed to this, and let me do what I would, provided we killed none. There being two Turks lying in the cabin with him, he was still to lie in the cabin, that by his being there they would mistrust nothing. And having bad weather and lost the company of their man-of-war—which thing I much desired—the Turks, seeing our diligence, grew careless of us."

For all his confidence in the Lord, the mate was not one to expect God to do for him that which he could very well do for himself; on the contrary he made good use of the excellent headpiece with which the Lord had endowed him. With tact and patience he managed to steer the Turks into separate cabins, and, while they slept the more serenely for an imperfect estimate of their Quaker prisoner, the English disarmed them, and turned the key, all done, Thomas assures us, "by fair means and persuasions."

With the master resting quietly in his cabin, and their captors secured under lock and key, the mate was free to make terms with the restive seamen. "Then I said to the men of our vessel, 'Now we have the Turks at our command, no man shall hurt any of them, for if you do I will be against you; but this I will do, now they are below deck we will keep them so, and go to May-York.' My orders were: if any offered to come out, not to let above one or two at a time. And one came out expecting to have seen his own country, but on the contrary, it was May-York."

Thomas, with the assistance of Providence, having securely bolted every door of hope against the Turks, "instead of rising they fell to crying, for their courage was taken from them, and they desired they might not be sold, which I promised them they should not." Thomas was unmoved by the consideration that the Turks would have sold him; they might follow what code they would, he was a Christian.

"And when he had appeased them," with nothing to conceal from his scrupulous superior officer, "I went into the cabin of our master, he not knowing what was done, and he told the captain that we had overcome his men, and were going to May-York. At which unexpected news he wept, and desired the master not to sell him, which he promised he would not."

Majorca, whither they were bound, was a Spanish port; an extensive acquaintance with Christianity as interpreted by the Spaniards aroused great fear in the Turks, and no little concern in the minds of the two Quakers. Therefore "we told the captain that we would make a place to hide them where the Spaniards would not find them, at which they were very glad, and we did accordingly."

The master went ashore at Majorca, returning with an acquaintance, another English captain. The Quaker captain was naturally gratified by the bloodless victory of his Quaker mate; under solemn promise of secrecy he confided to his English friend the whole story of the concealed pirates. That enterprising gentleman was appalled by the mere thought of abandoning riches so providentially cast upon the waters; he offered to purchase some of the Turks himself on speculation. "Whereat the master and I told him, that if they would give many thousands they should not have one, for we hoped to send them home again."

So great was the English captain's disgust with the vagaries of the Quakers that his promise of secrecy quite escaped his mind; going ashore he conspired with the Spaniards to steal a march on his fanatical friends, and salvage their valuable cargo. Crafty as he was, he was no match for the wary Friends, who, suspecting his design, took the Turks into their confidence, and with the assistance of the enemy, without waiting for legal formalities, glided swiftly out of the Spanish waters, headed for England and fresh trouble.

In defending the Turks from the slave hunters, the Quakers were chancing recapture, for pirates were numerous; their own pet pirates, moreover, grew restless and nervous when they discovered they were on the way to England. The courage which had ebbed through fear, returned in their greater fear of England. The eye of a vigilant Christian detected an approaching squall. On deck, with only a helmsman, the English crew asleep below, Thomas noticed with alarm that the Turks had surrounded his captain.

"Their countenances began to look very sourly. A great weight fell upon me. How if they should lay hold upon the master and heave him overboard, they being ten strong men, and he a small man. My weight increasing, I started up and stamped my foot." With a rush the English sailors responded, seizing workmen's tools as they ran, for Thomas had cautiously sequestered the Turkish weapons. "So when I heard them threaten the master I said, 'Let us have them down; we have given them too much liberty.' But turning to our men, 'Lay down the crow and axe, and every man of you what you have provided to hurt them; they are Turks and we are Englishmen; let it not be said we are afraid of them. I will lay hold of the captain.' So I laid hold of him and said he must go down, which he did very quietly and all the rest followed him."

Having so easily persuaded the pirates, Thomas now faced a new perplexity presented by his unpersuadable

conscience. There was no blinking the fact that the terror of the Turks was not unreasonable; they had the same good grounds for dreading England that the English had for dreading Algiers. Capture in either case meant slavery; loving enemies had no vogue either with heathen or Christian. Nor was Thomas unmindful of his responsibility for the safety of his English crew, and the consciences of those sturdy seamen were untroubled by anxiety for the welfare of Turks. They were hard sayings, those commands laid on Christians, but for Thomas Lurting there could be no half-way allegiance; he would be "clear" only when he had set the Turks down within sight of home and safety; so the vessel was ordered right about.

"Some of his men grumbled and said he had more care for the Turks than for them, to which his answer was that they were strangers and he must treat them well. . . . The mate saw well that, as he who had begun this business, it would be his lot to bring it to an end."

His surmise was correct; and, though his men grumbled, they fell in behind his quixotic plan, for although to them his ideas seemed rather wild, it was his courage and sagacity which had rescued them from Algeria and slavery. As they neared the perilous pirate coast, Thomas's perplexities increased; he loved his enemies but was not unmindful of their limitations. If he gave them a boat, they might easily return with reinforcements and overpower the English. On the other hand, landing ten able-bodied Turks in a small boat manned by a few unarmed sailors excited no enthusiasm in his men.

Thomas proposed to the captain to give him a small boat, and, with three volunteers to accompany him, he hoped to make a permanent parting with their guests. "The Master, relying perhaps on his mate's conduct, consented to the proposal, though not without some tears dropped on both sides. Yet the mate taking courage said to the master, 'I believe the Lord will preserve me, for I have nothing but good will in venturing my life, and I have not the least fear, but trust that all will do well.'"

Thomas now called for volunteers; of the three who responded one thought better of it. "Then I went to another and said to him, 'Thou and I have been good friends. Wilt thou venture to go with me?' He answered, "Yes, if the Master will give me leave.'" The volunteers were much disturbed by the looks of their charges, and suggested that the Turks be bound, but the projects of Thomas were always well reasoned out. He had considered the possibility of a parting from the Turks so sudden that they would make the home stretch by swimming, and for this he desired to leave them free.

"I answered I was not afraid, and to bind them would but exasperate them. Now they are quiet let us keep them so. Come, let us hoist out the boat." Cheering on his uneasy helpers, Thomas adroitly packed his Turks in layers. Their captain was the strong man of the party; him he placed in the stern of the boat, with another in his lap to hold him in place. The others were disposed of in like manner, an insurance against too much liberty of action; the weapons went in the bow, out of reach of the strong man. "And when our men saw how I had placed them, they were willing to go without binding them."

It was then agreed to by all that, in case of resistance, no violence should be offered to the Turks until Thomas signified he could do no more, in which case every man might defend himself according to his own light. Then the eccentric boatload shoved off, five Turks securely holding down the other five; three Englishmen and a boy, armed with a carpenter's adze, a cooper's heading knife, an axe and a boat hook; the weapons of the Turk securely tied for delivery to the owners, Thomas "not being willing to keep anything of theirs."

Thomas's companions were very jumpy: "Every rock they made out to be a boat," and nearing the shore they cried out, "'Lord have mercy on us, there are Turks in the bushes.' They speaking so positively it seized me that I was possessed with fear. And as soon as the Turks saw that I was afraid, they all rose in the boat at once. This was one of the greatest straits that ever I was put to—not for fear of the Turks in the boat, but for fear of our men killing them, for I would not have killed a Turk or caused one to be killed for the whole world."

As his men hastily jumped to the conclusion that Thomas could do no more, he gave orders to take up such arms as they had. "Then I said to them, 'I would have you be as good as your word, for you promised you would do nothing till I said I could do no more; now I desire you to keep to that.'"

Then "seeing there were no men in the bushes, he thought that, 'It were better to strike a man than to cleave a man's head.'" With this reflection "all fear was taken away, and life arose and courage increased again. I struck the captain a smart blow and bid him sit down, which he did instantly and so did the rest, without more blows.

"Then I stepped forward and said to our men, 'Now you see what it is to be afraid; what shall we do now?'"

Thoroughly unnerved, his men were for putting back to the ship. "'Not so,' said I, 'God willing I will put them on shore, for if we carry them on board there will be nothing but rising. For if it were my own case, I would rise ten times, and so will they.'"

So the crazy little craft put in within wading of the land, and unloaded its inflammable freight into the cool water. "With signs of great kindness they took leave of us and jumped out not very wet. Then we put our boat close in and gave them about a hundred of bread and some other things, and hove all their arms ashore to them. (They were not above four miles from two towns, and forty from Algiers.) They would gladly have had us gone with them, telling us there was wine and many other things, and as far as it concerned myself I could have gone with them. So we parted in love and stayed till they had all gone up the hill."

Thomas had given his conscience a loose rein; Providence had favored him with a clear track; the goal was made. The English crew turned joyfully homeward, devoutly praying that no further "concerns" would exercise the conscience of their intrepid mate. Rumors of these strange happenings blew into England before them, and "when we were coming up the River Thames, some boats went ahead of us, and King Charles and the Duke of York and many of his Lords being at Greenwich, it was told them there was a Quaker ketch coming up the river, that had been taken by the Turks and had redeemed themselves, but had never a gun. As we got near to Greenwich, the King came down to our ship and asked many questions."

The royal brothers were an unlikely pair to appreciate the Quaker scruples; King Charles had piously plotted the assassination of Cromwell; the Duke of York, when he came to the throne, allowed his queen to increase her pin money by the sale of Quakers and other undesirables. It was natural that they should stress the Quaker folly, rather than the pluck which had brought ship and cargo safely into port.

"You have done like a fool," the King frankly told the Quaker captain, "for you might have had good gain for them." And turning to Thomas, the real culprit, "You should have brought the Turks to me." The man of many conflicts was no more to be intimidated by a king than by a pirate. "I answered that I thought it better for them to be in their own country, at which they all smiled and went away. So I rest in that which can do good for evil, which should be the practice of all true men."

Here the Quaker chronicle drops Thomas; against all odds he had carried the Christian banner to victory, and justified the ways of God to man.

"In the meanwhile," we are told, "the name of Quakers came to be known at Algiers, as a people that might be trusted beyond others." A few years later we learn that "concerning Quakers in Algiers, that were slaves there, they were suffered to go loose through the town; liberty was allowed them to meet for religious worship—a liberty denied them at home; their patrons themselves would sometimes come and see what they did; and finding no images as Papist slaves made use of, but hearing from their slaves that they reverently worshipped the living God, Creator of Heaven and Earth, they said they might freely do so."

The word had been passed along through the bazaars that the Quakers were to be trusted, and they made many converts. These Christian soldier slaves were invading the enemy country with the assistance of the enemy; King Charles's fools scored a great strategic triumph. Thomas Lurting was, after all, a practical idealist.

A Call To Rue Danton

By Philip Prescott Frost

TIME: about 5 P. M. of Wednesday, March 6, 1918. The day was still and warm and clear.

Place: the city of Rheims or, as the French spell it, Reims, pronounced, "R-r-r-rance." Great War.

Girl: none involved.

Don't be frightened. The incident took less than fifteen minutes to happen, from start to finish, and won't take long to tell.

Somebody stuck his head in the door of the "big room" of the candle factory where our ambulance section was in cantonment on la Haubette, on the back side of the city, and yelled,

"Call to rue Danton!"

It caught me betwixt and between, just changing my shoes. That morning I had gone over my car, filling grease cups and oiling and wiping my engine. Then I had been one of four cars on a roll to the rue de Corcelles poste, taking four old gas cases to the Infirmerie Divisionaire. From there I had been sent on a long roll back to the hospital at Gueux, which had made me late to lunch, and after lunch I had had a shave and clean-up with hot water from my radiator. This took nerve, because every time I had washed my face lately I had promptly gotten into trouble. I "drew fire." Orderlies were getting to be afraid to ride with me, and I was a little afraid to ride with myself—at least, with a clean face. I had gone in and was changing my shoes when three cars went out at once for Pomery's, putting me on call, and the next minute they were bawling, "rue Danton!"

It was still a tradition in our section, left over from Field Service days, to get out on a call like a fire department starting for a fire. Later, when we were better disciplined, we took our time about it—but never mind about that. Also, when I heard the name of that poste secours out on the front edge of the city next the lines, I had a very positive hunch that the quicker I got there and got back the better it would be for yours very sincerely. Shoes and putts are slow business, but my rubber boots stood beside my cot. I stamped into the boots, slammed my French helmet on my head, grabbed overcoat and gauntlets, and ran for it. My orderly beat me out the door by exactly the time it had taken me to get into the boots. He ran for the bureau for our order, and I ran for the park for my car.

The engine hit on the first turn, being also somewhat in the Volunteer stage of its service, and we came out roaring. At the gate of the candle factory I slowed just enough for the orderly to flip on with the papers, swept around in a big curve and let her out down the hill for the viaduct under the railway two blocks away, well opened up. Our course took us straight in to near the center of the city, perhaps a mile, then off to the left, parallel with the lines for about a mile more, over the railway by the passenger station and down the Avenue de Laon, to rue Danton, thence straight in toward the lines on Danton to the poste. I kept her moving.

As I made the right turn from Laon into Danton I was pained to observe that its erstwhile unblemished pavement had broken out in an eruption of good-sized shell holes, since I last saw it. There were not enough to impede traffic seriously, but they spoiled the effect. The long canyon of Danton with its smooth granite block pavement between unbroken lines of high building fronts had always seemed to me rather snug and safe. Now, with these shell holes, it felt more like a trap. But we went down through without incident to the end where the corner building was smeared at the Place Luton, and Danton bore off right, and so we came to the corner store with sand-bagged front which housed the poste secours, on the right side of Danton.

I turned my ambulance to have it headed back, and left the engine running. Everything was quiet, but I felt no confidence. I hungered to make my call short and my get-away quick. Leaving the orderly to open up the back of the ambulance I hurried in for my load.

Two sad birds full of mustard gas sat slumped on a bench. I had so consistently broken the speed laws of Peace on the way out that their papers weren't ready for me. When these were signed and in my pocket the poilus themselves were apathetic and slow. I carried most of their luggage out to the car, hustling them along all I could. They were slow about getting in. I shoved them in. If I couldn't seem to communicate any of my alarm to the war-weary Frenchmen's minds, a good strong shove did at least move their bodies. While we were at it the Sabbath quiet was broken by the whistle of a shell, which came down just over in behind the buildings across the street, with a great bang. The Frenchmen were not interested, but I was! Something told me that there was another right behind it!

I slammed up the tail-board. When the orderly fumbled the curtain fastening on his side I pushed him away and pinned it myself, then tore around the car and slid in on the seat. He didn't come. I yelled to him to come on. But he didn't come. I raced the engine and called. Still he didn't come. The brancardier was trying to tell him something in excellent French, and he was trying to understand in United States English. The war hardly seemed likely to last long enough for them to arrive at an understanding under the circumstances. I started.

The men told off as orderlies were usually new men who had not as yet gotten their cars. They went along to help the driver in such ways as they could, and to take the car if the driver was disabled. Meantime they would be learning the game. I wouldn't have it assumed for a minute that my orderly of that day wasn't as brave a man as they make about going under fire. He was. We had been through a little hell together eleven days before, and I know. But he was unlucky in having one of those minds which, instead of concentrating and working faster and with greater precision in an emergency, seem to go to pieces. He seemed to stop thinking. He got rattled. Such a mind may be very good indeed, too, when it isn't stampeded. And no amount of taking thought in advance, or of resolute determination not to do it again, will help at all if you happen to be made that way. You're just lucky if you aren't, and unlucky if you are, that's all. He was no fonder of the neighborhood than I was, and when the car began to move he came climbing on. Then the brancardier came running alongside calling to me.

"A la Infirmerie Divisionaire!"

I volleyed "wee-wees" at him as I jumped her into high. It was where I was going to take them anyhow! We pulled over to the right and skirted the barbed wire, with which most of the street there was planted, at a fast pace. I sent her

My dear Mr. McClure:

"A Call to Rue Danton" is a rather carefully true account of one incident in my own war experience.

Yes, this really happened in Reims, that day, in every detail, exactly as I have told it, my memory being backed up by a rather full entry in my diary. It's autobiography, history, not fiction. I could give you the name of my orderly—he'd remember the incident all right.

My memory of the elapsed time of the roll is twelve minutes, but in my diary I said "about fifteen minutes" and shaded accordingly. Under fire one thinks very fast and one's watch seems to stand still. It is tense, but usually not emotional until it's over.

not very gently through the bumps at the next corner, jumped her into high again, and we began to roll. Ordinarily I would have slowed for the bend in rue Danton at the Place Luton. It was a blind corner, and to take it fast was to court a head-on collision with a possible car coming the other way. But that day I was panicky, filled with my irrational hunch that rue Danton was all *pas bon,* and that I must get out of it as soon as possible, and for the first time in my months in Reims I rushed that bend. The top-heavy Field Service ambulance rolled on its springs as we swept around into the long, empty straight-away toward the Avenue de Laon. We were no more than well clear of the street intersection when, with a tremendous whoop and crash, a big high explosive shell came down right behind us!

From the moment I had heard that "Call to rue Danton!" I had been filled with forebodings and trepidation and scare. The instant that shell broke I was cool. I thought fast, and I began putting two and two together. The first shell over behind the buildings and the shell in the Place Luton would line up exactly with that part of rue Danton we were now entered upon. A spotter in a German saucisse or captive balloon had this part of the street in line, had seen us come up, knew that we would have to go back the same way, and wanted a little practice at a moving target. The first shell had been a ranging shot. Probably he had been able to see us pull away from the poste, before we passed out of sight behind the buildings on his side of the street, and had nicely timed the second shot to catch us at Luton. My panic and hurry after leaving the poste had just carried us clear. Now he would have us in full view all the way to Laon, and we would have to run the gauntlet of his fire.

All this may seem like a rather elaborate hypothesis to build in a second on the mere coincidence of two shells. Yet in the event it proved to be correct, and it was probably fortunate that I grasped the situation as soon as I did. I realized at once that our only chance lay in our speed. Mere speed wouldn't do it of course—he had only to lengthen his range a very little to overcome it. It had to be a speed that would upset his range calculations. I considered speeding and slowing, but that would give him more time, and probably more chances at us, and it would certainly mean shells in front. I had already found that volcanic eruptions right in my path were trying to negotiate. I decided to bet my life on a continuous acceleration a little more rapid than, and more sustained than, he would figure on. I decided on this partly because I had an engine of rather exceptional pulling power for one of our machines, also because six days before I had been able to fill up with "aviation essence" which, although since diluted with ordinary gas, still made her unusually lively. I had been driving the car for nearly five months and knew exactly what she could do, and how to make her do it. Having decided on my game in very short order, I played it.

How did I feel? For the most part I didn't feel. I thought and acted. I was under very great tension, of course, but I was not then aware of it. I felt as I have often felt in a fast game of chess. It was intensely absorbing. I was playing the game to win. I was trying to out-guess and out-play my opponent. I remember I had a very clear mental picture of the German officer in his saucisse directing that fire. Meanwhile I was pulling throttle and spark back notch by notch just as fast as she could take them, but not a bit too soon, building up speed in the shortest possible time. An occasional shell hole gave me work to do in steering, and as the speed steadily increased I had to figure farther and farther ahead to ease my curves in avoiding them. So we raced on and on, on and on, and nothing happened. I began to grow surprised at the length of time that they were taking to load.

This was not reassuring, however. The longer they took to load the bigger the gun would be, and the bigger the shell, and the greater the concussion when it did come. It did not once occur to me to doubt the correctness of my hypothesis, to suspect that there might be no shell coming. I was absolutely sure. As the time lengthened the suspense became more and more trying. Less than two weeks before I had been stunned clean out at the steering wheel

by the burst of a big shell alongside. As I was playing the game I expected the shell to be close; I only hoped to leave it behind. And it isn't a nice thing to think of a loaded ambulance running wild down a shell-smashed street with an unconscious driver at the wheel. The shell holes were thickening up ahead; steering was growing to be a rather hair-trigger business at the rate we were going; but I didn't dare slacken or even cease to increase my speed. The suspense was becoming torture when I caught the whoop of the falling shell. I curled over the wheel, gripping it tighter and setting my teeth in desperate determination not to be put out even for an instant, no matter how close the burst might be.

There was a tremendous crash—but behind! It seemed to me in thinking it over afterward that I felt the ambulance lifted ahead a little by the blast of it. Right upon the burst of the shell my ear caught a sound that I interpreted as the crashing of paving blocks on the shuttered building fronts. My feeling was that I had barely jerked my tail-board from under the point of the thing as it came down. A wave of exultation and relief went over me. I'd fooled him again! And now I had him "timed." We were almost half way, and at the rate we were going the next shell wouldn't be due until we were right on the intersection of Danton and Laon!

But now I had my hands full with my steering. We were going abominably for such a place. I had to figure my road nearly a hundred yards ahead, and it was close work at that. I grazed shell holes now on the right and now on the left, and she rolled and rocked with the curves I had to make. I was prepared to slack up a little if I had to, but I didn't have to. There was always a way, and I held her to it. I wondered how we were ever going to make the turn into Laon at such a pace, but I left that until I should get there. I was worried for fear shell holes might prevent my hugging the right curb of Danton for the big left swing. Then we were rushing in toward Laon, and the shell holes thinned out and I could take the curb all right. The instant came and I pulled over for the left curb corner to make the turn, still wide open. I wanted to be off the line of Danton when the shell got there!

I remember leaning over the side of the ambulance to watch my front wheel, and graze the curb corner close. As we shot by I struck up the throttle. The shell hadn't come, and we were out of the line of Danton! I looked up—and an interesting store front on the other side of Laon awaited us!

The Avenue de Laon was wide, with double street car tracks down the center, but it wasn't wide enough. I was morally sure that we couldn't make that turn when we began it, but—we simply had to do it. Now I knew we couldn't.

I had read, of course, of the way racing drivers skid a turn, but I had never had the nerve to try it. I never have since. But just then it wasn't a case of nerve. I had to. It was more instinct than reason that snapped the wheel sharp left, and as she came around in a grinding, scuffling skid, hard right again to keep her from going end for end. The pavement was granite block. I had steel studs on the back wheels, non-skids in front. We went across the whole width of Laon broadside. I expected the street car rails to trip us up, but we went over all four. As we slid down the crown of the street on the farther side we were pretty well slowed up, but by no means stopped. Past my orderly I saw the curb coming at me, and realized that it would probably crush the wheels on that side if we struck.

We were pointed straight up the Avenue de Laon, just where we wanted to go. The engine would pull to the last turn. We would be no worse off to try it. I struck up the spark to starting position and gave her six notches of gas—and the steel studs bit!

As long as she was sliding there had been very little tendency to overturn. When the wheels took hold and the skid stopped she rolled far over, creaking, and hung for a moment. I thought she was going. I was leaning as far as I could on the upper side. My orderly's shoulder pressed my hip. Then she righted, and, as I heard the "chuck—chuck—chuck—chuck-chuck" of the motor picking her up in high, I caught also the long drawn whoop of an incoming shell. Off down in Danton, just beyond Laon, about where we would

have been if we hadn't turned, there was a great BANG. We'd fooled him a third time! I imagine he had released his shell before we shot out of his sight off Danton.

I turned gleefully to exclaim, "There she goes!" and was recalled to business by having the car perversely try to climb the curb. I had forgotten to straighten her out! We both laughed at my slip the moment the danger was over. The laugh wasn't good for me.

For two weeks I had been fighting to keep my nerve. I began now to realize the stake in the game I had just been playing—four lives, one of them my own, and a valuable piece of war equipment. I tried not to remember, and did remember, what the wreck of Whiton's car had looked like five days before when it was towed in from Pomery's after a square hit by a 75 gas shell. The spotter had been good at his job. It struck me that the same spotter would have us in view again for four or five hundred yards over past the railway station, and I became possessed by the notion that I must get there before he could turn his gun. I recognized that racing under fire was a symptom of lost nerve, and began to distrust my cool work on rue Danton even while I began what I knew to be a panic runaway. I couldn't help it.

"I'm sorry if I seem to act as if I was scared," I said shakily to my orderly, "but the fact is I *am* scared."

"So'm I!" he said laconically. So we raced on in silence toward the center of the city, faster and faster.

That I was thoroughly rattled is shown by the fact that I forgot all about the trench. Just as one started to go up over the railway there was a narrow trench, perhaps eighteen inches wide, quite deep, the full width of the Avenue de Laon from curb to curb. The spoil had been taken away; it was a mere slit in the paving. Only the street car rails bridged it, and we crossed it by tracking across on the rails. One could not run straight on through Laon on the rails, however, as in several places the rails had been hit by shells and broken, with jagged ends sticking up. The avenue was rather badly salted with gas shell *eclat*, which will cut tires like a knife, and in dodging the *eclat* I had worked well down to the right side of the street when, not more than a hundred feet ahead of me, I saw the trench!

We were traveling. There was no chance of stopping or of getting over onto the rails. There was nothing for it but hit it. I steadied her, and we *hit* it. The bang-bang of the front and rear wheels striking the opposite edge came almost as one blow. There was a heavy jar, but no bounce, and, incredulous, I was sailing up over the railway without so much as a leaf of one of the springs broken! We flew on out over the square beyond, past the fountain, past the Roman arch, and swept down into the Boulevard de la Republique along the park, where we were somewhat sheltered from view from the lines. I carried her well open to within nearly a block of the canal, then pulled her down. We turned along the canal, turned across the rue de Vesle bridge, jogged down the rue de Paris and through the Porte de Paris, and threaded our way into the hospital in the rear of a church in more civilized and sober fashion.

I killed the engine to save essence, and we opened up the ambulance. My two gas cases got out—hurriedly. They came as if the floor burned their feet. Their ride seemed to have acted on them like a tonic. But in appearance they had aged considerably since I saw them last. They were several shades whiter than when I closed the curtain on them at rue Danton, and their eyes protruded as I have seen the eyes of a mouse do in a trap. I am afraid I had scared them! I would like to think that it was the shells, but knowing the blasé indifference of the poilu for high explosives as I do, I'm afraid it was my driving. They got away from the ambulance hastily, and then stared at it, and at me, and back at the ambulance again. When a hospital orderly came out for them, and they had volleyed some French into him, he also stood and stared, at me, at the ambulance, and back at me again, as if words failed him. The thing grew awkward. I handed over the men's papers and asked if that was all and he said it was. We closed up the back and cranked up and rolled, leaving them still staring after us as we pulled out.

Back up on la Haubette I noted what

I had carried, and where to, on my order, after parking the car, left my overcoat and tin hat in the big room, and clumped around to the bureau to report. All our officers and non-coms were sitting about a big table, so I tossed the order down on the table and made my report.

"Two, assis, to the Infirmerie Divisionaire."

"By the way, Frost." The American lieutenant looked up absently. "There's a call for you to rue Danton."

"What—*another?*" The thing struck me almost like a sentence of death. There was a blank moment, every one staring at me uncomprehendingly. The French lieutenant was the first to wake up. He leaned forward.

"You have already been there and returned?"

"Yes, sir"—pointing at the notation on my order—"Two, assis, to the Infirmerie Divisionaire."

He seized the order and looked at it, pulled out his watch and looked at that, and then struck an attitude. He gave us a dramatic pause. He grew impressive. He looked around.

"It is just fourteen minutes since this order was made out!"

When a call came in on the telephone a non-com ran to call the driver and his orderly while their order was being made out, and it was usually ready by the time the orderly could get to the bureau for it. The hour and minute of the call was noted on it. I suppose somebody may have had time to be reminded of a story in those fourteen minutes.

The crowd turned and stared at me in silence. The ambulance gotten out; something like five miles of driving; two stops, to load and discharge; job done, car parked, and reporting! They knew something about the road. A man could easily waste five or ten minutes at a stop.

Their silence made me very uncomfortable. I had been spoken to about speeding. I was getting a reputation for fast driving which seemed to me highly unjust. I never had an accident. The trouble car never had been out for me. I always came in under my own power, on time or a little ahead, hitting on all four, while some of the fellows were always stacking their cars up, piling up in shell holes, sideswiping camions, and coming in on the end of a tow rope. But fourteen minutes certainly did look a little as if I'd been racing!

"Well," I said apologetically, "there were shells coming in out on rue Danton, so I didn't hang around."

"Quite right!" said the French lieutenant. "Never take any unnecessary chances!" They all agreed heartily. You see they all had the right idea. Never take any unnecessary chances. Officers like to make wise cracks like that.

I clumped back to the big room, and went on and finished changing my shoes, and was in plenty of time for dinner. My nerves were all in a twitter again, and I was too much ashamed to talk. The orderly must have, though, for the next morning the American lieutenant called me again for fast driving.

TO A TOWN GIRL

From the Mountainy Singer

Violet mystery,
Ringleted gold,
Whiteness of whiteness,
Wherefore so cold?

Silent you sit there—
Spirit and mould—
Darkening the dream
That must never be told!

—*Seosamh MacCathmhaoil*

THE DUCKING OF HERBERT POLTON

By SAPPER

OF course it's the old, old story—two men and a woman. But it ended so wonderfully right; it might almost have been the conventional happy ending of the stage. And not only did it end right for the two principal characters, but a whole host of supers who don't even appear in the plot regarded the affair with a sort of dazed, hysterical joy. Decorous city magnates departed from their usual abstemious habits, and consumed champagne for luncheon when they heard of it; in fact if young Bill Saunderson had asked for a wedding present he would probably have got a check running into five figures subscribed by a large number of people whom he had never heard of in his life. In fact Moyra's Uncle William—— Of Uncle William more anon, however. But Bill was asking for nothing except Moyra Jackson, and when all is said and done he'd have been a greedy blighter if he had. And when it became evident that he was the winner out of a very large field, it was significant that every other competitor, short of winning himself, was pleased. All that is except one, and he was the third principal.

Bill wasn't exactly engaged to Moyra when he went out to British East Africa to make his fortune. In fact the field was open.

"How can I tie her down like that?" he said to me one day at lunch at the club. "I've got four hundred a year and a gratuity of two thousand quid. It's impossible. Squash-face, it wouldn't be fair to her."

(As this story is strictly true, I must reveal, without prejudice, to unsympathetic strangers, my entirely unjust and uncalled-for nickname.)

"If I invest the two thousand it means another hundred a year," he went on. "I ask you—what is five hundred a year?"

He gloomily excavated the Stilton, and ordered a glass of light port.

I agreed that five hundred a year didn't go far for two people, especially with tastes like theirs. They'd both hunted and Bill liked polo, which he'd been able to afford while he was in the service. And Moyra liked clothes, being an ordinary normal girl even if she was a darling.

"Of course her old governor would put down something, I suppose," he went on after a while. "But I couldn't expect him to stump up more than I can put down myself. A thousand in all, say."

"What does Moyra say about it?" I inquired.

He got a bit red in the face.

"Look here, old man," he said, "I've been talking out of my turn—but I know you so well. I'm pretty certain that if I asked her she'd marry me with things as they are. But I haven't asked her, and I don't want to give you the impression that there's any understanding, or whatever they call it, between her and me. There isn't, and as far as I can see"—he relapsed into gloom—"there ain't likely to be. I'm beginning to think I was a fool to chuck the army, except that it was a dead end for me. I wouldn't have got into the Staff College in a hundred years. But I must say, Squash-face, the demand for my services has not caused me to post a policeman at the door to regulate the traffic."

And though I didn't say so I doubted if any such demand was ever likely to be made on that excellent body of men as far as Bill was concerned. He was just like hundreds of others—a clean-living sportsman without a trade. And there's no money in being a clean-living sportsman. To ride straight at your fences, possess more than your fair ability with a gun, and be next door to first-class at all games with a ball is an excellent state of affairs; but from the financial point of view an ability to draw

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a picture of a good mixed-grill on the pavement wins in a canter.

The trouble was that he had no technical knowledge. A fairly senior subaltern when war broke out, he had finished up in command of a battalion with three gold stripes and various bits of ribbon to his credit. And technical knowledge which is of marketable value is not acquired in such a career. In fact it was a thousand pities that he had chucked the service, where, with his private means, he could have gone on living the life that suited him in comparative comfort.

However, like many others during that period of false values which reached its climax in the summer of 1919, Bill Saunderson chucked in his hand. It was perfectly true that, had he remained on, it would have entailed his reversion to company commander for an indefinite period; it was perfectly true that seventy per cent of his pals were dead. But it was the reaction principally that did it; that, and the prevalent and completely erroneous impression that it was easy to get a job. Any old thing, you know—— Organizing—— A perfect whale at organization——

Heavens! the number of fellows who think they can organize—— And old Bill was one of the worst. He had no more idea of organization than I have of trimming a hat. Less—far less.

I said so to Moyra Jackson one day. The conversation had turned on Bill, as it frequently did if she and I were alone.

"Surely, Squash-face," she said a little wistfully, "there must be some market for a man like him. When you see the awful horrors you do see earning huge salaries, it seems ridiculous that Bill can't get a job. He's ever so much nicer than they are. And I know he could run things."

I smiled; I couldn't help it.

"What are you laughing for?" she demanded. "Look at that frightful ass, Julius Mortimer. All he does is to sit in an office and draw five thousand a year for running a cement works. Why shouldn't Bill?"

"Largely, my child," I murmured, "because Bill knows nothing at all about cement. Are you aware that the frightful Julius has spent twenty-seven years of his life mastering the cement trade and everything connected with it in all its details. You can't start in on a show at the top; you've got to begin at the bottom—as our Julius did. Pushing a truck on little rails. Bill could get a job at that to-morrow, provided he joined a trade-union and promised only to push one truck an hour."

"You're a fool, Squash-face," she announced witheringly.

"Maybe, my dear," I agreed. "But I do know something about business and its ways, and there is no good prophesying good things. Besides, I'm far too fond of you and Bill. There are two ways of getting a job that is worth being called a job to-day: one is by ability and the other by influence. And influence is the method I'd choose if I had the choice."

And then, out of the blue, so to speak, came the scheme in British East Africa. I'd been away on business in Italy, and it was all cut and dried when I returned. As a favor I was let into the secret over a little dinner *á trois* one night.

"We're keeping it dark, Squash-face," said Bill. "No good yapping about these things all over the place. But it's a cinch, old son; a dead snip."

And on paper it certainly seemed to be a very sound proposition. It was coffee, as far as I remember as the main plank, with various side issues, and it held out no wild extravagant promises. Twenty to thirty per cent; perhaps even fifty, depending entirely on the amount of work put in by the owner. Also, of course, a bit of luck; there's bound to be the element of chance in farming. But the great thing was the life. First-class shooting; congenial society of the type who speak the language, as the phrase goes; a wonderful climate. And the name of the company which was running the whole affair was the British East African Combine, Ltd.

It had Bill hooked fast and Moyra, too.

"Think of it, Squash-face," he said. "Away from all these frightful people you hear eating around us; out in a new country with an open-air life. No bally old income-tax to worry one—not that it worries me much as it is, but that's a detail. And if I can get a thousand a year out of the place, why——"

He broke off and stared for a moment or two at Moyra. And she—well, dash it, there had been a time when I had dreamed a wild dream that it might be my luck to bring that look into her eyes. But it was only a dream and has nothing to do with this story——

And so to British East went Bill with a young arsenal of rifles and guns. And as I said before he wasn't exactly engaged to Moyra. I met her a few days after he'd sailed and she came in and lunched with me. She saw, I suppose, that I glanced at her left hand and she smiled a little wistfully.

"I almost threatened to buy one myself and wear it," she said. "But he wouldn't. He insisted that I should be absolutely free until he's made good."

"But you are," I said.

Which is really far more intelligible than it looks in black and white.

It was just as we were finishing lunch that she reverted to him again.

"You think it's all right, Squash-face, don't you?" she said. "It's a good show and all that?"

"As far as I can see it's quite all right," I answered. "Anyway, even if it isn't, the only expense involved is a return ticket."

"But he's had to pay two thousand already," she said. "There was such a rush, you see, to get ground. And there is only a limited amount available."

"The dickens he has," I exclaimed involuntarily. It hadn't struck me before that Bill would put up the money before seeing the place, and it altered the complexion of things very considerably. Of course, it might be all right; on the other hand it most certainly might not. But as it was done there was no good in voicing such fears to Moyra, and I told her that I was sure the scheme was perfectly sound. Even so, a tiny little pucker of anxiety was still remaining on her forehead when the coffee came. That first exclamation of mine had given me away.

"Don't worry, my dear," I repeated as I put her into a taxi. "Old Bill is going to come out on top. I'm off to the States to-morrow for two or three months, and when I come back I'll probably find you packing up to go out and join him."

It was four months to be exact before I returned, and a few days later I went down to spend a week-end with the Jacksons. Moyra herself had driven the car over to the station to meet me, and, our first greetings over, we plunged into the subject of Bill.

"Everything O. K., Squash-face," she said, and I heaved an inward sigh of relief. "He says it's a magnificent climate, and that he's going to make his fortune." Her eyes were very soft and shining. "I wrote him last mail to tell him that whether he likes it or not I am going out to join him."

"Good," I cried, "I'm so glad, Moyra. So you see I was right, though I don't mind telling you that, at the time, I was a bit uneasy. It was parting with his money before he'd seen the ground that frightened me."

We were driving up to the front door as I spoke, and I saw four men playing tennis on the hard court.

"It's a secret, Squash-face," she said as we pulled up, "about my going out to Bill."

"A secret it is," I answered. "Locked in my heart. But just at the moment I was thinking I'd got 'em again. Is that, or is that not Herbert Polton wielding a tennis racket with the utmost inefficiency?"

"That's Mr. Polton. Why?"

"I'd no idea you knew him."

"He's a friend of daddy's," she answered. "Don't you like him?"

"Mother always told me it was rude to criticize one's fellow-guests," I murmured. "But for your ears alone I will tell you my opinion of Mr. Polton. He is without exception the most poisonous human being that this or any other age has ever produced. Otherwise, of course, quite charming."

"I'm glad you like him so much," she answered. "Uncle William seems almost as fond of him as you are. Personally I can't quite see it. What's the matter with the gent?"

"My dear soul," I said, "you dine at eight. It is now six. There is time for a drink, and there is time for a bath, but there is not time to even touch the fringe of what is the matter with Herbert. I *can't* believe he's a friend of your father's."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Not exactly a friend; more a business acquaintance, I think."

And with that the matter dropped,

though, as I dressed for dinner, I couldn't help wondering what had caused Herbert Polton to depart so far from his usual habits as to spend a week-end out of London and play tennis.

He loathed the country and everything connected with it, just as he detested all forms of exercise. There was only one driving force in his life and that was money, and the power that was money, and the power that money confers. To that end he had devoted himself, and at the age of forty he was a millionaire many times over.

He was a small man, thin-lipped and clean-shaven, with a pair of penetrating blue eyes. And his eyes gave the clue to the whole man. They were cold and utterly merciless, even as Herbert Polton was cold and merciless. He fought his financial battles giving no quarter and expecting none. And if in the process of amassing a few more hundred thousand pounds which he couldn't possibly spend, two or three smaller men were ruined, that was their fault not his. The weakest to the wall was his motto, and had been ever since he started in the city at the age of twenty.

"No one showed me any mercy," he had been heard to say. "So why should I show it to others? I fought my way to what I am now, alone and unaided, and now that I'm here I don't propose to alter the rules."

One thing there was about him. He had many irons in the fire; he had interests in every corner of the world; but as far as the letter of the law was concerned he was scrupulously honest. Not that it could be accounted to him for virtue; it was simply rudimentary common sense. Only the fool goes outside the letter of the law, and, however much Herbert Polton offended against the spirit of everything that is right and decent in life, he was not a fool.

But it was not so much his ruthless methods that made him so universally detested; it was the man himself. He had a snarling, sneering way of talking, especially to a man who was down, that would have resulted in murder in more primitive times. In fact there was the case of one of his head clerks who had been with him for ten years. He was a married man with three children, and Polton sacked him for some trifling clerical error. And a week later the dismissed man stabbed him as he left his office. The poor devil got ten years for it, though Polton was hissed in court as he gave his evidence.

Personally I had run across him once or twice on business matters. I had some interests adjoining his in Burma, and a year previously one or two small details had arisen which necessitated some discussion. His agent out there—a man named Condor and a very decent fellow—had been in London, and it was to see him principally that I had been to Polton's palatial office in Trafalgar Square. A sick man was Condor—eaten out with fever. A lot of his work lay in the mangrove swamps, and it was a pestilential climate, he told me.

I found Polton in the hall, sipping a glass of sherry, when I went down, and we nodded to one another and exchanged a few remarks. And it was he who volunteered the information.

"Remember that agent of mine, Condor?" he said. "Got a cable yesterday to say that he was dead."

"I'm sorry about that," I remarked. "He looked ill enough when I saw him in London. Fever, I suppose."

"Yes—fever," he answered indifferently. "Three years is about the longest a white man can do there. Condor lasted four. I suppose you don't know of a good man who wants the job."

"What job? Dying? No, I don't."

Little swine! I could have hit him under the jaw with comfort at that moment. I knew Condor had asked for a change, but it was specialized work which it took some time to pick up. So Polton had turned down the request.

"Do you stay here often?" he asked casually, though his eyes were fixed on me intently.

"Very often when I'm in England," I answered, a little surprized. "Why do you ask?"

"Oh! nothing. I only wondered. With a charming girl like Miss Jackson it's not surprizing."

His face registered what Polton called a smile.

"I'm afraid I fail to follow," I remarked coldly, and even as I spoke a sudden look came into his eyes. It was gone in a moment, but there was no mistaking its significance. Without even turning round I knew Moyra was coming across the hall towards us, and I

also knew something else—the reason for Polton's presence in the house. The reptile was in love with Moyra; I knew it as certainly as if he had spoken his thoughts out loud. How it had started, where he had met her, what had been the beginning of the thing, I didn't know. But the fact remained that Herbert Polton had fallen in love.

I went in to dinner a little thoughtfully. The thing, of course, was absurd. He was sitting next her, and was evidently going out of his way to be pleasant. And Polton being pleasant was not without its humor. The only point I couldn't quite get at was whether Moyra had any idea as to the state of affairs. A woman generally spots that particular ailment in a man on the very first symptom, but then Polton was hardly a man. He was an atrophied calculating machine.

I understood now the reason for his remarks to me before dinner. Evidently he'd been trying to pump me about Moyra, and I smiled inwardly. There was one thing at any rate in which ruthless business efficiency availed nothing, and that was in the matter of love. Bill, with his paltry two thousand, won in a canter there. And when we sat down to play bridge afterwards, the thought of the jolt awaiting Herbert, if and when he laid his vast fortune and his unpleasing personality at Moyra's feet, was as balm to my soul.

And now for a moment it becomes necessary to digress. The digression is only apparent; in reality it has a close bearing on what is to follow. But I must mention briefly the unfortunate contretemps that took place that night over the card-table.

Fate—in the shape of cutting—decreed that Mr. Jackson and I played against Polton and Uncle William, whom I will now introduce. Uncle William was and is a bachelor, with, I regret to state, a penchant for vintage port. And that night at dinner he had consumed four glasses. He was an Anglo-Indian of fiery temperament and considerable wealth, and he suffered from one great delusion. He thought he was a first-class bridge player.

Now, he wasn't. Honesty compels me to state that at his brightest and best he was distinctly C.3. And after four glasses of the old and bold he was about Z.26. But the delusion remained.

On the contrary, Herbert Polton was first-class. He combined a wonderful memory and a clear brain with an almost uncanny card sense. In fact he was as good a player as any one is ever likely to meet.

The trouble occurred in the third hand that was played. Polton was dummy and Uncle William had gone four no trumps, which I had doubled. And Uncle William got the lead in the wrong hand and went down three when he ought to have made his contract.

I will not linger over the subsequent scene. There are men with whom it is a pleasure to play cards, and there are others. Herbert Polton was one of the others. It was not, as he pointed out after a few preliminary remarks, that he objected to the loss of money, but that he considered that there should be some standard of proficiency which must be attained before people were allowed to play. To which Uncle William replied that if the same idea was extended to lawn tennis and manners he would be the first to agree with it. And with that the subject dropped—save in Uncle William's mind. It lingered there until in the fulness of time——But of that in its proper place.

It was about a month later that Bill walked into my rooms, and threw himself into a chair. I was so surprised that for a moment or two I stared at him without speaking, and then I realized that things were wrong. His eyes were tired, and there were lines on his face that had never been there before.

"I suppose you know a good many fools, Squash-face," he said at length. "Well, I'm the king of that castle."

"What's up, old man?" I asked, pushing over the cigarets.

"Merely that the British East African Combine Ltd. is the most almighty swindle," he answered wearily.

"But Moyra told me you were making your fortune."

He laughed a little bitterly.

"There was no good making her unhappy. It was a lie, of course; though when I wrote that letter I had something else in my mind which might have turned up trumps. It didn't, and that's that. And then she wrote and told me she was going to come out and join me. That's why I've come back—to stop her.

By heavens, old man," he burst out savagely, "it's a foul ramp, that scheme. I've lost my two thousand, but there were one or two others——"

He broke off and drummed with his fingers on the table.

"There was a boy there—quite a youngster. Married—and his wife was with him. Lost every penny. Nice boy, too, but not the stuff to stand that. Got on the drink, and blew out her brains and then his own."

"Can't you run them in, Bill?" I asked after a moment.

"I don't know. Perhaps. But it's diabolically clever, Squash-face—that agreement of theirs. Everything they said in it is right up to a point. And that's where the crux comes in. It's a question of degree. All they have done is to unload—I won't say worthless ground, but next door to it—on fellows at about a thousand per cent over its proper price. Everything was to depend on the amount of work put in by the buyer. Naturally. The same may be said of any farming prospect. And if I'd bought that ground for say two hundred pounds, which is about what it was worth, and been able to put the remaining eighteen hundred into improvement and irrigation and that sort of thing, it might have proved a reasonable show. But there's no law against selling a thing at an inflated price, if you can get fools to buy."

We went into it that morning from all angles, and at length I had to agree with him. It was just one of those rotten swindles, which legally are not swindles. The ground sold conformed to what was claimed for it, and if people were prepared to pay ten times more than it was worth it was their worry.

"You haven't seen Moyra yet?" I asked him.

Bill stared out of the window with his back to me.

"No. I only landed this morning. Squash-face, I'm going to ask you to do something for me. Things"—he hesitated a moment—"things were pretty well fixed up, you'll understand. And, of course, this has altered everything. Well, I've been figuring it out on the way home. It's not fair to keep her hanging around while I go on qualifying for a mental home. So I'm just going to fade away out of the country. Canada—or somewhere. And I want you to tell her how things stand. Make her see it, old man; make her understand that it's not—it's not—— Oh! hang it—you understand."

"I understand perfectly, Bill," I answered. "When are you going?"

"As soon as I can. I'm going round to interview the British East African Combine Ltd. this afternoon, and after that the sooner I'm out of London the better."

"Right," I said. "Dine with me tonight anyway: Savoy grill."

He nodded, and picked up his hat.

"You'll make it clear to her, won't you, old son?"

"Confound you, Bill—of course I will. You darned quixotic idiot. Now, for the love of Mike clear out. I've got work to do."

And it was work, too. What on earth was wrong with the telephone system that day I don't know. But it took me the best part of an hour to get through to Moyra, and then she could hardly hear what I said.

"Savoy grill," I bellowed. "Stop with Aunt Jane. Eight o'clock."

"But how is Bill?" she said for the twentieth time.

"Wait and see," I retorted brilliantly.

And I'd replaced the receiver before she had a chance to be rude.

He halted a bit in his tracks, did Bill, when he saw Moyra with me that evening. And Moyra made a little sound in her throat that was half a sigh and half a sob, though she was pleased to be severely aloof when he came up.

"You old blighter, Squash-face," he said, and his voice shook a bit. "Moyra—my dear——"

"Look here, young fellah," she said, "you're for it. What in the name of fortune do you mean by sneaking into England and trying to sneak out again without letting me know? And if the good-looking man on my right had not had the sense to telephone me you might have succeeded."

"But don't you see, my dear," he said helplessly, "it's put the lid on the whole show."

And quite suddenly she dropped her bantering tone.

"Dear boy," she said very low. "Dear, dear boy. Do you really think that it's made any difference at all?"

"At this juncture," I murmured, utilizing to the full that tact which has made me famous throughout three continents, "I will go and ascertain if the oysters are prepared for the sacrifice."

"Ass," said Bill, but ten minutes later when I returned it struck me that the difference was certainly not large.

Once again we went over it all. He'd been down to see the people in the office, but he'd got very little change out of them. They were merely the agents, and if he chose to take legal proceedings—well, they'd regret it but there was nothing to prevent him. Of course he would have to prove that there was a definite misstatement of fact, and the law was an expensive amusement.

"An oily little swine of a Jew bird, Squash-face," he said, and he smiled happily. "With a lisp, you know. I pulled him out of his chair, and I slogged him over the head with a Post Office directory. And then I said to him that I was merely an agent, but that if he chose to take legal proceedings for assault and battery there was nothing to prevent him. I felt better after that."

And then his face became weary again, and he stared at Moyra a bit hopelessly.

"Lordy! Lordy—what a fool I've been," he said for the tenth time.

But for the moment she seemed to be engrossed in thought.

"Give me a cigarette, Bill," she said at length. "I'm hatching out an idea. I'm not going to tell you what it is——" She broke off abruptly. "Look here, you two, let's lunch here to-morrow and I'll tell you if the old egg is good or bad."

And not another word would she say, though later on Bill, when he took her back to Aunt Jane, tried to get it out of her.

"I'll tell you to-morrow, Bill," was all she answered, and with that he had to be content.

"What can the dear kid do?" he asked me pessimistically as we waited for her the next day. "She doesn't understand; she—— Good Lord, old man, she's pulled something off! Look at her face."

Sure enough the news was good. Moyra was coming towards us smiling triumphantly.

"Is fifteen hundred a year and first-class prospects any good, my lad? For that's what this child has got for you."

"It is true," murmured Bill, "that yonder man looks like a bad dream, but I have an idea that I'm awake. Elucidate your statement, my angel."

I think I had a premonition of what was coming; she'd been to Herbert Polton. And as she went over the interview and told us what had happened, I listened half mechanically. Bill was getting keener and keener as she talked; the weariness had left his face.

"It's in Burma, Bill," she said. "The manager out there has just died. Fifteen hundred a year to start with, and he wants to see you this afternoon. And Squash-face said he was a sweep——" She turned on me with scorn.

She went on talking, and a feeling of helplessness came over me.

"What job? Dying?"

My remark to Polton came back to me, but what could I do? As clearly as if it was written in a book I saw the whole scheme, but of proof I had none. Polton, realizing Bill was his rival, had adopted the simple expedient of offering him a job at the other end of the earth to get rid of him. The fact that by so doing he earned the gratitude of Moyra and ran a good chance of killing Bill was entirely typical of Herbert Polton. But the utter futility of saying so to them was apparent. You don't deter a virile man from accepting a good job because the locality is unhealthy; you don't tell your best friend that you are convinced that the only reason he's got a job is that the man who has given it to him is in love with his girl and wants him out of the way. At least not without proof, and my proof consisted of a fleeting look on Polton's face.

"You've got some ground out there haven't you, Squash-face?"

Bill was speaking, and I came out of my reverie.

"I have," I answered. And suddenly an idea came to me. "I'll come round and see Polton with you this afternoon, Bill. I know him."

"Splendid," said Bill. "I wish you would."

And so, half an hour later we strolled along the Strand towards Polton's office. Moyra was doing a matinee, and we had

arranged to foregather for tea at Rumpelmayers.

"Look here, Bill," I said, "I want you particularly to remember one thing. Tell Polton that you propose to marry Moyra and take her out with you."

He looked at me doubtfully.

"But what about the climate?"

"Never mind the climate. You tell Polton that. I have a reason."

"You're dashed mysterious about this business, old man," he said a little irritably. "It seems to me a wonderfully good job, and a very sporting chance on the part of this man Polton, considering he's never seen me."

I took a chance.

"He's seen Moyra," I said.

Bill turned white.

"What the devil do you mean?" he said quietly.

"Exactly what I say," I answered. "Tell him what I told you."

To say that Herbert Polton was pleased to see me would be to exaggerate. I introduced Bill, and for a few minutes they discussed the job. Bill was staring at him pretty closely as they talked, and, knowing Polton as I did, I could see he wasn't quite at his ease.

"Of course, it's not a healthy locality," he said.

"Three years I think you gave it for any ordinary man," I remarked.

Polton shrugged his shoulders.

"Saunderson looks pretty well salted," he said. "Of course if you don't care about the job—don't take it. I'm merely doing it to oblige Miss Jackson."

"Who will come out there with me," put in Bill quietly.

Polton started perceptibly.

"Impossible," he said decisively. "The climate is out of the question for a white woman. You would have no right whatever to take her out there. In fact, as a friend of her father's, I should feel compelled to withdraw my offer unless you give me your word of honor that you won't do anything of the sort."

"The climate is quite all right for six months of the year," I remarked. "And for the remaining six, with the munificent salary you offer, Mr. Polton, I've no doubt Saunderson will be able to make satisfactory arrangements for his wife's health."

I think it was then that Polton realized that I, at any rate, had guessed his game.

"May I ask if it is you who are engaging Saunderson, or I?" he asked venomously.

"And may I ask," I said "why having offered a job to a completely unknown man—a thing you've never done before in your life—you should be so concerned about his domestic affairs?"

The gloves were off, and no one knew it better than Bill.

"Have you ever read the story of Uriah the Hittite, Mr. Polton?" I said.

"Get out of my office," he snarled.

"You swab," said Bill slowly. "You beastly swab." He reached across the desk, as if he was going to hit Polton, and in doing so knocked over a pile of papers. And then he stood very still, staring at a book which had been hidden under the documents.

"Get out of my office—both of you," gibbered Polton, almost inarticulate with rage. "Or I'll send for the police."

"What have you to do with the British East African Combine?" said Bill in a terrible voice.

"Get out of my office," shouted Polton, and then Bill's great hands came down on him and he squealed like a cornered rat.

"You reptile," said Bill. "Now I remember. A boy who blew out his wife's brains and then his own told me that Polton was the name of the man who had swindled him. Blew out his brains, you little beast; do you hear me?"

"Let me go," screamed Polton, but Bill took no notice.

"I half stunned your wretched agent this morning, Polton," he said thoughtfully, "and I'm wondering what I'll do with you."

And then suddenly he grinned.

"Open the door, Squash-face; and bring my hat."

Half pushing, half carrying, he rushed Herbert Polton down the stairs and across the road. An unholy joy was on Bill's face, and he paid not the slightest attention to the staring bystanders. In fact it was all over so quickly that nobody realized what was

happening. For it can't have been more than half a minute from the time Polton left his office to the moment when, with a resounding splash, he entered the fountain in Trafalgar Square.

"You can run me in if you like, you excrescence," remarked Bill dispassionately at Polton, spluttering horribly, got his head above water. "But if you do I shall tell all I know about your swindling combine."

And then arrived the fullness of time of which I have spoken. What marvelous dispensation of providence had caused Uncle William to select that psychological moment to pass on his way to Whitehall I know not. But it happened.

Full of port and the club's '64 brandy, he surveyed the dripping Polton in a kind of ecstacy. Then he threw him a penny.

"A very creditable performance," he boomed. "Much better than your tennis or your bridge."

He turned to Bill.

"Why, good heavens, it's young Bill Saunderson! I'll bail you out, my boy, if there's any trouble.

But there wasn't. The proceeding was undoubtedly irregular, as two policemen pointed out, but since Herbert Polton darted into a cab and disappeared, they contented themselves with taking Bill's name and address for reference in case of necessity, and dispersing the crowd.

"Magnificent," cried Uncle William. "Sublime. I wouldn't have missed it for ten thousand pounds. Did you come back specially from Africa to do it?"

"More or less," grinned Bill. "The little swine swindled me out of all my money."

"Did he indeed?" said Uncle William. "Then what are you going to do about that niece of mine? Can't marry her without money; must marry her if you've ducked Polton. We couldn't let you out of the family. Come and dine at my club, my boy. Wonderful port. We'll talk things over. To-night, at eight. And tell Moyra to order her trousseau."

He departed booming joyfully towards Whitehall, leaving Bill partially dazed.

"What's he mean, Squash-face?"

"Just what he says, old man," I answered. "And now I think I'll leave you to break the news to Moyra that you have—ah—declined the job, and push off. I shall be very busy this afternoon."

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to see every human being I know in the City and tell 'em what's happened. So long, Bill."

THE GIFT

Part of me is pagan,
Part of me is saint:
Part a blushing maiden,
Dressed so Quaker quaint.

Part of me is wild thing,
Part of me is tame,
Part is high-born genius,
Part a duckling lame.

Part of me is violet,
Modest, sweet, and low,
Part a gaudy sunflower
In noon's brightest glow.

Part of me is spring time,
Part is ardent fall;
But my heart is yours, dear,
All, and all, and all!

Ruth Fargo

THE LAST ROUND-UP

By WILLIAM THOMPSON DANTZ

"I wish to preach to you, not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life, the life of toil and effort, of labor and strife."—*The Strenuous Life.*

HOW the call became circulated, I have not the least idea. There was no summons by mail or wire; but in some mysterious manner the word had gone forth that the President wanted us at his White House offices, on the afternoon of the third of March, the last day of his third year as Chief Executive. There, behind closed doors, wholly escaping the vigilance of the newspaper correspondents, while the White House shook with blare of bands and the swarming together of myriads gathered to honor the next day's inaugural, there was held the most unique and curious meeting ever assembled within those historic walls.

There were cowboys from the Northwest, Rough Riders from Arizona and Texas, bear hunters from Arkansas, moose trackers from Maine, sheriffs, U. S. Marshals from the uttermost mountains and deserts; soldiers, plainsmen, hunters, cowmen—a fantastic medley of men who lived only under the stars, who viewed the world with the far-seeing eyes of those accustomed to long distances, and who were unafraid. There were probably forty in all; the President's nearest and most trusted companions of the cow range, the hunting wilderness, and the war camp-fire; men who were close to him and knew him as their brother.

Some had brought their wives, and all, ladies included, had arrayed themselves in the most gorgeous raiment that could be secured at the Palace Emporiums and Mirrors of Fashion in their various home towns. Waiting in the reception room for Roosevelt to appear, they were the most unhappy crowd I ever saw. Their needle-pointed shoes hurt; their starched shirts chafed; their very clothing shouted out at them in derision. Even the ladies, bronzed and wind-swept, were ill at ease in their corduroy or ready-made coat suits and painfully tight yellow shoes.

Suddenly the door leading to the President's inner or private office opened, and Roosevelt dashed in.

"Hello, Bill! Hi there, Ike! How are you old timers all? By George, it's good to see you again. Bless my soul, here's old Turkey Track! Remember the time we rounded up that fighting she-bear in the Bighorns, Turkey? And here's my old Rough Rider bunch! Say, boys, we certainly did hand it to that Weyler outfit down in Cuba. Remember it was so hot and sticky that the grub got all fly-blowed? Seems queer we never did find out who broke into headquarters mess and stole that ham and chicken. Hello, Sam, old scout! What's the chance for a moose up Maine way this fall? And if here isn't Mountain Goat Joe. Lordy, Joe, but getting those last two rams near fixed my feet. Never been able to get the kinks out of my legs yet. Here's Seth from the gold hills and some of those Quarter-Circle Diamond boys.

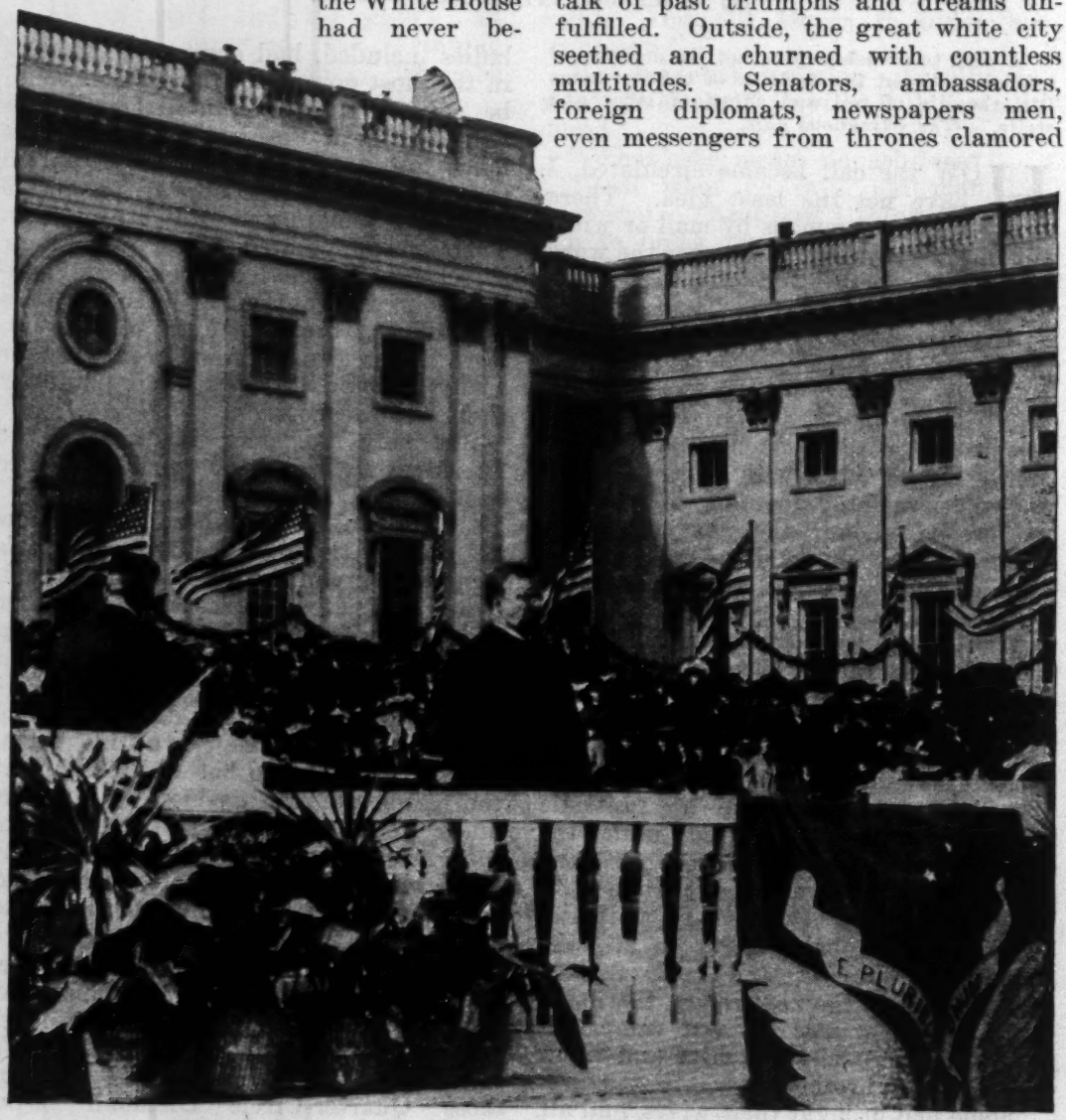
Lord, boys, but it's good to see you all again. Let's have an old-time visit."

Instantly all restraint fled as by magic. There was a babble of reminiscence; a recalling of exciting moments; a recounting of thrilling escapes and of trying days. A note of sadness was not missing, for some of his closest intimates of the army camp and hunting trail had already gone West. As the party grew more and more enthusiastic, first one coat and then another was shed. There was disclosed a gleaming array of six shooters such as probably the White House had never before witnessed. Under modish coats from Fat Jake's Gents Apparel, each and every man packed a 45, concealed out of respect to the Washington police.

A hurried-looking clerk came to the door with a big sheaf of last-hour papers to sign. Roosevelt waved them away.

"These are my friends," he said, "they came a long way. My time is theirs now."

Nearly an hour passed—an hour of intimate companionship, man to man talk of past triumphs and dreams unfulfilled. Outside, the great white city seethed and churned with countless multitudes. Senators, ambassadors, foreign diplomats, newspapers men, even messengers from thrones clamored



for a word, but were denied. As he sat at the end of a reception table they clustered about him, the men who lived hard and died hard and were not afraid. It was a baring of souls—a glimpse into men's hearts.

When the time came for the interview to end, one man stripped off his gun-scabbard and asked the President to sign his name thereon. This was enough. Soon the table was piled with gear; cartridge belts, leather cuffs and hat bands, leather and buck gauntlets, and spurs of wrought silver. In highest spirits the President signed his name on every one with a running fire of joking comment. Then the parting. It could not longer be delayed.

"God bless you all, boys," he said. "Some time we will meet again—out there"—pointing to the afternoon sun that was dipping below the trees on the White House lawn. "Until then, good-bye and God bless you all.

Most of them rode in the inaugural procession next day; possibly the most picturesque event ever witnessed in Washington. Then they turned their faces to the setting sun and, with few exceptions, never returned.

A WREATH OF ROSEMARY

By JOHN S. PHILLIPS

Winsome Winnie.

SHE was a pleasant figure in our Christmas festivities with her gaily ribboned neck. There were presents on the tree for her as for the others of our family, a ball, a new collar, the sweets she liked. And at this season we have lively memories of her charming presence. So it is not strange that yesterday, thinking of the approaching holidays as I turned into the gate of our village home, I seemed to hear from the porch the call and cry which I had heard so many, many times. It was a ghostly cry of welcome, an echo in memory of the friendly greeting of a loving dog—that is no more.

Her name was Winsome Winnie. It was a kennel name, suggested by her lovable disposition as a puppy. She was given to us by an old friend. Would that there were a place here for a tribute to him: Morgan Robertson, sailor, inventor, writer of sea tales!

Few peers of the realm had such a noble ancestry as Winnie. I have her pedigree, going back many generations, and it includes some of the great Clinkers and Gallopins and Pilots and Roses and Rightaways. These names mean little perhaps to you or to me, but you will find them all in the Register, which is a sort of Burke's Peerage of collies.

Winnie was a gentlewoman, if there ever was one, always cheerful, always friendly, always affectionate. There was never any rudeness in her manner, never any indelicacy in her actions. In her play she was never rough. She had a feminine carefulness and neatness. She never obtruded herself. She knew perfectly when she should become part of the family group. If you sent her an expressive glance or smile, she would come to you and rub her nose

against your knee and look up into your eyes with an intelligence and an appreciative sentiment that was plainer than the glances of human beings. When the little tête-à-tête seemed finished, she withdrew with dignity and gracious backward looks, to lie down again in her accustomed place. In her twelve years of life in our household, she was a perpetual example of good humor, of unselfishness, of propriety of conduct. She seemed to have a superior sense of human relations, which few of us command with her precision of use.

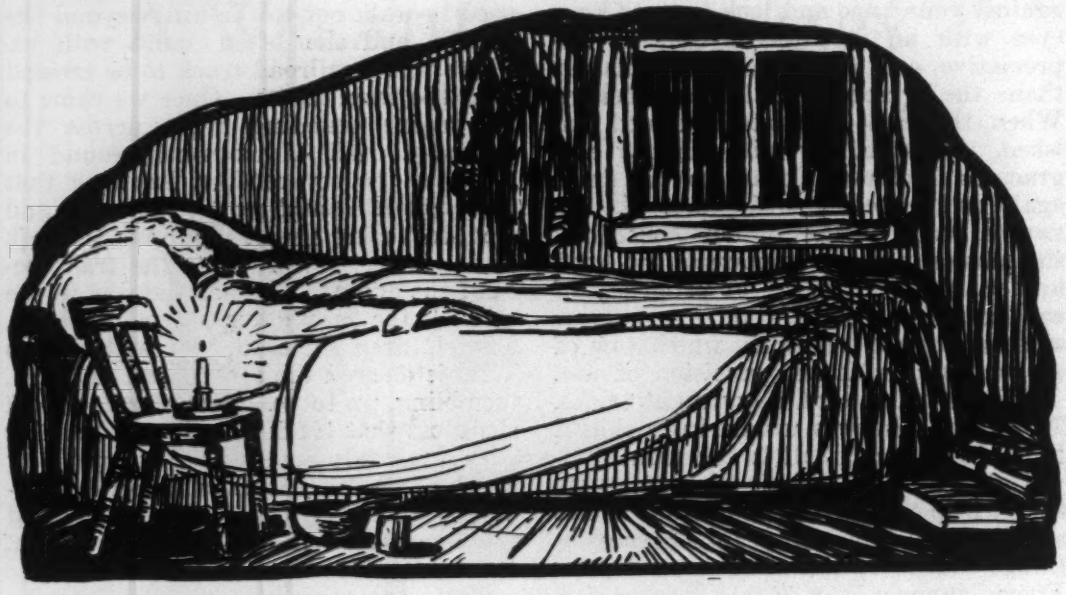
Winnie had no artfully taught tricks. To be sure, she was wonderfully skilful in catching a soft ball in her mouth, always taking it in mid-air with an accuracy of leap that was pleasant to see. Yet she had an interesting intelligence in things that were not taught her by us. Every summer the whole family migrated to the shores of Massachusetts, usually by the Fall River boat. Winnie knew precisely what to do. She was a competent traveler. She went up the steps of the baggage car and took her place in the corner, never having to be chained; later, up the gangway of the steamer, straight to the kennels, into the indicated one, not like a prisoner but a guest.

As she grew older, she had little indispositions, which, unhappily, come in the dog world as in ours. They were suggested with the gentleness of a fine, uncomplaining woman, who thought it quietly desirable to tell of an ailment that might need attention. At one time she had trouble with one of her ears and was taken to the hospital of Dr. DeVine, a distinguished veterinary in our countryside of race horses and dairy farms. After she had been there a few times, she would march into the place and lie down with that ear just in position to be looked at and cared for, not wincing and not complaining. Those of us who may walk by the dentist's door, hesitating to go in, will appreciate the firm wisdom of Winnie's conduct.

Winnie was wise without being "smart." She could teach herself a generalization from one incident. We used to walk out to the hills beyond the village, and she often went with us. There was a railroad track to be crossed near the town limits. Once we came to an engine standing right across the pathway. All of us went around in front of the cow-catcher, knowing that the engineer could see us that way and wouldn't start ahead. Winnie, through some chance, crossed over the track behind the engine. Just as she was in the middle, the locomotive started to back. The children shrieked, and with a leap Winnie cleared the second rail and ran, trembling, up to us. Never again would she cross that track unless on a leash or with a friendly hand on her collar. How many of us could learn a lesson so thoroughly and so quickly? She established the belief that it could happen again. We seldom do.

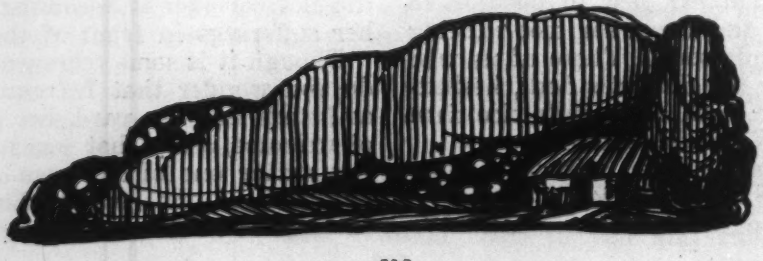
These are only little glimpses into the life and temperament of a rare and lovely dog. There is much more that might be told. If I could transfer a picture of her last days at Duxbury, of uncomplaining indications of suffering, of the attempt to communicate to us, not her pain, but her suggestions for doing something, it would wring your heart. I saw her once go out alone, dragging herself to the driveway and making a weak struggle to get up into the car. It was as if she said, "Won't somebody take me to Dr. DeVine? He has always helped me." With the two strange doctors who attended her in her last illness she was a perfect patient, yielding and resolute; never a sound during their painful examinations. Toward the end she seemed to know that there was nothing to be done and would go into a remote room, and sometimes you could hear through the half closed door a low, almost whispered whimper or moan. She did not consider it becoming to display her sufferings in front of the family.

Though it is some years since she died, do you wonder that I frequently hear, as I turn into the yard, her ghostly cry of welcome, a cry that was not dog-like, but rather one of her own devising in imitation of the joyous shouts of the children as they saw me reach the gate.



THE OLD POET FORETELLS THE MANNER OF HIS DEATH

I shall not hear men's voices soon
  For the silvery music of the Shee;
Between me and the world a veil
  Will fall of woven imagery,
With cooling green of boyhood's leaves,
With whorls of water light that weaves.



I shall not bring to mind the tasks
  I labored at so long ago,
But I shall marvel much that man
  On dewy earth should travail so
To bring small matters to an end
Where all things weave, and change,
    and blend.

I'll mind me how like morning light
  Love was before it turned unkind,
But when the change, or what the harm,
  I shall not search the past to find;
While burning questions, cried to God,
Flow off, like wind waves over sod.

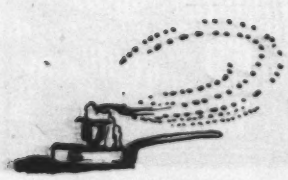
The evils that I wrought myself,
  Like hoarse war bugles, seaward
    driven,
Will pass; the evils men did me
  Be half forgotten, all forgiven.
I'll think the worst to God must seem
Like small, sick movements in a dream.

This body that like marble was,
  For heaviness and weight of care,
Will burn with a celestial fire,
  And fade, and free me to the air;
Where I shall never know again
Old troubles born of nerve and vein.

Meanwhile, a spacious loveliness,
  A quiet, brooding sense of light,
Majestic freedom, and fine strength
  Will near me. Led by visions bright
Of natural beauty, I'll be drawn
Toward greater loves than I have known.

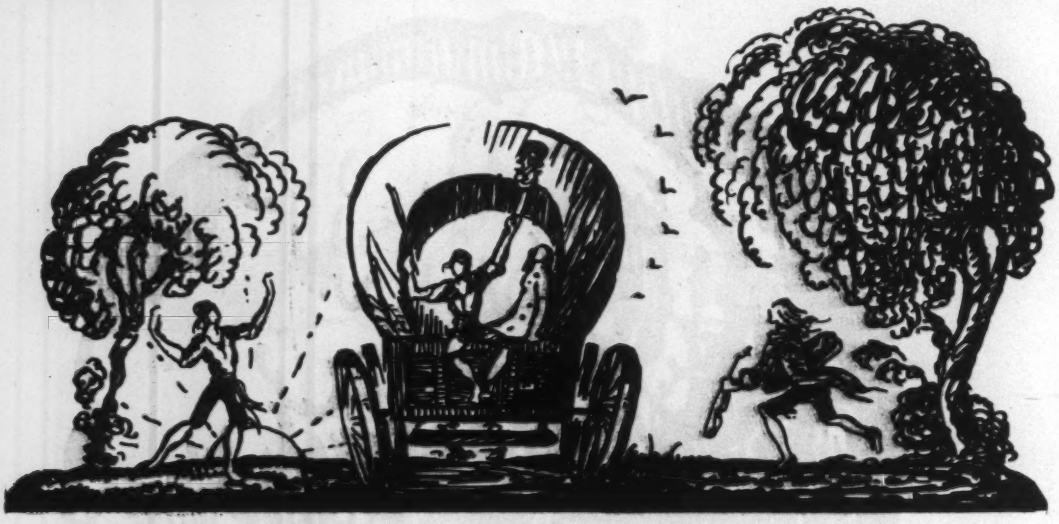
I'll seem to sleep. Disturb me not,
  For while Incarnate Light draws near,
A last gift of the race to clay,
  Sweet music of the Shee I'll hear,
Lulled and withdrawn by soft preludes
Through deep, expectant solitudes.

—*Elizabeth MacKinstry*



THE GYPSY CARAVAN

Far off the Fairy Horns are blowing
Through the morning, through the dew,
The trees of emerald green, the blue,
The windy clouds all white and new,
O, come-all-ye—Gypsies!



There is a rustle in the leaves, a ripple
in the grass,
A singing in the heart, my love,
The brook's as clear as glass,
And there the far horizon lies,
An invitation to new skies,
O, come-all-ye—Gypsies!

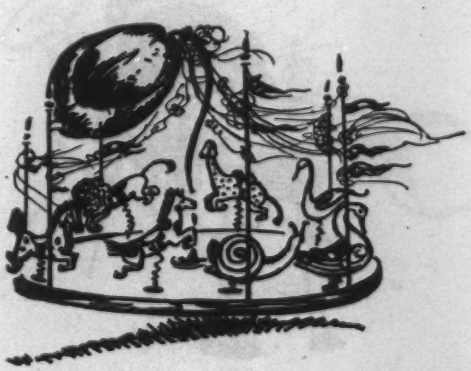
We'll pack the green-striped caravan,
Put yellow shirts on every man,
And red cloaks on the lasses,
And when the old have wreathed their
locks,
And packed their fiddles in a box
We'll trundle through the grasses.
We'll carry through this windy morn
Hearts fit to meet the Fairy Horn,
O, come-all-ye—Gypsies!

—Elizabeth MacKinstry

THE ELFIN FAIR

A gay and a good old woman
Once went to an Elfin Fair,
And all that most fit is for Fairs in the cities,
And is told of in ditties,
And sung of in songs, was there,
Grown teeny tiny O!

'Twas down by the red rose bushes,
(She picking her way between)
And the first thing she found was a Merry-go-round
To the scarlet top of a tulip bound,
In the midst of a Village Green
Grown teeny tiny O!



There was a Strong Man lifting
An acorn up, cup and all;
And a peddler, it seems, crying, "Honey
of Dreams!
Threepence a cup, O brightly it
gleams!"
And the Gentry were giving a Ball,
Grown teeny tiny O!

The Photygraph Man was snapping
them all
(And the Villagers) one by one,
Or else in a group; with his waddle and
stoop,
And his head in a cloth, and his legs
like a hoop,
By the aid of the laughing Sun,
Grown teeny tiny O!

But the Farmers were down by a
Paddock,
Where of all unusual things,
A real Carrot stood, as big as a wood,
And rooting around it all pleasant and
good,
Were wee little Pigs with Wings,
Grown teeny tiny O!

Right there was her own good Landlord,
Though she doubted the thing herself,
Till to him she ran, and cried, "Mr.
McCann!
Whatever on earth are you doing, my
man,
With Wings and a Coat like an Elf—
Grown teeny tiny O!"

—Elizabeth MacKinstry

THE PLAINT OF THE CAPTIVE FIELD MOUSE

(This Field Mouse, by the way, was in the Elfin Fair.)

I am the one living Field Mousie
In captivity,
(O pity me!)
Ah! Why did I leave my warm soft housie
Sae easily!

A silver collar, all bent about too,
Round my neck is curled.
(O pity me!)
I am a captive, who went out to
See the world!

—Elizabeth MacKinstry

THE SHOPKEEPER

By ANNE PARISH

THERE was once upon a time an old man who was so poor that in the summer he slept beneath the trees, making a tent of his big green umbrella, and in the autumn had nothing to eat but the wind-falls under the apple-trees; and what he did when the white and bitter winter came I cannot bear to think. He always wore a battered top-hat, in which he stored away anything interesting he came across in the course of his wanderings—birds' nests, or sea-shells, or yellow autumn leaves. His cheeks were as red as October, and his hair was as white as January, and his eyes were as blue as June.

He had an old auntie, quite rich and grand, who drove out in a pony-carriage, and wore a fine silk gown. She was the crossest old lady that ever drew breath and never gave her nephew a penny nor asked him to tea, no matter how hungry he was. One day, when she was one hundred and one years old, she died. In fact, she died on her one hundred and first birthday from the effects of her fury against the cook for not putting enough citron in her birthday cake.

As she had always been so dreadfully sharp and snappish, all her relatives had died from fright and exhaustion except the little old man, to whom she had never spoken because she disapproved of him so. Consequently all her fortune came to him.

He did not have to think twice what he should do with his money. He opened a shop.

When he had been poor, and gone tramping through the villages, hungry and cold, he had liked shopping better than anything else in the world. He would go into a shop, put his high hat on the counter (something would always fall out of it—a cocoon, or a field-mouse, or some pretty pebbles from a brook-bottom) draw a deep breath of solemn happiness, and begin to order. He would order cheeses, and red mufflers, and fur caps, and tobacco, and dream-books, and smoked herrings, and paint-boxes, and I can't remember what beside; and when the clerk had done them all up with brown paper and string, the dreadful moment would come when he would be asked to pay for them, and he would have to admit that he hadn't a penny. No matter how many times it happened, he always forgot until that instant that when you shopped you were expected to pay; and he would become just as dejected as he had been excited and happy the moment before.

So, as I said, he opened a shop. He found that his auntie's fortune would not buy everything, so he got in a stock of necessities, feeling that luxuries could wait until later. This was the stock that he arranged upon the shelves of his tiny shop, nearly bursting with pride and delight:

Quantities of sweets—of every variety.

Pink and purple sea-shells.

Small cardboard churches with transparent colored windows, and little candles to be lit inside.

Watches with very loud ticks, for little boys.

Driftwood for burning.

Pots of crocuses.

Magic lanterns.

Baskets of apples. (I am not sure what their names were, but they were very little apples, striped red and yellow, and as fragrant as sweet-briar leaves.)

Kittens.

Music-boxes.

When everything was ready, he wrote a sign in a large clear hand and put it in his little window, and this is what it said:

EVERYTHING IN THIS SHOP
FREE
NO PAYMENT ACCEPTED

For he was determined that his shop should be without the usual drawback.

He did not have to wait long for customers. The children for miles around patronized him, going out with cheeks bulging with sugar-plums, the little girls carrying kittens, the little boys ticking loudly. Brown bees came to inquire about the crocuses. The little man was busy all the day.

"How it would please auntie," he often thought, "if she only knew what a successful business man I am! Oh, my, wouldn't she be surprised, though!" And he would give a little hop and skip of pure delight.

One day a sensible person came into the shop to buy some apples for his wife to make into jelly. He pulled out his purse and said, "How much?"

"Nothing!" said the old man, beaming.

"Nothing?" repeated the sensible person, scowling, for he thought the old man was poking fun at him.

"Not—one—penny!" said the little man, more pleased than ever. "Didn't you see my sign?" And he got it from the window and read it aloud proudly: "Everything in This Shop Free. No Payment Accepted."

"Oh-ho!" said the sensible person, looking wise. "So that's the way of it, is it, and very nice indeed, I must say. Now, my old boy, you just wait here till I fetch some friends of mine that are looking for just such a shop as this here one of yours." And out he went, murmuring "Everything Free" under his breath, and tapping his forehead as he murmured.

He was back again directly with three friends, who urged the little man to come along with them and come quiet, and although he did not much want to go, it was towards the end of the day and it did not seem polite to decline an invitation when he had no previous engagement. So, leaving the shop unlocked in case a customer should come and be disappointed, he went with the four men.

He was surprised when they put him in a small bare room, no bigger than a cupboard, with a door made of iron bars, but it was rather flattering to have them lock it when they left him for a moment, for it showed how much they wanted him to stay.

God sometimes gives the angels an afternoon off from heaven; and they had been among the little man's best customers. This evening, hurrying home through the twilight, some of them had passed the shop, and, finding it empty, had known, as angels do, where its owner was. So they stopped in to see him—for I need not tell you that they can step through iron bars as easily as you and I can step through shadows.

"This seems rather dreary," said one, looking at the damp stone floor.

"I dare say it's the best they have, and at any rate they've given me a room to myself," said the little man apologetically.

"Why have they left you all alone with nothing to eat?" asked the second.

"Perhaps they're all busy cooking something extra nice for supper," said he.

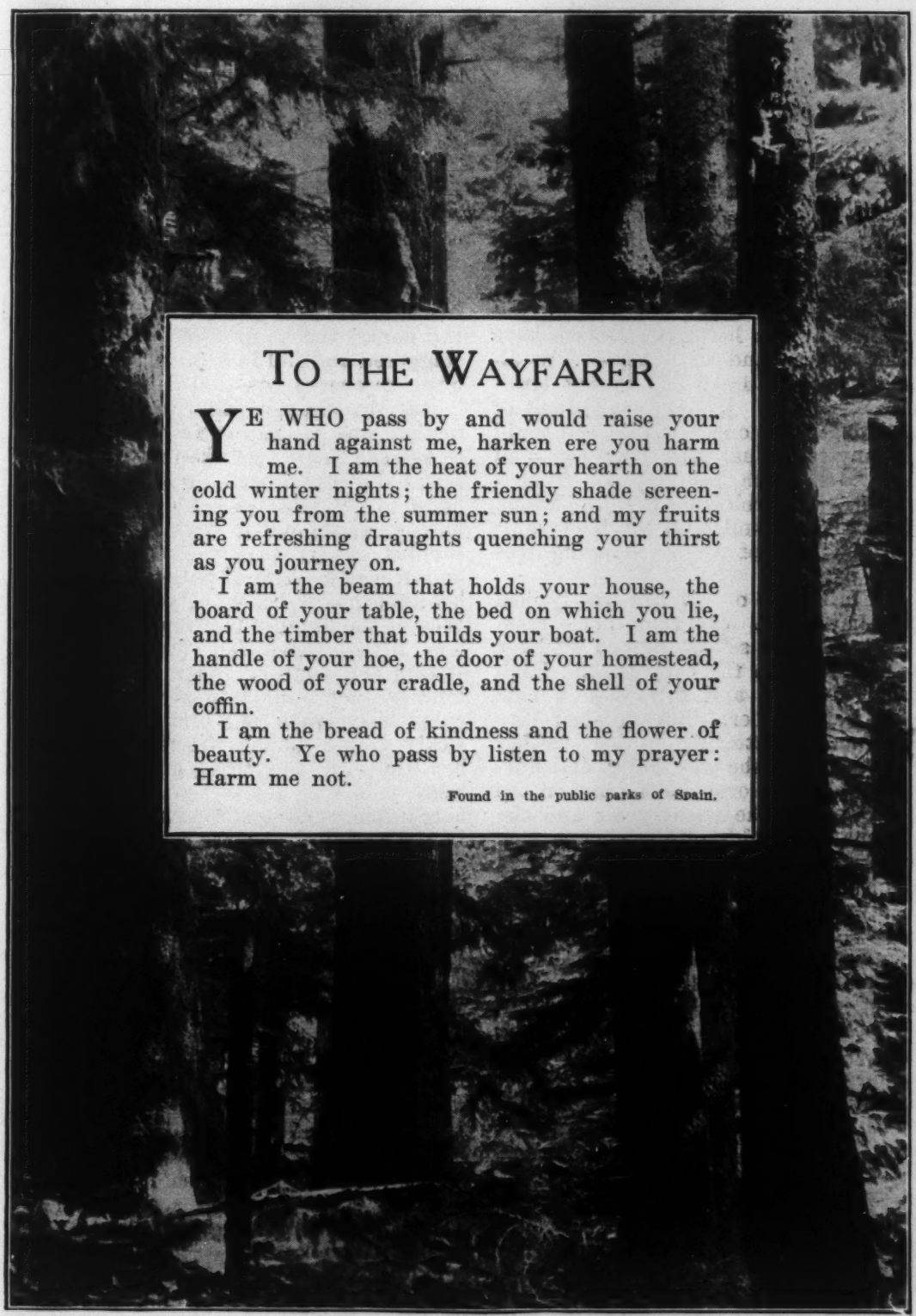
"I think you'd better come home with us," said the third angel. "Why don't you come this very minute?"

"Oh!" cried the little man. "Oh!" Tears of happiness shone like stars in his sky-blue eyes. "But I'm afraid it wouldn't be polite—you see, they invited me to come here."

"Leave your address," said the first little angel, "and when they want you they can come and get you." And I regret to say that he gave the second angel a poke in the ribs.

"Yes, I could do that, couldn't I?" said the little man; and the angels threw their halos into the air for delight, for they loved him dearly. He drew from his pocket one of his calling-cards—he had made himself a dozen, and, as he knew no one to call on, he still had them all. Each letter was printed in different colored crayon. First came his name, and underneath, much larger, "The Shop." This, knitting his brows and breathing very hard, he crossed out, and wrote in large round letters:

"Note change of address: *Heaven.*"



TO THE WAYFARER

YE WHO pass by and would raise your hand against me, harken ere you harm me. I am the heat of your hearth on the cold winter nights; the friendly shade screening you from the summer sun; and my fruits are refreshing draughts quenching your thirst as you journey on.

I am the beam that holds your house, the board of your table, the bed on which you lie, and the timber that builds your boat. I am the handle of your hoe, the door of your homestead, the wood of your cradle, and the shell of your coffin.

I am the bread of kindness and the flower of beauty. Ye who pass by listen to my prayer: Harm me not.

Found in the public parks of Spain.

MARY WHITE

Written by her father, WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE, *for the Emporia Gazette, of which he has been editor since 1895*

THE Associated Press reports carrying the news of Mary White's death declared that it came as the result of a fall from a horse. How she would have hooted at that! She never fell from a horse in her life. Horses have fallen on her and with her—"I'm always trying to hold 'em in my lap," she used to say. But she was proud of few things, and one was that she could ride anything that had four legs and hair. Her death resulted not from a fall, but from a blow on the head which fractured her skull, and the blow came from the limb of an overhanging tree on the parking.

The last hour of her life was typical of its happiness. She came home from a day's work at school, topped off by a hard grind with the copy on the High School Annual, and felt that a ride would refresh her. She climbed into her khakis, chattering to her mother about the work she was doing, and hurried to get her horse and be out on the dirt roads for the country air and the radiant green fields of the spring. As she rode through the town on an easy gallop she kept waving at passers-by. She knew every one in town. For a decade the little figure with the long pig-tail and the red hair ribbon has been familiar on the streets of Emporia, and she got in the way of speaking to those who nodded at her. She passed the Kerrs, walking the horse, in front of the Normal Library, and waved at them; passed another friend a few hundred feet further on, and waved at her. The horse was walking and, as she turned into North Merchant Street she took off her cowboy hat, and the horse swung into a lope. She passed the Tripletts and waved her cowboy hat at them, still moving gaily north on Merchant Street. A *Gazette* carrier passed—a High School boy friend—and she waved at him, but with her bridle hand; the horse veered quickly, plunged into the parking where the low-hanging limb faced her, and, while she still looked back waving, the blow came. But she did not fall from the horse; she slipped off, dazed a bit, staggered and fell in a faint. She never quite recovered consciousness.

But she did not fall from the horse, neither was she riding fast. A year or so ago she used to go like the wind. But that habit was broken, and she used the horse to get into the open to get fresh, hard exercise, and to work off a certain surplus energy that welled up in her and needed a physical outlet. That need has been in her heart for years. It was back of the impulse that kept the dauntless little brown-clad figure on the streets and country roads of this community and built into a strong, muscular body what had been a frail and sickly frame during the first years of her life. But the riding gave her more than a body. It released a gay and hardy soul. She was the happiest thing in the world. And she was happy because she was enlarging her horizon. She came to know all sorts and conditions of men; Charlie O'Brien, the traffic cop, was one of her best friends. W. L. Holtz, the Latin teacher, was another. Tom O'Connor, farmer-politician, and the Reverend J. H. J. Rice, preacher and police judge, and Frank Beach, music master, were her special friends, and all the girls, black and white, above the track and below the track, in Pepville and Stringtown, were among her acquaintances. And she brought home riotous stories of her adventures. She loved to rollick; persiflage was her natural expression at home. Her humor was a continual bubble of joy. She seemed to think in hyperbole and metaphor. She was mis-

Mary White

chievous without malice, as full of faults as an old shoe. No angel was Mary White, but an easy girl to live with, for she never nursed a grouch five minutes of her life.

With all her eagerness for the out-of-doors, she loved books. On her table, when she left her room were a book by Conrad, one by Galsworthy, *Creative Chemistry* by E. E. Slosson, and a Kipling book. She read Mark Twain, Dickens, and Kipling before she was ten—all of their writings. Wells and Arnold Bennett particularly amused and diverted her. She was entered as a student in Wellesley in 1922; was assistant editor of the High School Annual this year, and in line for election to the editorship of the Annual next year. She was a member of the executive committee of the High School Y W C A.

Within the last two years she had begun to be moved by an ambition to draw. She began as most children do by scribbling in her school books, funny pictures. She bought cartoon magazines and took a course—rather casually, naturally, for she was, after all, a child with no strong purposes—and this year she tasted the first fruits of success by having her pictures accepted by the High School Annual. But the thrill of delight she got when Mr. Ecord, of the Normal Annual, asked her to do the cartooning for that book this spring, was too beautiful for words. She fell to her work with all her enthusiastic heart. Her drawings were accepted, and her pride—always repressed by a lively sense of the ridiculousness of the figure she was cutting—was a really gorgeous thing to see. No successful artist ever drank a deeper draught of satisfaction than she took from the little fame her work was getting among her schoolfellows. In her glory, she almost forgot her horse—but never her car.

For she used the car as a jitney bus. It was her social life. She never had a "party" in all her nearly seventeen years—wouldn't have one; but she never drove a block in the car in her life that she didn't begin to fill the car with pick-ups! Everybody rode with Mary White—white and black, old and young, rich and poor, men and women. She liked nothing better than to fill the car full of long-legged High School boys and an occasional girl, and parade the town. She never had a "date," nor went to a dance, except once with her brother Bill, and the "boy proposition" didn't interest her—yet. But young people—great spring-breaking, varnish-cracking, fender-bending, door-sagging carloads of "kids" gave her great pleasure. Her zests were keen. But the most fun she ever had in her life was acting as chairman of the committee that got up the big turkey dinner for the poor folks at the county home; scores of pies, gallons of slaw; jam, cakes, preserves, oranges and a wilderness of turkey were loaded in the car and taken to the county home. And, being of a practical turn of mind, she risked her own Christmas dinner by staying to see that the poor folks actually got it all. Not that she was a cynic; she just disliked to tempt folks. While there she found a blind colored uncle, very old, who could do nothing but make rag rugs, and she rustled up from her school friends rags enough to keep him busy for a season. The last engagement she tried to make was to take the guests at the county home out for a car ride. And the last endeavor of her life was to try to get a rest room for colored girls in the High School. She found one girl reading in the toilet, because there was no better place for a colored girl to loaf, and it inflamed her sense of injustice and she became a nagging harpie to those who, she thought, could remedy the evil. The poor she had always with her, and was glad of it. She hungered and thirsted for righteousness; and was the most impious creature in the world. She joined the Congregational Church without consulting her parents; not particularly for her soul's good. She never had a thrill of piety in her life, and would have hooted at a "testimony." But even as a little child she felt the church was an agency for helping people to more of life's abundance, and she wanted to

help. She never wanted help for herself. Clothes meant little to her. It was a fight to get a new rig on her; but eventually a harder fight to get it off. She never wore a jewel and had no ring but her High School class ring, and never asked for anything but a wrist watch. She refused to have her hair up; though she was nearly seventeen. "Mother," she protested, "you don't know how much I get by with, in my braided pigtails, that I could not with my hair up." Above every other passion of her life was her passion not to grow up, to be a child. The tom-boy in her, which was big, seemed to loathe to be put away forever in skirts. She was a Peter Pan, who refused to grow up.

Her funeral yesterday at the Congregational Church was as she would have wished it; no singing, no flowers save the big bunch of red roses from her brother Bill's Harvard classmen—heavens, how proud that would have made her!—and the red roses from the *Gazette* force—in vases at her head and feet. A short prayer, Paul's beautiful essay on "Love" from the Thirteenth Chapter of First Corinthians, some remarks about her democratic spirit by her friend, John H. J. Rice, pastor and police judge, which she would have deprecated if she could, a prayer sent down for her by her friend Carl Nau, and opening the service the slow, poignant movement from Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata, which she loved, and closing the service a cutting from the joyously melancholy first movement of Tschaikowski's Pathetic Symphony, which she liked to hear in certain moods on the phonograph; then the Lord's Prayer by her High School friends.

That was all.

For her pall-bearers only her friends were chosen; her Latin teacher—W. L. Holtz; her High School principal, Rich Brown; her doctor, Frank Foncannon; her friend, W. W. Finney; her pal at the *Gazette* office, Walter Hughes; and her brother Bill. It would have made her smile to know that her friend, Charley O'Brien, the traffic cop, had been transferred from Sixth and Commercial to the corner near the church to direct her friends who came to bid her good-bye.

A rift in the clouds in a gray day threw a shaft of sunlight upon her coffin as her nervous, energetic little body sank to its last sleep. But the soul of her, the glowing, gorgeous, fervent soul of her, surely was flaming in eager joy upon some other dawn.

CLEAN HANDS

Make this thing plain to us, O Lord!
That not the triumph of the sword—
Not that alone—can end the strife,
But reformation of the life—
But full submission to Thy Word!

But all the stream of blood outpoured
Can Peace—the Long-Desired—afford;
Not tears of Mother, Maid or Wife . . . .
Make this thing plain!

We must root out our sins ignored,
By whatsover name adored;
Our secret sins, that, ever rife,
Shrink from the operating knife;
Then shall we rise, renewed, restored . . .
Make this thing plain!

—*Austin Dobson*

THE NIGHT RUN OF THE "OVERLAND"

By ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE

A Story of Domestic Life Among The Railroad People

IT snowed. The switch-lamps at Valley Junction twinkled faintly through the swirling flakes. A broad band of light from the night operator's room shot out into the gloom, and it, too, was thickly powdered. Aside from this, the scattered houses of the little hamlet slept in darkness—all save one.

Through the drawn curtains of a cottage which squatted in the right angle formed by the intersecting tracks, a hundred yards or more from the station, a light shone dully. Inside, a young woman with a book in her lap sat beside a sick-bed. On the bed lay a young man of perhaps thirty.

They were not an ordinary couple, nor of the type which prevailed in Valley Junction. The rugged strength of the man, which shone through even the pallor of sickness, was touched and softened by an unmistakable gentleness of birth; and the dark eyes, which rested motionless upon the further wall, were thoughtful and liquid with intelligence. The young woman was yet more striking. Her loose gown, girdled at the waist with a tasseled cord, only half concealed the sturdy, sweeping lines of the form beneath. Her placid womanly face was crowned with a glorious mass of burnished auburn hair. Her blue eyes, now fixed solicitously upon her husband's face, were dark with what seemed an habitual earnestness of purpose, and her sweet mouth drooped seriously. After a moment, though, she shook off her pensive mood.

"What are you thinking of, dear?" she asked, with a brightening face.

"Of you," answered her husband gravely, tightening his grasp upon the hand she had slipped into his. "Comparing your life in this wretched place, Sylvia, with what it was before I married you; and thinking of that wonderful thing called 'love,' which can make you content with the change."

The young woman bent forward with a little spasmodic movement, and laid her beautiful hair upon the pillow beside her husband's dark strands. For a little she held herself in a kind of breathless tension, her hand upon his further temple, her full, passionate lips pressed tight against his cheek.

"Not content, my heart's husband, but happy!" she whispered, ecstatically. After a moment she lifted herself and quietly smoothed her ruffled hair. "I mustn't do that again," she said, demurely. "The doctor said you were not to be excited. I guess I won't allow you to think any more on that subject, either," she added, with pretty tyranny. "Only this, Ben—papa will forgive us some day. He's good. Just give him time. Some day you'll put away your dear, foolish pride, and let me write to him, and tell him where we are—no matter if he did forbid it. And he'll write back, take my word for it, and say, 'Come home, children, and be forgiven.' But whether he does or not, I tell you, sweetheart, I would sooner flutter about this little dovecote of ours, and ride on the engine with you on bright days, than be mistress of the finest palace papa's money can build."

For a moment the pair looked the love they could not speak. Then the spell was broken by the distant scream of a locomotive, half-drowned in the howling wind. Sylvia glanced at the clock.

"There's the 'Overland,'" she murmured. "She's three minutes late. The wind is dead against her. Some day, dear," she added, fondly, "you will hold the throttle of that engine, if you want to, and I shall be the proudest girl in the land."

With a fine unconscious loyalty to the corporation which gave them bread and butter, they listened in silence to the

dull roar of the on-coming train. But instead, a moment later, of the usual thunderous burst as the train swept by, and the trembling of earth, they heard the grinding of brake-shoes, the whistle of the air, and then, in the lull which followed, the thumping of the pump, like some great, excited heart. At this unexampled occurrence, the sick man threw his wife a startled glance, and she sprang to the front window and drew back the curtain. She was just turning away again, still unsatisfied, when there came a quick, imperative rap at the door. Instantly connecting this rap with the delayed train, Sylvia flung the door wide open, revealing three men, the foremost of whom she recognized as the night-operator at the Junction.

"Mrs. Fox," he began with nervous haste, "this is the general superintendent, Mr. ——"

"My name is Howard, madam," said the official for himself, unceremoniously pushing forward. "We are in trouble. Our engineer had a stroke of apoplexy fifteen miles back, and I want your husband to take this train. I know he's sick, but——"

"But he's too sick, sir, to hold his head up!" Sylvia exclaimed, aghast.

"What's the trouble?" called Fox sharply, from his bed.

An instant's hush fell over the little group at the door, and then they all, as if moved by one impulse, filed quickly back to the sickroom.

"Mr. Fox, I hate to ask a sick man to get out of bed and pull a train," began the general superintendent hurriedly, before Sylvia could speak. "But we're tied up here hard and fast, with not another engineer in sight; and every minute that train stands there the company loses a thousand dollars. If you can pull her through to Stockton, and will, it will be the best two hours' work that you ever did. I will give you five hundred dollars."

Fox had at first risen to his elbow, but he now sank back, dizzy and trembling from weakness. In a moment, though, he was up again. "I can't do it, Mr. Howard! I'm too sick!" he exclaimed, bitterly. "If it weren't a physical impossibility—if I weren't too dizzy to hold my head up——"

He broke off abruptly, and pressed his hand in a dazed way to his brow. Then he fixed his excited eyes upon his wife. The other men followed his gaze, plainly regarding him as out of his head. But Sylvia turned pale, and leaned against the wall for support. She had caught her husband's meaning.

"She'll take the train, sir!" exclaimed Fox, eagerly; "and she'll take it through safe. She knows an engine as well as I, and every inch of the road. Sylvia, you must go. It is your duty."

The superintendent, staggered at this amazing proposition, gasped, and stared at the young woman. She stood with her dilated eyes fastened upon her husband, her chest rising and falling, and blood-red tongues of returning color shooting through her cheeks. Yet even in that crucial moment, when her little heart was fluttering like a wounded bird, something in Sylvia's eye—something hard and stubborn—fixed the skeptical superintendent's attention, and he drew a step nearer. Sylvia, with twitching nostrils and swelling throat, turned upon him almost desperately.

"I will go," she said, in a low, resigned voice. "But some one must stay here with him."

"This young man will attend to all that, never fret," cried Howard in relief, turning to the night-operator.

Whatever doubts the superintendent may have harbored yet of the fair engineer's nerve and skill were plainly removed when Sylvia returned from an inner room, after an absence of scarcely sixty seconds. An indomitable courage was stamped upon her handsome features, and she bore herself with the firm, subdued mien of one who knows the gravity of her task, yet has faith in herself for its performance. One of her husband's caps was drawn down tightly over her thick hair. She had slipped into a short walking-skirt, and as she advanced she calmly but swiftly buttoned her jacket. Without hesitation, she stepped to the bedside and kissed her husband good-bye.

"Be brave, girl!" he said encouragingly, though his own voice shook. "You have got to make seventy-five miles an hour, or better; but you've got the machine to do it with. Give her her head on all the grades except Four Mile Creek—don't be afraid!—and give her a little sand on Beechtree Hill. Good-bye—and God keep you!"

As Sylvia stood beneath the great black hulk of iron and steel which drew the "Overland"—compared with which her husband's little local engine was but a toy—and glanced down the long line of mail, express, and sleeping-cars, laden with human freight, her heart almost failed her again. The mighty boiler towered high above her in the darkness like the body of some horrible antediluvian monster, and the steam rushed angrily from the dome, as though the great animal were fretting under the unaccountable delay, and longed again to be off on the wings of the wind, rending the tempest with its iron snout, and awakening the sleeping hills and hollows with its hoarse shriek.

"You are a brave little woman," she heard the superintendent saying at the cab-step. "Don't lose your nerve—but make time whatever else you do. Every minute you make up is money in the company's pocket, and they won't forget it. Besides," he added, familiarly, "we've got a big gun aboard, and I want to show him that a little thing like this don't flustrate *us* any. If you draw into Stockton on time, I'll add five hundred dollars to that check! Remember that." And he lifted her up to the cab.

The fireman, a young Irishman, stared at Sylvia as she stepped into the cab, as though she were a banshee; but she made no explanations, and, after a glance at the steam and the water gages, climbed up to the engineer's high seat. The hand she laid upon the throttle-lever trembled slightly—as well it might; the huge iron horse quivered and stiffened, as if bracing itself for its task; noiselessly and imperceptibly it moved ahead, expelled one mighty breath, then another and another, quicker and quicker, shorter and shorter, until its respirations were lost in one continuous flow of steam. The "Overland" was once more under way.

The locomotive responded to Sylvia's touch with an alacrity which seemed almost human, and which, familiar though she was with the work, thrilled her through and through. She glanced at the time-table. They were twelve minutes behind time. The twenty miles between the Junction and Grafton lay in a straight, level line. Sylvia determined to use it to good purpose, and to harden herself at once—as, indeed, she must—to the dizzy speed required by the inexorable schedule. She threw the throttle wide open, and pushed the reverse-lever into the last notch. The great machine seemed suddenly animated with a demoniac energy, and soon they were shooting through the black, storm-beaten night like an avenging bolt from the hand of a colossal god. The headlight—so dazzling from in front, so insufficient from behind—danced freely ahead upon the driving cloud of snow. But that was all. The track was illuminated for scarcely fifty feet, and the night yawned beyond like some engulfing abyss. Sylvia momentarily closed her eyes and prayed that no unfortunate creature—human or brute—might wander that night between the rails.

The fireman danced attendance on the fire, watching his heat and water as jealously as a doctor might watch the pulse of a fevered patient. Now the furnace-door was closed, now it hung on its latch; now it was closed again, and now, when the ravenous maw within cried for more coal, it was flung wide open, lighting the driving cloud of steam and smoke above with a spectral glare.

Sylvia worked with the fireman with a fine intelligence which only the initiated could understand; for an engine is a steed whose speed depends upon its driver. She opened or closed the injector, to economize the heat and water, and eased the steam when it could be spared. Thus together they coaxed, cajoled, threatened, and goaded the wheeled monster until, like a veritable thing of life, it seemed to strain every nerve to do their bidding, and whirled them faster and faster. Yet, as they flashed through Grafton—scarcely distinguishable in the darkness and the storm—they were still ten minutes behind time. Sylvia shut her lips tightly. If it was necessary to defy death on the curves and grades ahead, defy death she would.

The sticky snow on her glass now cut off Sylvia's vision ahead. It mattered little, for her life and the lives of the sleeping passengers behind were in higher hands than hers, and only the All-seeing Eye could see that night. Another train ahead, an open switch, a

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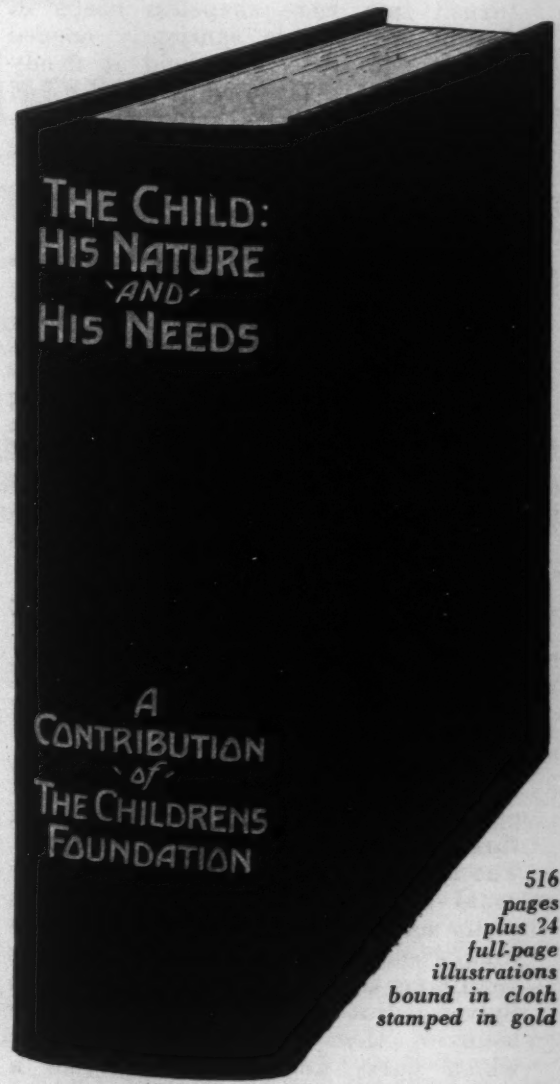

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fallen rock or tree—one awful crash, and the engine would become a gridiron for her tender flesh, while the palatial cars behind, now so full of warmth and light and comfort, would suddenly be turned into mere shapeless heaps of death. Yet Sylvia cautiously opened her door a little, and held it firmly against the hurricane while she brushed off the snow. At the same time she noticed that the headlight was burning dim.

"The headlight is covered with snow!" she called to the fireman.

The young fellow instantly drew his cap tighter, braced himself, and swung open his door. At the first cruel blast, the speed of which was that of the gale added to that of the train, he closed his eyes and held his breath; then, taking his life in his hands, he slipped out upon the wet, treacherous running-board of the pitching locomotive, made his way forward, and cleared the glass. Sylvia waited with bated breath until his head appeared in the door again.

"Fire up, please!" she exclaimed, nervously, for the steam had fallen off a pound.

As the twinkling street-lamps of Nancyville came into view, Sylvia blew a long blast. But there was no tuneful reverberation among the hills that night, for the wind, like some ferocious beast of prey, pounced upon the sound and throttled it in the teeth of the whistle. The Foxes shopped in Nancyville—they could shop fifty miles from home as easily as fifty rods—and the town, by comparison with Valley Junction, was beginning to seem like a little city to Sylvia. But to-night, sitting at the helm of that transcontinental train, which burst upon the town like a cyclone, with a shriek and a roar, and then was gone again all in a breath, she scarcely recognized the place; and it seemed little and rural and mean to her, a mere eddy in the world's great current.

One-third of the one hundred and forty-nine miles was now gone, and still the "Overland" was ten minutes behind, and it seemed as if no human power could make up the time. They were winding through the Tallahula Hills, where the road was as crooked as a serpent's trail. The engine jerked viciously from side to side, as if angrily resenting the pitiless goading from behind, and twice Sylvia was nearly thrown from her seat. The wheels savagely ground the rails at every curve, and made them shriek in agony. One side of the engine first mounted upward, like a ship upon a wave, then suddenly sank, as if engulfed. One instant Sylvia was lifted high above her fireman, the next dropped far below him.

Yet she dared not slacken speed. The cry of "Time! Time! Time!" was dinned into her ears with every stroke of the piston. Her train was but one wheel—nay, but one cog on one wheel—in the vast and complicated machine of transportation. Yet one slip of that cog would rudely jar the whole delicate mechanism from coast to coast. Indeed, in Sylvia's excited fancy, the spirit of world-wide commercialism seemed riding on the gale above her, like Odin of old in the Wildhunt, urging her on and on.

Something of all this was in the mind of the fireman, too, in a simpler way; and when he glanced at his gentle superior from time to time, as she clung desperately to the arm-rest with one hand and clutched the reverse-lever with the other, with white, set face, but firm mouth and fearless eye, his blue eyes flashed with a chivalric fire.

The train dashed into Carbondale, and Sylvia made out ahead the glowing headlight of the east-bound train, sidetracked and waiting for the belated "Overland," her engineer and conductor doubtless fuming and fretting. For the first time during the run Sylvia allowed a morbid, nervous fear to take hold of her. Suppose the switch were open! She knew that it *must* be closed, but the sickening possibility presented itself over and over again, with its train of horrors, in the brief space of a few seconds. She held her breath and half closed her eyes as they thundered down upon the other train; and when the engine lurched a little as it struck the switch, her heart leaped into her mouth. The suspense was mercifully short, though, for in an instant, as it were, they were once more scouring the open country.

In spite of the half-pipe of sand which she let run as they climbed Beechtree Hill—the last of the Tallahulas—it seemed to Sylvia as if they would never

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reach the summit and as if the locomotive had lost all its vim. Yet the speed was slow only by contrast, and in reality was terrific; and the tireless steed upon whose high haunch Sylvia was perched was doing the noblest work of the night. At last, though, the high level of the Barren Plains was gained, and for forty miles—which were reeled off in less then thirty minutes—they swept along like an albatross on the crest of a gale, smoothly and almost noiselessly in the deadening snow.

Sylvia suspected that the engine was doing no better right here than it did every night of the year, and that when on time. Yet when she glanced from the time-table to the clock, as they clicked over the switch-points of Melrose with a force which seemed sufficient to snap them off like icicles, she was chagrined to discover that they were still eight minutes behind. They were now approaching the long twelve-mile descent of Four Mile Creek, with a beautiful level stretch at the bottom through the Spirit River Valley. Sylvia came to a grim determination. Half a dozen times previously she had wondered, in her unfamiliarity with heavy trains and their magnificent speed, if she were falling short or exceeding the safety limit; and half a dozen times she had been on the point of appealing to the fireman. But her pride, even in that momentous crisis, had restrained her; and, moreover, the time-table, mutely urging her faster and faster, seemed answer enough. But just before they struck the grade, the responsibility of her determination—contrary, too, to her husband's advice—seemed too much to bear alone.

"I am going to let her have her head!" she cried out, in her distress.

The fireman did not answer—perhaps he did not hear—and, setting her teeth, Sylvia assumed the grim burden alone. The ponderous locomotive fell over the brow of the hill, with her throttle agape, and the fire seething in her vitals with volcanic fury. Then she lowered her head like a maddened bull in its charge. The long, heavy train, sweeping down the sharp descent, might fitly have been likened to some winged dragon flying low to earth, so appallingly flightlike was the motion. It seemed to Sylvia as though they dropped down the grade as

an aerolite drops down from heaven—silent, irresistible, awful, touched only by the circumambient air.

All Sylvia's familiar methods of gaging speed were now at fault, but she believed that for the moment they were running two miles to every minute. The thought that a puny human hand—a woman's hand, moreover, contrived for the soft offices of love—could stay that grand momentum, seemed wildly absurd; and as Sylvia, under the strange lassitude born of her deadly peril, relaxed her tense muscles and drowsily closed her eyes, she smiled, with a ghastly humor, at the trust of the sleeping passengers in *her!*

She was rudely shaken out of her lethargy as the train struck a slight curve half way down the grade. The locomotive shied like a frightened steed, and shook in every iron muscle. The flanges shrieked against the rails, the cab swayed and cracked, and the very earth seemed to tremble. For a moment the startled girl was sure they were upon the ties, or at least had lost a wheel. But it was only the terrible momentum lifting them momentarily from the track, and in a few seconds—though every second meant 150 feet—the fire-eating behemoth righted itself. Yet its beautiful equilibrium was gone; and, as if abandoning itself to its driver's mad mood, the engine rolled and pitched, and rose and fell, like a water-logged vessel in a storm. The bell, catching the motion, began to toll; and the dolorous sound, twisted into weird discord by the gale, fell upon the ears of the pallid engineer and fireman like the notes of a storm-tossed bell-buoy sounding the knell of the doomed.

The young fireman, who up to this time had maintained a stoical calm, suddenly sprang to the floor of the cab, with a face torn by superstitious fear.

"What if she leaves the rails!" he cried.

But instantly recovering himself, he sprang back to his seat, with the blood of shame on his cheeks.

"Am I running too fast?" shouted Sylvia.

"Not when we're behind time!"

As the track became smoother, the engine grew calmer; but its barred tongue licked up the flying space for many a

(*Continued on page* 636)

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(*Continued from page* 633)

mile before the momentum of that perilous descent was lost. As the roar of their passage over the long bridge spanning the Mattetunk, twenty miles from Stockton, died away, the fireman called:

"On time, madam!"

His voice reached Sylvia's swimming ears faint and distant as she nodded dizzily on her seat, bracing herself against the reverse-lever.

Meanwhile, in the general superintendent's private car, at the extreme rear of the train, a party of men still sat up, smoking their Havanas and sipping their wine. One member of this party was the "big gun" mentioned to Sylvia by the general superintendent—the president of the Mississippi Valley, Omaha, and Western Railway. He was a large man, with luxuriant snow-white hair; and, though his face was benevolent, even paternal, every line of it betrayed the inflexible will which had lifted its owner from the roof of a freight car to the presidential chair of a great road.

Mr. Howard, the general superintendent, was regaling the party with an account of his experience in securing a substitute engineer at Valley Junction. For reasons afterward divulged, he suppressed, though, the most startling feature of his story; namely, the sex of the engine-runner he had secured. But he compensated his hearers for this omission with a most dramatic account of the heroism of the sick man, whom he unblushingly represented as having risen from his bed and taken charge.

Mr. Staniford, the distinguished guest, listened quietly until Howard was done. "Charlie, you are a heartless wretch," he observed, smiling; and when Howard protested, with a twinkle in his eye, that there was no other way, the president added: "If it had been on my road, I should have held the train all night rather than drag a sick man from his bed."

"We all know how many trains are held all night on your road, Staniford," answered Howard, laughing. "Do you happen to remember the story of an ambitious young engineer who picked himself up out of a wreck with a broken arm, and stepped into a new engine, and pulled his train through to the end of the run?" he asked significantly.

"I was young then and working for glory, and no superintendent ordered me to do it, or I should probably have refused," said Staniford, good-naturedly. He added soberly: "These engineers are a heroic set, and, Charlie, sometimes I think we don't always do them justice."

"I'll do this one justice," answered Howard, warmly.

The party dropped off to bed, one by one. The general superintendent himself finally rose and looked at his watch. As he turned and made his way forward, his careless expression gave way to one of concern. His mind was evidently on the gentle engine-runner. Possibly he had recurring doubts of her skill and courage; but perhaps the fact that he had daughters of his own gave his thoughts, as much as anything else, a graver turn. Three cars ahead he met the conductor, who also seemed a little nervous, and they talked together for some moments. The train, at the time, was snapping around the choppy curves in the Tallahula Hills like the lash of a whip, and the two men had difficulty in keeping their feet.

"Fast, but not too fast, Dackins," observed the superintendent, inquiringly.

"What I call a high safety," answered the conductor.

"But fearful in the cab, eh?"

"Nothing equal to it, sir," rejoined Dackins, dryly.

Howard started back toward the private car about the time the train struck Beechtree Hill. He paused in a vestibule, opened the door, and laid his practised ear to the din outside. Then he gently closed the door, as if to slam it might break the spell, and complacently smiled. When the train reached the level of Barren Plains, and the sleepers ceased their swaying and settled down to a smooth, straightway motion—that sure annunciator of high speed—the superintendent rubbed his palms together very much like a man shaking hands with himself. When he got back to his car, he found Mr. Staniford still up, smoking, and leaning back in his luxurious seat with half-closed eyes. Staniford motioned Howard to sit down beside him, and laid his hand familiarly on the latter's knee.

"Confound you, Charlie, you've got that sick engineer on my heart, with

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your inflammatory descriptions, for which you probably drew largely on your imagination. I have been sitting here thinking about him. Confess, now, that you exaggerated matters a little."

The superintendent chuckled like a man who knows a thing or two, if he only chose to tell. "Well, I did, in one respect; but in another I fell short." He paused for effect, and then continued exultingly: "Staniford, I've got the best railroad story to give the papers that has been brought out in years, and if I don't get several thousand dollars' worth of free advertising out of it, my name isn't C. W. Howard. The best of it is, it's the gospel truth."

"Let's have it," said Staniford.

"Well, between you and me, that man Fox was a mighty sick man—too sick to hold his head up, in fact." Howard paused inquiringly as Staniford turned sharply, and gave him a glance.

"Fox, did you say?" asked Staniford. "What's his first name?"

"I don't know. He's a tall, smooth-faced man, with dark hair and eyes. Rather intelligent-looking. What do you know about him? He's a comparatively new man with us."

The old man's fingers trembled slightly as he flicked the ashes from his cigar. "I don't know that I know him," he answered. "If he's the man I have in mind, he's all right. Go on."

"Ever run on your road?" inquired Howard, deliberately.

"Yes, yes. But that has nothing to do with it," returned Staniford, with strange impatience. "Go on."

"Well," continued the superintendent, with a mildly curious glance at his companion, "he was altogether too sick to pull a plug. But it seems that his wife has been in the habit of riding with him, and knows the road and an engine as well as he does. To come to the point—and this is my story, which I didn't tell the boys for the sake of their nerves," he added, with sparkling eyes—"the 'Overland' at this moment is in the hands of Fox's wife!"

It seemed a long time before either man spoke again. Howard stared in blank amazement at the pallid face of the president, unable to understand the old railroader's agitation, and unwilling to attribute it to fear from being in the hands of an engineer who might

lose her head. Then Staniford took the other's hand in an iron grip.

"Charlie, it's my own little baby girl!" he said, huskily.

Howard was familiar with the story of the elopement of Staniford's daughter with one of the M. V., O., and W. engineers, and the situation flashed over him in an instant. After a moment—during which, as he afterward confessed, he could not keep his mind off the added sensation this new fact would give his advertising story—he said enthusiastically: "She's a heroine, Staniford, and worthy of her father!"

During the perilous descent of Four Mile Creek, the private car rocked like a cradle, and cracked and snapped in every joint. Staniford clung helplessly to Howard's hand, with the tears trickling down his cheeks. When the bottom was at last reached and the danger was over—the danger at the front—the president drew his handkerchief and wiped the great drops of sweat from his brow. The ex-engineer knew the agony through which his child had passed.

The operator at Valley Junction had flashed the news along the wire, and when the "Overland" steamed up to the union depot in Stockton, at 1:07, twenty seconds ahead of time, a curious and enthusiastic throng of lay-over passengers and railroad men pressed around the engine. When Sylvia appeared in the gangway, her glorious sun-kissed hair glistening with melted snow, and her pale face streaked with soot, the generous crowd burst into yells of applause. The husky old veteran runner who was to take the girl's place stepped forward, by virtue of his office, as it were, and lifted Sylvia down. For a moment she reeled, partly from faintness, partly from the sickness caused by the pitching of the locomotive. Then she saw pushing through the throng the general superintendent and—she started and looked again—her father!

When President Staniford, struggling to control his emotion, clasped his daughter to his bosom, her overstrained nerves gave way under the double excitement; and, laying her head wearily upon his shoulder, and with her hands upon his neck, she began to cry in a choked, pitiful little way:

"Oh, papa, call me your dear little red-head once more!" she sobbed.

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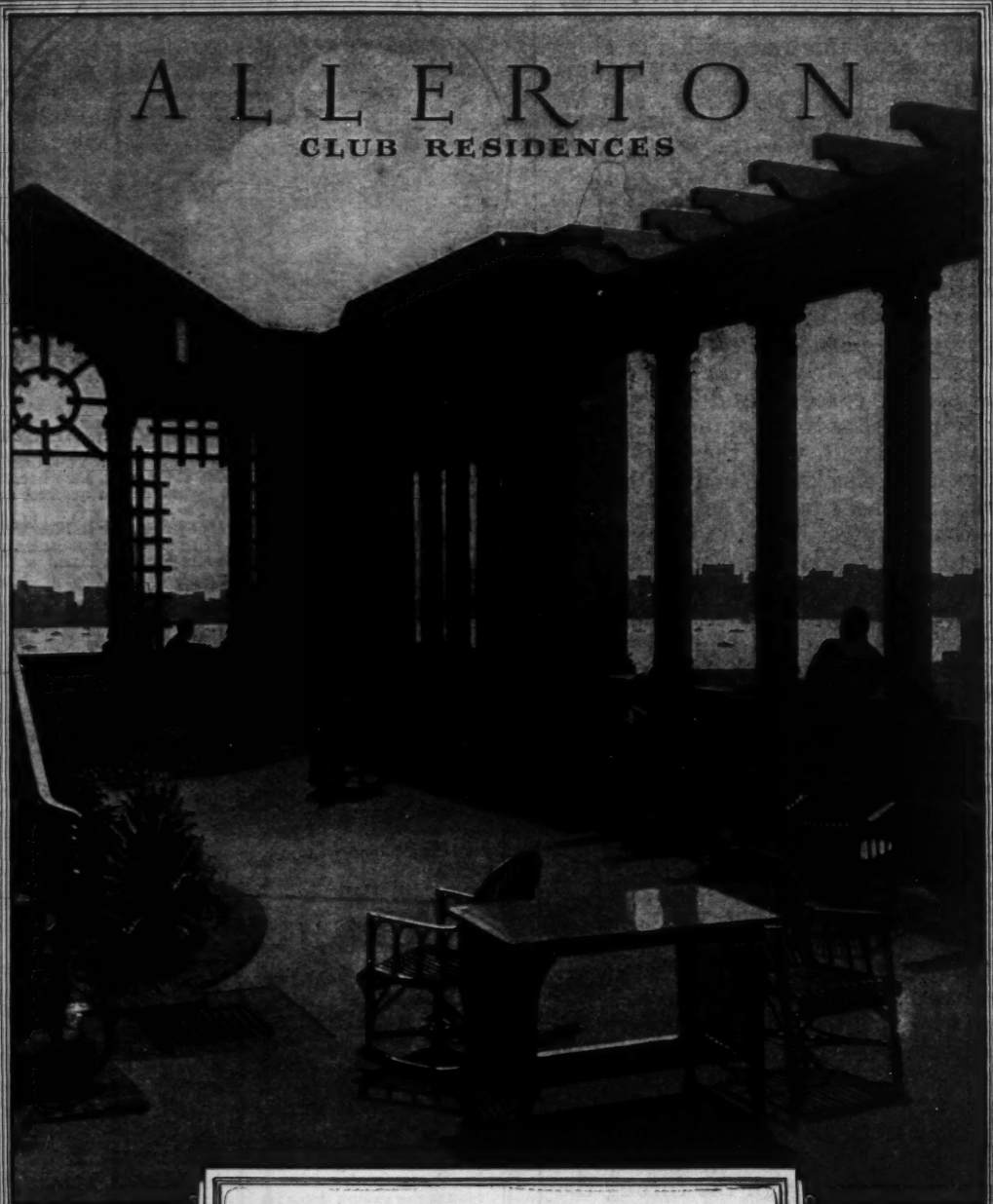

IN summer, particularly, the desirability of year-'round residence here asserts itself. Cool roof gardens, refreshing showers on every floor, spacious lounges—not forgetting the fellowship of other clean-cut men—all these fortify one to face the busy day and make for rest and relaxation at its close.

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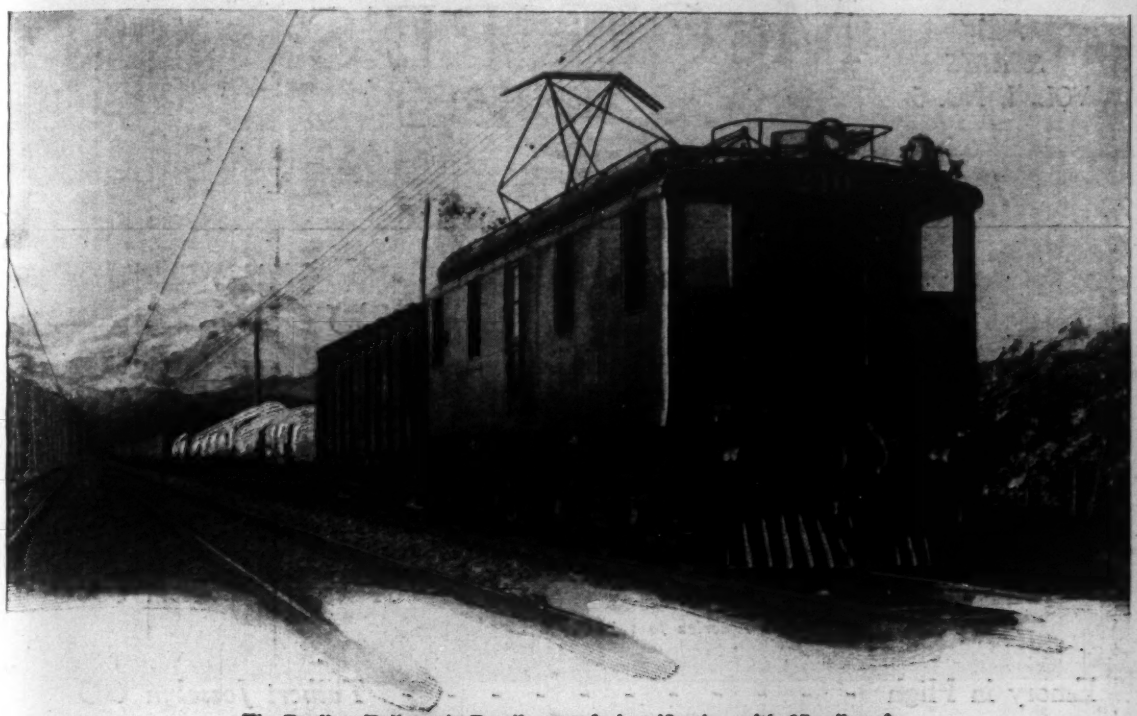

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